DUQUESNE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PITTSBURGH 19, PA.

Collier's

JUNE 6, 1953 • FIFTEEN CENTS

Dutch Prince Bernhard Tells England's Philip

HOW TO SUCCEED AS HUSBAND TO THE QUEEN

Adventure of the Highgate Miracle

A NEW COMPLETE
SHERLOCK HOLMES MYSTERY

MARY A BECK
5916 HOWE ST
PITTSBURGH 32 PA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New "Travel Car"

NOW ON DISPLAY AT NASH DEALERS!

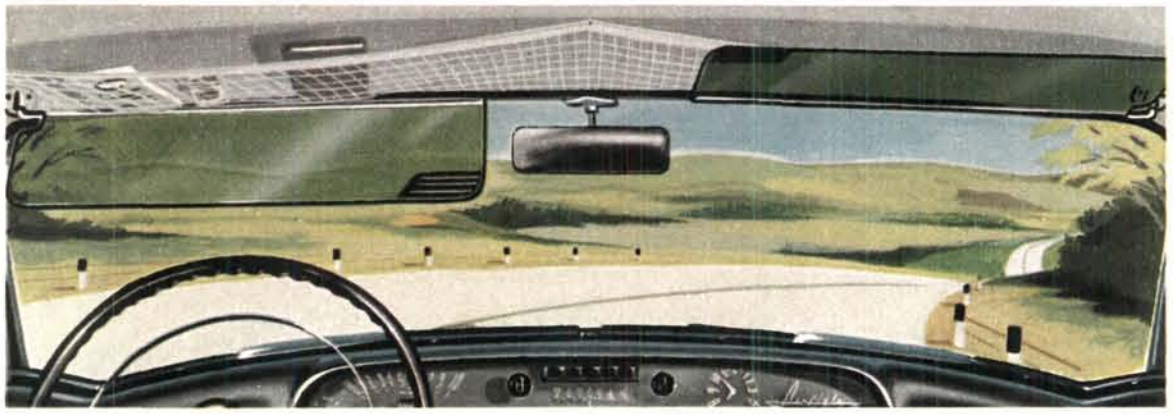
YOU'LL ENJOY A WHOLE NEW WORLD of travel fun in the 1953 Nash Airflytes—cars *built* to make long trips easier, more enjoyable . . . with special features to banish fatigue, and even end worries about lodgings!

These new Nash beauties are as luxurious as they look . . . styled by world-famous Pinin Farina . . . with the widest seats, the finest visibility ever built into a car. And pictured below are new motoring wonders offered by Nash alone! Yes, see how much *more* you get when you make your *next* car Nash!

All the luggage for six, for a cross-country trip, fits into this compartment. And with the amazing economy of Nash advanced design engines, *you'll go farther* than ever on a tankful of gas!

Take a nap, or rest the youngsters—exclusive Nash Airliner Reclining Seats adjust to 5 positions, take the strain and backache out of 500 miles a day. You travel dust-free — in air filtered by the Weather Eye System.

Rough it and love it, with Nash Twin Beds, ready in seconds. Plastic window screens available to keep out insects. No more lodging worries or expense! You can camp anywhere.



You never had it so easy! No other car has the Nash "soft ride" with Airflex front suspension. New Nash Power Steering does 75% of the work, but leaves you the "feel" of the road. Windshield and rear window are widest of all. (Note Handi-Pak Carrier above windshield.) You have a choice of three transmissions, including Dual-Range Hydra-Matic. See your Nash dealer and ride in the world's "travelingest" cars!

None so New as

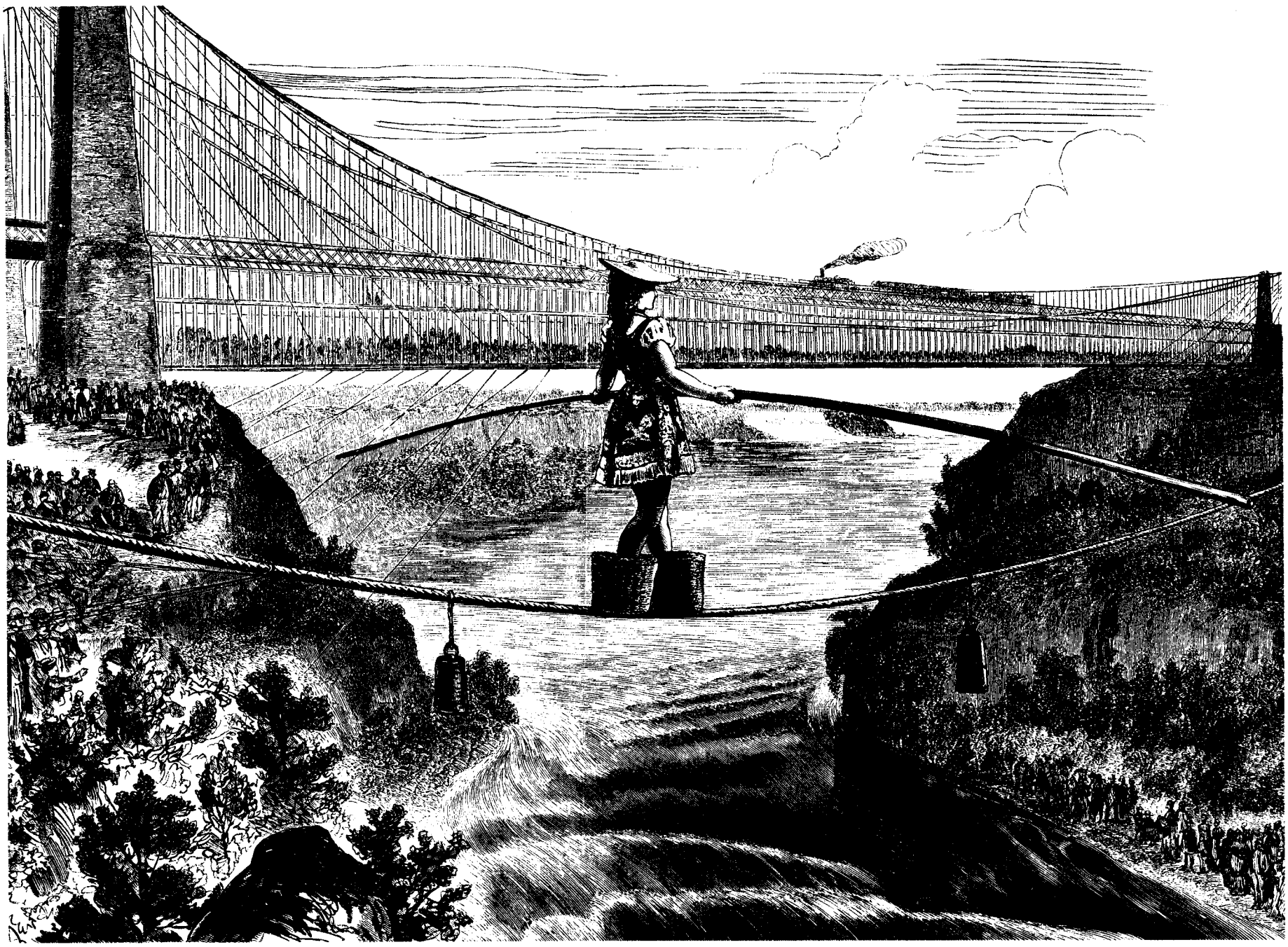
Nash Airflytes

AMBASSADOR • STATESMAN • RAMBLER

GREAT CARS SINCE 1902

Nash Motors, Div. Nash-Kelvinator Corp., Detroit, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Old woodcut made in 1876 shows the young aerialist Maria Spelterini tightroping across the great gorge below the Falls with baskets strapped to her feet. (She made it!)

YOU are in the next event at Niagara Falls

No matter where you live, you are involved in the next big event at Niagara Falls. It could be dangerous to your pocketbook, because it's going to cost somebody $390 million. Here, briefly, are the facts:

A big new hydroelectric power plant is going to be built on the Niagara River. Congress must decide who will build it—some agency of the government or the electric light and power companies now serving the area.

A group of five companies is ready to do the big job. They have asked Congress for the approval they need to start immediately. They have the plans, complete in every detail. They have the experience—fifty-eight years of power development at Niagara Falls. They have the lines to take the power where it will be needed. They can finance the project so there will be no need to burden taxpayers. Electric rates, of course, will continue low under normal public regulation.

But there are those who say the government should build the new plant—even if it takes longer, costs more, and moves America one step closer to the threat of socialized electricity.

"MEET CORLISS ARCHER"—ABC radio—Fridays—9:30 P.M., E.D.S.T.
"YOU ARE THERE"—CBS television—witness history's great events

HERE'S HOW THE CHOICE SHAPES UP...

If electric companies build the plant

- The companies and their investors will pay for it.
- Power produced will be shared by all, with rates regulated by state utility commissions.
- The project will pay about $23 million a year in additional local, state and federal taxes.
- Defense plants and others will begin to get power in about three years.

If the federal government, for example, builds the plant

- The cost will come out of taxes or be added to the national debt.
- Specially favored groups will have first call on all power. Rates *won't* be regulated by the states.
- Little, if any, taxes will be paid to local, state or federal governments from the sale of power.
- Government estimators have said it would take them at least five years.

NOTE: The Niagara River project will not affect the beauty of the Falls—nor has it any connection with the St. Lawrence Seaway on another river.

WHO DO YOU THINK SHOULD BUILD THIS NEW PLANT? Talk it over with your friends and neighbors. Congress is discussing it now. The plan proposed by those who want government to do the job is a long step toward socialized electricity—because only power production is involved, with no other purposes, such as flood control, to complicate the issue. That's why these facts are brought to you by America's **ELECTRIC LIGHT AND POWER COMPANIES***.

*Names on request from this magazine

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All Chinese Eat Chop Suey

—OH, YEAH?

When most people order Chinese food, the only dish they can remember is Chop Suey. And yet nobody in China ever heard of it. It's an American dish for Americans.

When many people are asked about Macmillan Ring-Free Motor Oils, they think of them as oils to clean carbon out of sluggish engines—to reduce ping.

But that's just another popular misconception.

Actually the regular use of Macmillan Ring-Free Xtra Heavy Duty Oil prevents *hydraulic valves from sticking* and more than pays for itself in the gasoline it saves!

LOOK AT THESE FIGURES:

Average oil drain ..... 1500 miles
At 15 miles per gal., gas consumed .. 100 gallons
8% saving on 100 gallons gasoline .... 8 gallons
Gasoline average cost* ... 28.63 cents per gallon
Savings (.08 x 28.63¢) $2.29
*Includes premium and regular grade.

This $2.29 more than pays for your oil drain of 5 quarts at 45¢ per quart.

Compared to other brands—under the same load, speed and road conditions—Macmillan Ring-Free Xtra Heavy Duty Motor Oil in hundreds of tests in cars of many makes showed an average reduction in gasoline consumption of 8 per cent over all other brands of oil tested.

Start using Macmillan Xtra Heavy Duty Oil because it does such a wonderful job of cleaning. But keep on using it—month in and month out—because it reduces friction inside your engine, *prevents hydraulic valves from sticking,* saves wear and tear and repair bills, makes your car stay newer longer *and more than pays for itself in the gas it saves!*

President

MACMILLAN PETROLEUM CORPORATION
530 W. 6TH STREET, LOS ANGELES
624 S. MICHIGAN, CHICAGO
50 W. 50TH, NEW YORK

—CLIP OUT AND MAIL TODAY!—

R. S. Macmillan, President, Dept. C4
Macmillan Petroleum Corporation
530 West Sixth St., Los Angeles 14, California

Please send me your folder—"The Oil that Pays for Itself in the Gas It Saves."
Also tell me my nearest Macmillan Oil dealer.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

ALBERT E. WINGER, *Chairman of the Board* — CLARENCE E. STOUCH, *President*

Collier's

EDWARD ANTHONY, *Publisher*
ROGER DAKIN, *Editor*

RICHARD CHAPLIN, *Assistant Publisher* — GORDON MANNING, *Managing Editor*
DAVID MANESS, *Assistant Managing Editor*

MACLENNAN FARRELL, *Fiction Editor* — WILLIAM O. CHESSMAN, *Art Director*
ALLEN CLEATON, *Senior Associate Editor* — GURNEY WILLIAMS, *Cartoon Editor*
JAMES THRASHER, *Editorials* — JAMES A. QUIGNEY, *Photo Editor*

Associate Editors · JEROME BEATTY, JR. · WARREN BROWN · GERTRUDE BUCKMAN
JEAN B. CAMPBELL · SEY CHASSLER · HOWARD COHN · WALTER DAVENPORT
BILL DAVIDSON · HELEN WORDEN ERSKINE · EVELYN HARVEY · DIANA HIRSH
HOMER JENKS · CHARLOTTE KNIGHT · JERRY KORN · ALFRED M. LANSING
JOHN LEAR · FRANKLIN C. LORANGER · TOM MEANY · JOHN C. PELLEW
ROGER PIPPETT · ELEANOR PORTER · CORNELIUS RYAN · JANET SHEPS
FRANCIS WALLACE · WILLIAM WEAVER · MARTHA WEINMAN · ELIZABETH WOODY

Editorial Research · ROSANNE McVAY, *Chief* · MADELIN ALK · DOROTHY D. BENNETT
LEE CAMPBELL · DIANE DOWNS · ALAN M. LEVENSOHN · JOHN NEWHOUSE

Bureaus

WASHINGTON: JAMES C. DERIEUX, *Chief*; TODD WRIGHT
WEST COAST *(Los Angeles)*: THEODORE STRAUSS, *Chief*; ROBERT CAHN, JOHN FLOREA
MIDWEST *(Chicago)*: BILL FAY
EUROPE *(Paris)*: SEYMOUR FREIDIN, WILLIAM RICHARDSON
FAR EAST *(Tokyo)*: PETER KALISCHER

June 6, 1953

ARTICLES

How to Succeed as Husband to the Queen... BERNHARD, PRINCE OF THE NETHERLANDS, AS TOLD TO DONALD CANTER 13
Satch Beards the House of David..... RICHARD DONOVAN 20
(Continuing THE FABULOUS SATCHEL PAIGE)
They Know More About Russia Than Anybody.. BILL DAVIDSON 26
Silent Zoo..... 34
Light Rides..... COLLIER'S COLOR CAMERA 48
Kentucky's Crazy Cave War..... BEN LUCIEN BURMAN 62
Pretty Doctor in a Copter..... PETER KALISCHER 66

FICTION

Not the Guy for Her..... FRANCIS K. ALLAN 16
Madeline at the Coronation..... LUDWIG BEMELMANS 18
Moonshine Raiders..... MARK HAGER 32
(THE SHORT SHORT STORY)
Under the Burning Sky..... H. A. DEROSSO 38
(CONCLUSION)
The Adventure of the Highgate Miracle.. ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE
(THE EXPLOITS OF SHERLOCK HOLMES) AND JOHN DICKSON CARR 54

Week's Mail..... 6
48 States of Mind..... WALTER DAVENPORT 8
Editorial..... 70
Cover..... GLENN GROHE

The characters in all stories and serials in this magazine are purely imaginary. No reference or allusion to any living person is intended.

Subscription Department, 204 W. High Street, Springfield, Ohio
Editorial and Executive Offices, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

COLLIER'S THE NATIONAL WEEKLY, Vol. 131, No. 23. **PUBLISHED WEEKLY** by The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio, U.S.A., Publishers of Collier's, Woman's Home Companion, The American Magazine. Executive and Editorial Offices, 640 Fifth Ave., New York 19, N. Y. Albert E. Winger, Chairman of the Board; Clarence E. Stouch, President; T. L. Brantly, Peter J. Donnerlein, Edward Anthony, E. P. Seymour, Ralph G. Smith, John W. McPherrin, Wm. A. Sittig, William A. H. Birnie, Paul C. Smith, Vice-Presidents; Denis O'Sullivan, Secretary; C. F. Norsworthy, Treasurer.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: United States and Possessions, Canada and Philippine Islands, 1 year $5.00; 2 years $8.00; 2½ years (130 issues) $9.00; 3 years $10.00; 4 years $12.00. Pan-American countries in the Postal Union, 1 year $6.00. All other countries, 1 year $9.00. Payments from foreign countries, except Canada, must be in United States funds, and addressed to The Crowell-Collier Publishing Company, Springfield, Ohio.

ENTERED as second-class matter at the Post Office, Springfield, Ohio, under Act of March 3, 1879. Authorized as second-class mail, Post Office Department, Ottawa, Canada.

MANUSCRIPTS or art submitted to Collier's, The National Weekly, should be accompanied by addressed envelopes and return postage. The Publisher assumes no responsibility for return of unsolicited manuscripts or art.

CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date. Give both the old and new addresses.

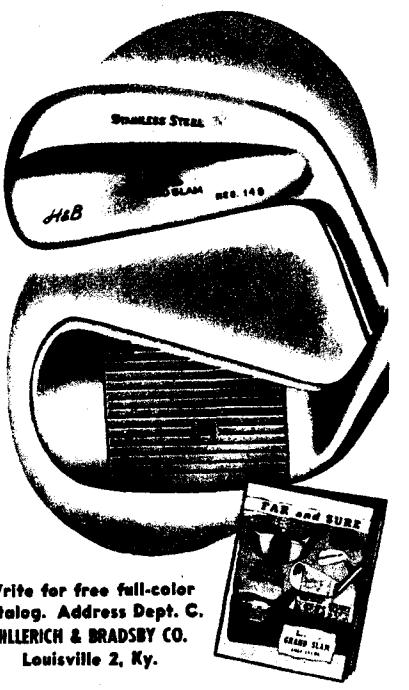
COPYRIGHT, 1953, BY THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING COMPANY (All rights reserved)
Publishers of Collier's, The American Magazine, Woman's Home Companion

Backed by a Heritage of performance

Woods . . . *Powerfully beautiful* describes the Grand Slam woods. One glance tells you how beautiful—one round, how powerful! Louisville Grand Slams' power performance is not surprising when you consider that they are designed and made by the makers of Louisville Slugger Bats—famous for performance since 1884.

Superbly Matched Woods and Irons

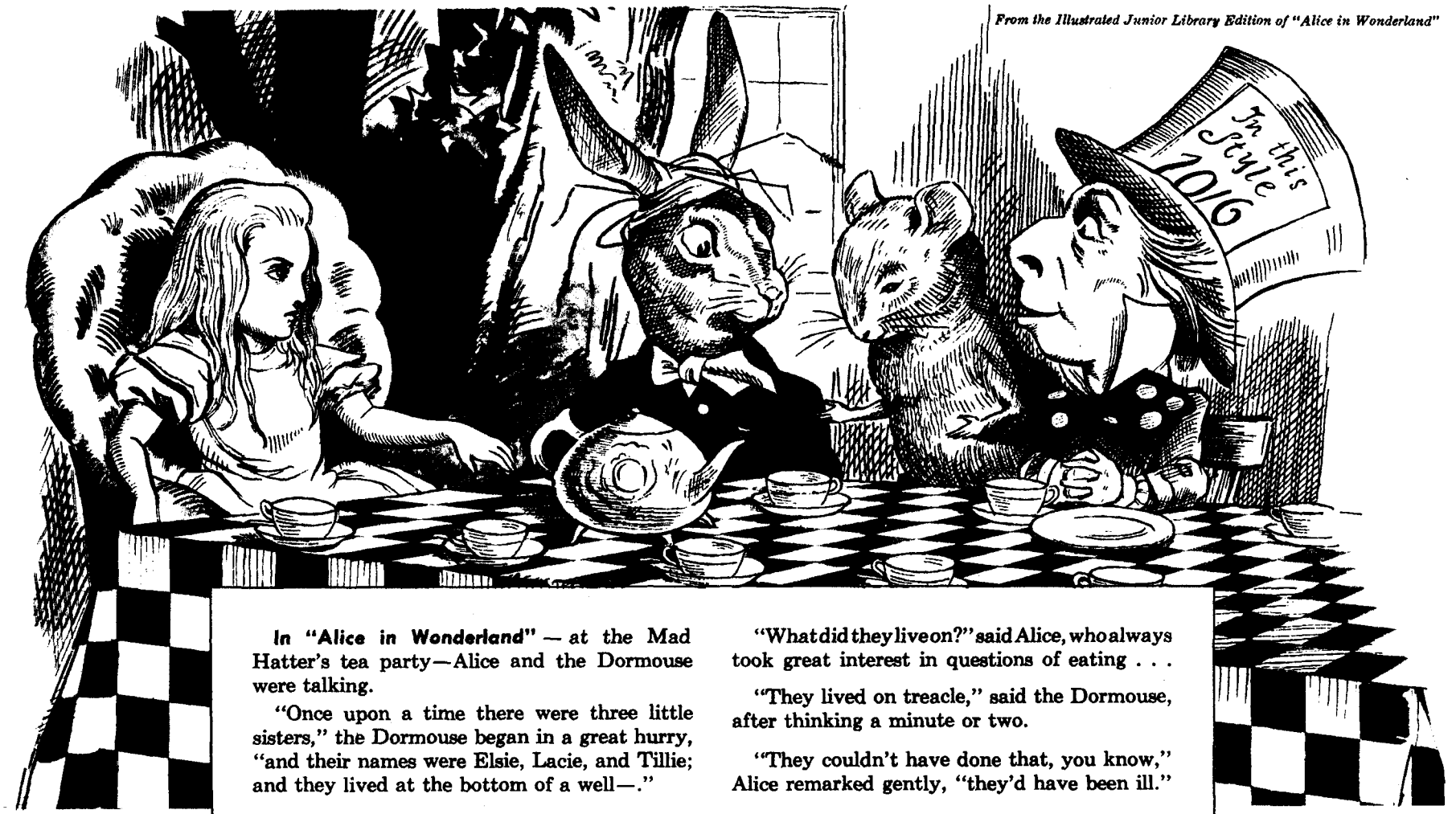
Irons . . . Grand Slam irons have long been famous for feel and balance. Swing one. Note the perfect weight distribution. Ask to see superbly matched Grand Slams at your Sporting Goods Dealer's.



Write for free full-color catalog. Address Dept. C.
HILLERICH & BRADSBY CO.
Louisville 2, Ky.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

From the Illustrated Junior Library Edition of "Alice in Wonderland"



In "Alice in Wonderland" — at the Mad Hatter's tea party—Alice and the Dormouse were talking.

"Once upon a time there were three little sisters," the Dormouse began in a great hurry, "and their names were Elsie, Lacie, and Tillie; and they lived at the bottom of a well—."

"What did they live on?" said Alice, who always took great interest in questions of eating . . .

"They lived on treacle," said the Dormouse, after thinking a minute or two.

"They couldn't have done that, you know," Alice remarked gently, "they'd have been ill."

Alice had the right idea about nutrition

ALICE KNEW that no one could live on treacle (molasses) alone, or any other single food. Indeed, she had the right idea about good nutrition.

Even today, unfounded claims are made about the "magic powers" of particular foods. Such claims should be disregarded. Authorities have proved that good health depends largely on eating *a wide variety of properly chosen and properly prepared foods*. These include meat, eggs, milk, fruits, vegetables, enriched and whole-grain bread and cereals.

How much and what kinds of foods you should eat to maintain health and *desirable weight* depends on your age, your physical condition and the kind of work you do. An older person, for example, who is not physically active needs less of the foods that produce energy. He should have generous amounts of the foods that furnish protein, vitamins, and minerals essential to the upkeep and repair of the body.

Your meals, if well-balanced, will supply these and other necessary elements in the proper amounts. Protein, for example, is needed to build and repair the tissues of the body. The vitamins and minerals are necessary because they affect or take part in many chemical processes in the body. Proteins, vitamins and minerals are found in many foods. Good nutrition depends upon eating a *variety* of such foods.

Today, scientists are learning more and more about the various food elements, such as the amino acids which are the basic components of protein. Research has shown that there are some 22 of these substances and that at least 8 to 10 of them are essential to good nutrition.

In order to obtain them, a diet varied in protein content is necessary. It has also been found that the amino acids are not fully utilized if certain vitamins are lacking. These facts all point to the importance of eating a *variety* of foods.

There is more to good eating habits, however, than simply *what* you eat. So, to help you get the full benefit from your food, here are some suggestions that you may follow:

Have your meals at regular hours.

Eat slowly and in a relaxed atmosphere.

Avoid strenuous exercise just before and immediately after eating.

See the doctor if you have frequent digestive upsets.

Have dental defects repaired promptly.

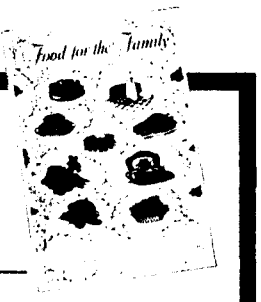
Follow your doctor's suggestions about reducing diets.

Medical science has learned a great deal about the role of nutrition in the treatment of certain diseases. In fact, proper dietary control is often helpful in treating diabetes, high blood pressure and other conditions.

The *immediate* function of your food, however, is to provide your body with the energy you need for daily activities. Metropolitan's free booklet, "Food for the Family," discusses the essential nutritive elements, tells why you need them and what foods supply them. By following sensible rules about diet you may have longer life and greater ability to enjoy it.

Metropolitan Life Insurance Company

Metropolitan Life Insurance Co.
1 Madison Ave., New York 10, N.Y.
Please mail me a free copy of your booklet, 753-C, "Food for the Family."
Name_____
Street_____
City_____ State_____



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For you..in June

UNION PACIFIC SELECTS

LAMB CHOPS

THE Streamliners

"CITY OF LOS ANGELES"
(Between Chicago-Los Angeles)
"CITY OF SAN FRANCISCO"
(Between Chicago-San Francisco)
"CITY OF PORTLAND"
(Between Chicago-Portland-Tacoma-Seattle)
"CITY OF DENVER"
(Between Chicago-Denver)
"CITY OF ST. LOUIS"
(Between St. Louis-Kansas City-Pacific Coast)

Also between Chicago . . . and The Pacific Coast

LOS ANGELES LIMITED . . .
SAN FRANCISCO OVERLAND . . .
and GOLD COAST.

"First call for dinner" is an invitation to which you always look forward when you travel on Union Pacific; the railroad that has built a reputation for dining-car meals of highest quality.

During June, the featured item will be lamb chops, choice cuts from "U. S. Prime" spring lamb.

These tender, thick chops are charcoal broiled to perfection. Served with mint sauce they stimulate and satisfy the appetite.

* * *

When arranging a trip through the West, ask to be routed on a Streamliner or other restful-riding Union Pacific train. Fine trains . . . fine service . . . and *fine foods.*

UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD

The Cover

For a man who spends a lot of time wrassling with vittles like steaks and beans, old Chuck Wagon Charlie is showing a great deal of artistry. We hope Tex will be surprised, pleased and not too shy about cutting up this masterpiece after the boys have sung him a fast chorus of Happy Birthday.

Week's Mail

Senator's Congratulations

EDITOR: Congratulations to your Bill Davidson upon winning an award from Sigma Delta Chi for his Collier's article Why Half Our Combat Soldiers Fail to Shoot (Nov. 8, 1952). This was a well-deserved recognition.

ESTES KEFAUVER, Washington, D.C.

It Won't Happen Again

EDITOR: Thurman Arnold's admirable expression of newer perspectives in business establishment and expansion (Depression—Not in Your Lifetime, April 25th) is timely and encouraging. The influence of men of his character under the leadership of President Eisenhower should help dispel the general cynicism and apathy which blight society today.

EDWARD SCARLETT, Freeport, N.Y.

. . . Please tell Mr. Arnold that this anti-New Dealer of the thirties is surprised, pleased and gratified to note the change in attitude and admission of mistakes of one administrator we had to buck and worry with and endure when his starry-eyed boys about ruined our American economy.

This article expressed sound thinking. American frontiers are worldwide. Mr. Arnold, I salute you.

J. H. LYTLE, Redlands, Cal.

Fiction Fans

EDITOR: I have never in my life read a more delightful story than The Wild Man of County Galway (April 18th). Truly, this Liam O'Flaherty is a genius.

I can appreciate the humor even more, since my father's parents both came from the County Mayo, and as a result I have had close contact with the Irish character for some years.

My old grandfather, God rest his soul, when he finally consented to get a telephone, would not permit it to be placed in the house, but had it installed in the washhouse, some 50 feet from his home.

THOMAS F. BARRETT, Albion, Pa.

. . . Just wanted you to know how very much I liked The Wrong Way to Win a War, by John Godey (April 11th).

That story was one of the best examples of an artist at work with dialogue that I have ever seen. It had thrills, suspense and interplay of personalities so skillfully done that I reread it three times.

DORIS T. PATTERSON, Ardmore, Pa.

New Yarns

EDITOR: I enjoyed Edmund L. Van Deusen's article, How Good Are the Miracle Fibers? (April 25th). It is material of this nature, together with the host of other interesting articles, which makes Collier's an important adjunct in our family circle.

R. J. MILANO, President Millmaster Chemical Corporation, New York, N.Y.

. . . Congratulations on the article How Good Are the Miracle Fibers? In these days of extreme technological development it is good to read articles of this nature, written by someone who apparently knows his subject.

R. J. QUINN, Baltimore, Md.

. . . I read with a great deal of interest the yarn article on the new textiles. You are one jump behind the times. No longer are such fibers referred to as "miracle," "synthetic" or "man-made," but science fibers.

MRS. SAM CRAIG, Pittsburgh, Pa.

. . . Holy smoke! Can a hole be brown or blue, or red, or yellow, or any color?

In How Good Are the Miracle Fibers? author Van Deusen writes:

"Suddenly he took the cigar from his mouth and pressed it against the loosely hanging drapery. There was a sizzle, a puff of smoke, and an ugly brown hole appeared in the fabric."

DANIEL J. LANE, Woonsocket, R.I.

New Wrinkle

EDITOR: Regarding the article Pitching to Baseball's 10 Best Hitters (April 18th), the letters LEVA on Al Rosen's playing shirt are, I presume, a part of the word Cleveland. If so, someone is a poor speller because, as far back as I can remember, the only A in Cleveland follows the letter L and not V.

MERRELL YODER, Sturgis, Mich.

We figure that a wrinkle in Rosen's shirt hid the middle EL, and Ralph Kiner (right) hid the final ND.

General Approbation

EDITOR: Sorry I don't have any specific story or article to comment on; I just like the whole damn' works. Keep 'em coming.

R. J. STUART, Spokane, Wash.

Reader Response

EDITOR: We read Dr. James V. Neel's article, Brown-eyed Parents—Blue-eyed Child—Why? (March 7th) with great interest. We were especially pleased at question 15 with its suggestion that we are a good source of information.

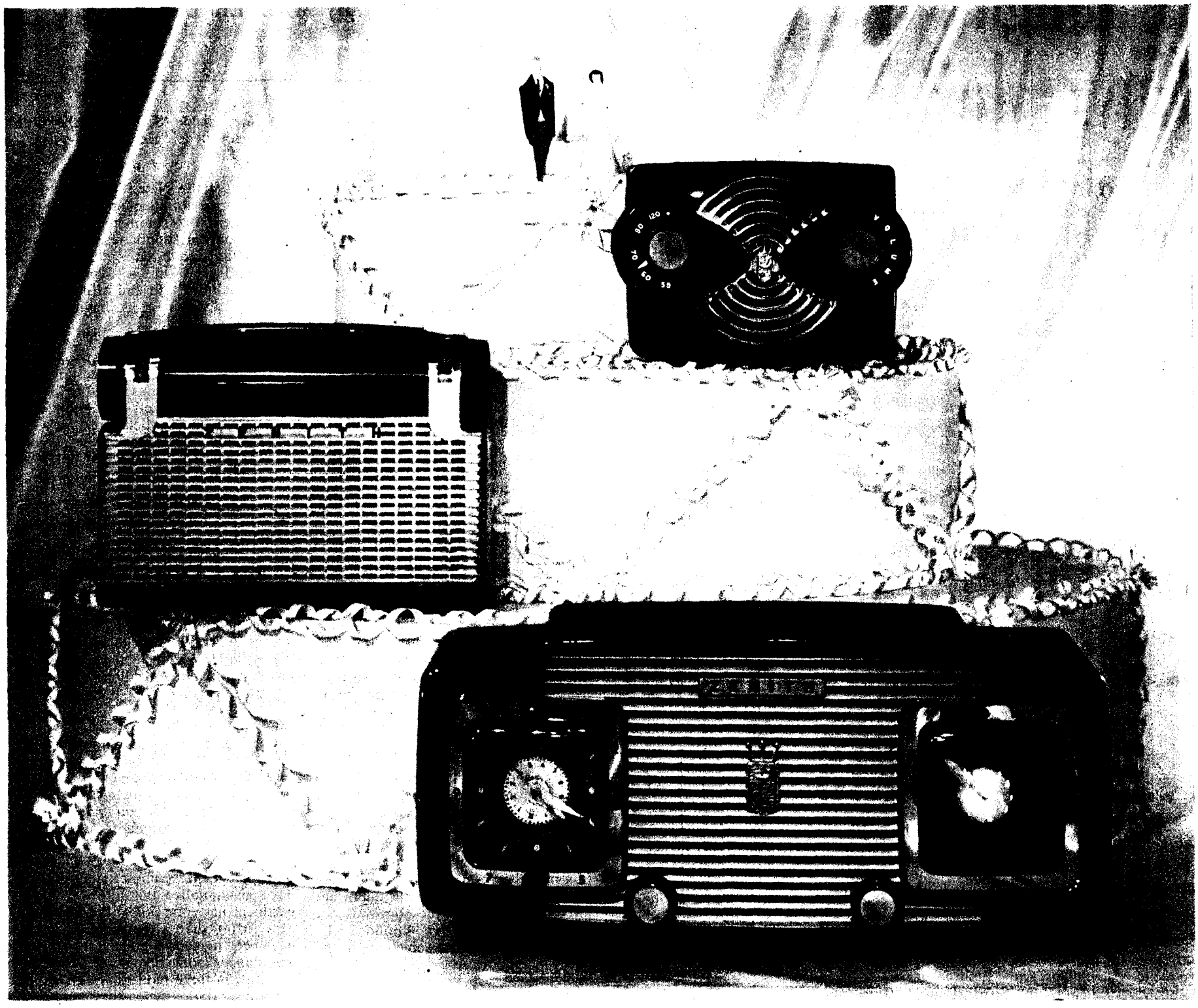
It might interest you to know that to date we have replied to over 90 letters, which came to us as a result of your article. From this group we will without doubt register 75 new cases of true hemophilia. Since such a complete registration is one of our goals, we wish you to know how grateful we are.

ROBERT LEE HENRY, President, The Hemophilia Foundation, Inc., New York, N.Y.

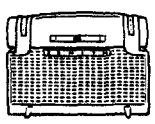
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Zenith Gift Ideas that Sing

FOR THE COUPLE CELEBRATING A WEDDING OR HAVING ONE

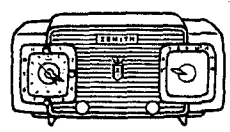


THE NEW ZENITH PERSONAL PORTABLE
a gay companion



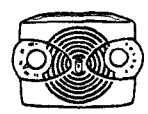
A brilliant little beauty, in looks and tone. And so cozy to carry—on a honeymoon, beach picnics, or summer weekends. Zenith makes this new Personal Portable with an exclusive "Range Finder" Switch that adjusts for local or distant stations, increases the battery life up to ten times the average. A "stand-out" gift, at $31.95.* Other colors from $29.95*

THE ZENITH SUPER DE LUXE CLOCK RADIO
makes life stay rosy!



It turns on sweet music instead of an alarm, and starts the coffee bubbling. Sings you to sleep at night and turns off the light. Operates sun lamps, heating pads, other appliances. All this—and Zenith's heavenly tone, too! In Walnut plastic, $49.95.* Also in French Green, Scotch Grey or Ivory. Other Zenith Clock Radios from $34.95*

THE NEW ZENITH "CREST"
the mightiest handful of radio made today



Looks like a portable, carries like a camera, plays like a table radio. Less than five inches high, the "Crest" will fit into book shelves, or office desks. Packs in an overnight bag. Plugs in anywhere there's an electric outlet. It's a new concept in radio—and a gift that will win *you* congratulations. In Ebony, Ivory, or Dawn Grey plastic, $36.95.* In Maroon plastic, $34.95*

See all the new Radio Gift ideas at your Zenith dealer's.
They'll make you wish you were getting married.

ZENITH
The royalty of television and RADIO®

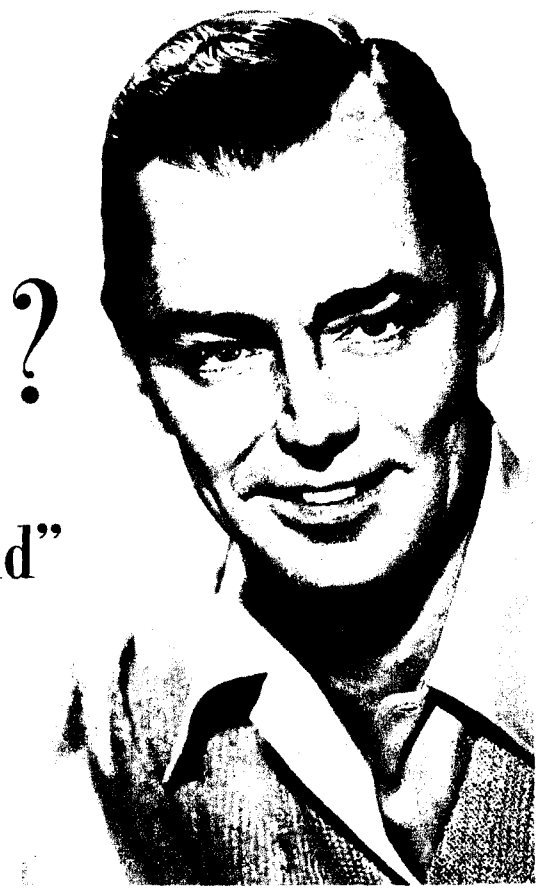
COPR. 1953

*Prices slightly higher in Far West and South

ZENITH RADIO CORPORATION, Chicago 39, Illinois • Backed by 34 Years of "Know-How" in Radionics® exclusively • Also makers of fine hearing aids

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"Tough Guy...Me? That stuff's for Alan Ladd"

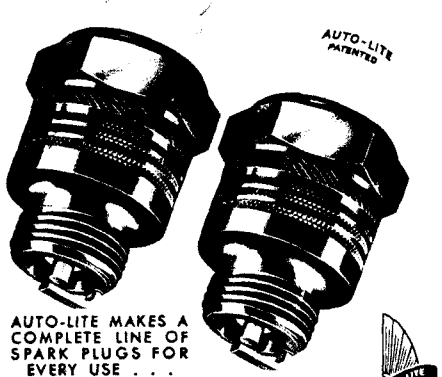


(STAR OR LOOK-ALIKE? SEE ANSWER BELOW)

Spark plugs also look alike but AUTO-LITE gives SMOOTHER PERFORMANCE ...QUICK STARTS

THE DISTINCTIVE features of star Alan Ladd are well known wherever movies are shown. But remember, even the best-known people have look-alikes, and so do spark plugs. So don't let appearances fool you! For smoother performance and quick starts, replace old, worn-out spark plugs with Resistor or Standard type Auto-Lite Spark Plugs. Both are "Ignition Engineered," and both are specified as original equipment on many leading makes of America's finest cars and trucks.

If you thought the man shown above was really Alan Ladd, you were wrong. He's Louis Bisogni of Bronx, N.Y. But you'll be right every time when you ask your dealer for Auto-Lite Spark Plugs — world-famous for quality and performance. Remember, "YOU'RE ALWAYS RIGHT WITH AUTO-LITE."



AUTO-LITE MAKES A COMPLETE LINE OF SPARK PLUGS FOR EVERY USE . . .

Auto-Lite Spark Plugs—Patented U.S.A.

SEE ALAN LADD STARRING IN "SHANE"
A GEORGE STEVENS PRODUCTION
A Paramount Picture—Color by Technicolor

Phone Western Union ... Ask for "Operator 25"... she'll give you the name of your nearby Auto-Lite Spark Plug Dealer. There is no charge for this service.

Tune in "SUSPENSE!"...CBS Radio Mondays...CBS Television Tuesdays

AUTO-LITE SPARK PLUGS

A PRODUCT OF AUTO-LITE—MANUFACTURERS OF SPARK PLUGS, BATTERIES AND ELECTRICAL SYSTEMS

48 STATES OF MIND

By WALTER DAVENPORT

Additional evidence that Hawaii can conduct her political affairs in a stateside manner has just arrived from Mr. Bob Krauss of the Honolulu Advertiser. In the interests of economy, the Lower House of the legislature has four doormen. Between them, the House and

Senate have hired 19 janitors, an unspecified number of assistant janitors and a traffic director at 11 bucks a day. The latter's job, we gather, is to see that the new janitors and assistant janitors do not run over one another.

★ ★ ★

Young lady at Laguna Beach, California, was listening to a few chiding words from a cop about the brevity of her bathing suit. What, he wanted to know, would her mother say if she saw her? "She'd probably order me to bring it back at once," said the young lady. "It's hers, you know."

★ ★ ★

From the Army Information Section at Fort Monroe, Virginia, comes a large official envelope handled, of course, by the Post Office Department. Only four pages of well-chosen words and a photograph to tell us all about the wedding of a major general's daughter. We have no hesitancy in revealing this important information because the copy was not marked "restricted" or "confidential." But it does prove that somebody in the Army is economizing.

★ ★ ★

The editor of the Hamilton (Texas) Herald-News, Mr. Culpepper Applegate, wishes the readers of his newspaper to be under no misapprehension. Recently he told them: "Whatever you see in it (the Herald-News) is either correct or incorrect. There is no middle ground with us."

★ ★ ★

The traffic conditions in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, are bad. In fact, a cop told us, cars have to move so slowly that drivers are warned of the danger of being run down by pedestrians.

★ ★ ★

A teacher in Atlanta, Georgia, was showing her third-graders how to recognize money denominations quickly. Held up a dollar bill. Then a dime. Then a quarter. Kids were pretty sharp. Then swiftly the teacher spun a half dollar in the air, caught it, slapped it down with her hand over it. "What is it?" she asked. Several of the little darlings yelled: "Heads."

★ ★ ★

Although the New York State Fair will not open until September, the State Department of Commerce is already sending out questionnaires. One bit of information requested is: "How much noise and what kind will you generate at your exhibit?" Friend of ours in the hearing-aid business is having some difficulty answering.

★ ★ ★

There are so many interesting and important happenings in the world today that possibly you don't know what some scientists in Michigan State College have done. Supposed to be a secret. They've succeeded in unsexing potatoes. Keep this news to yourself.

★ ★ ★

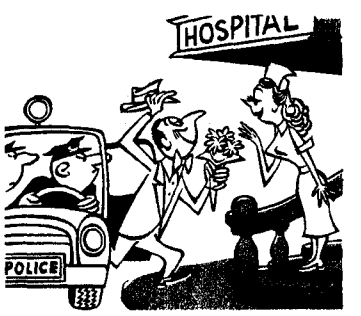
If you are driving through the West End of Louisville, Kentucky, this summer and see a number of people sniffing or perhaps holding their noses, don't take offense. If they jot down notes, keep calm. Nothing personal intended. You'll merely be seeing volunteer odor sleuths working for the City-County Air Pollution Control Commission and helping that organization make the West End sweeter.

★ ★ ★

Carefree gent we know took his discouraging financial problems to a Hartford, Connecticut, banker and asked for advice. Banker obliged. "Sam," said he, "the thing for you to do is adjust your net income to your gross habits."

★ ★ ★

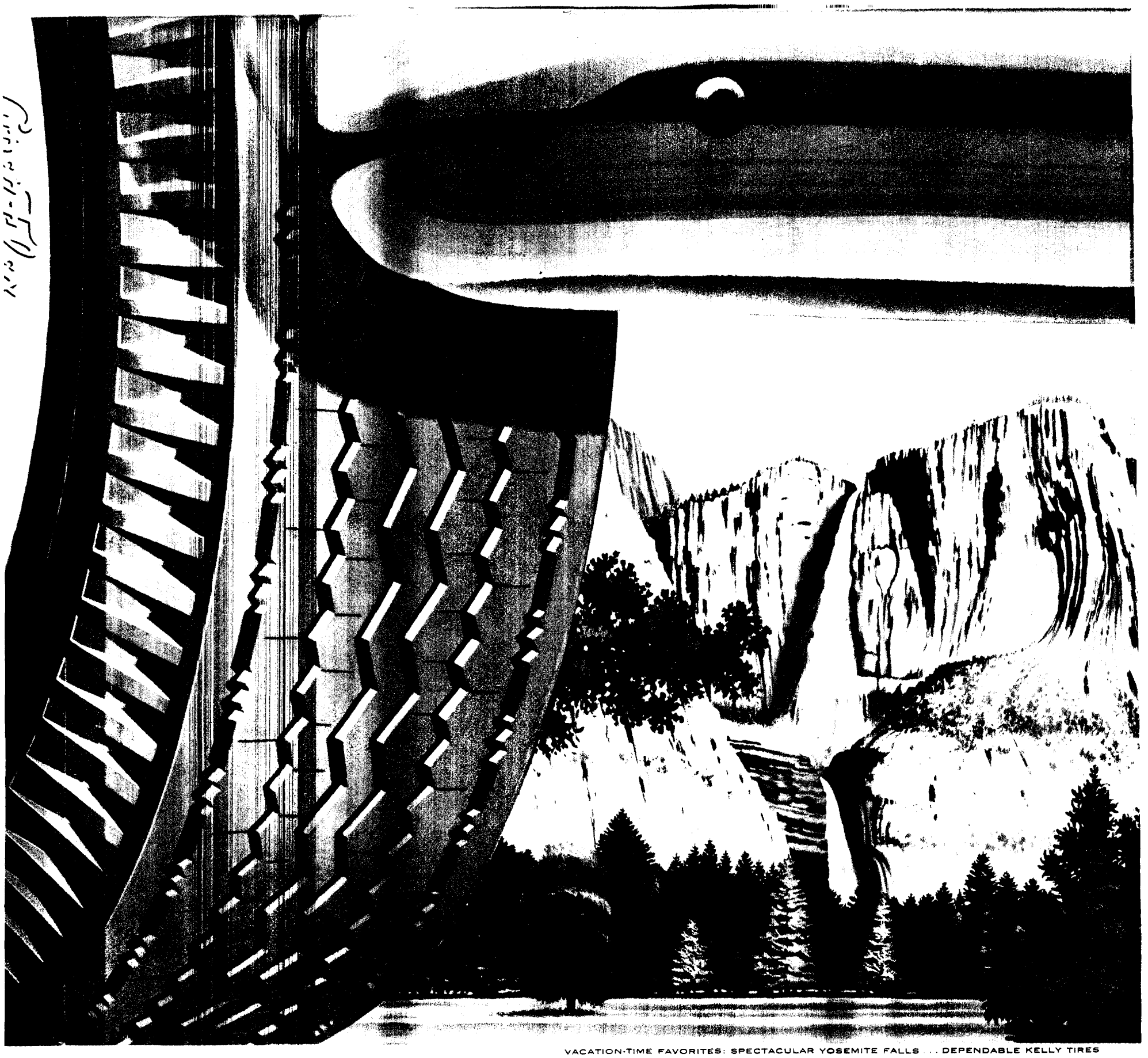
In Salem, Massachusetts, authorities have given notice that the police department has gone out of the taxi business. More than a thousand Salemites have been hauled by police cruisers and ambulances from their homes to Salem hospitals in three months. Some called for transportation when they were only going to visit patients. Some changed their minds on their way to the hospital



IRWIN CAPLAN

and demanded to be dropped off for shopping. Others merely stopped in at the outpatient clinic to see whether there was anything wrong with them. Only 20 per cent of the calls involved real emergencies. No more, says the city hall. Oh, yeah? replies the populace. And thus is born a nice, new political issue. ▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



VACATION-TIME FAVORITES: SPECTACULAR YOSEMITE FALLS . . DEPENDABLE KELLY TIRES

Wherever you go...GO WORRY-FREE ON KELLYS

KELLY Springfield TIRES

You get far more pleasure per mile when you ride relaxed and worry-free—on safe, dependable Kelly Tires! Here's what Kelly's 59 years of tire-building "know-how" will give you:

GREATER SAFETY! Special safety slots insure quick stops. Extra-strength body construction keeps you safer longer!

GREATER MILEAGE! Kelly's tougher, slower-wearing Armorubber tread is good for thousands of extra miles!

GREATER ECONOMY! The "bonus" mileage built into longer-wearing Kelly Tires means far lower long-run cost!

Don't take chances on risky, smooth-worn tires! See your friendly Kelly Dealer today—get *full* credit for *all* the remaining mileage when you trade them for safe, worry-free Kellys! It's the best tire deal in town!

THE KELLY-SPRINGFIELD TIRE COMPANY, CUMBERLAND, MARYLAND

Proved and Improved for 59 years

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

An Advertisement Presented in the Public Interest by New York Life

TIME AND AGAIN, parents come to me asking whether their sons should choose the law as a calling. This is what I tell them:

"It's a long, hard grind to become a lawyer, but it's worth it."

I then go on to say:

"I know of no other profession that offers a boy so much opportunity for achieving wealth and prestige and, at the same time, affords him such possibilities for rendering real service to his community, his state and even his country."

In my opinion, you would be well counselled to make the same points to your son if he is wondering what to do with his life. I realize modern psychologists hold that a parent should never urge a child to enter any field which he doesn't like. And I agree. Still, a little sound advice can do a child a lot of good. I say that on the basis of my own experience.

When I was a senior at the University of Nebraska—that was quite a while ago, in 1888, to be exact—I started to think very seriously of botany as a career. The reason for this was simple. I was studying under an exceptional old professor of botany who had me all excited about his subject. Luckily, I asked my father what he thought of it. Father was a man of practical, good sense and he quickly convinced me that I was much better suited for law than for botany. I have been deeply grateful to him ever since.

There are two big things for you to remember about the practice of law.

One is that it provides so wide a scope for the application of a boy's native gifts.

A lawyer can be primarily an advocate—a trial man, representing his clients in court before judge and jury. Or he can be chiefly an adviser, showing his clients how to stay out of court, informing them exactly what rights and what duties they have in the conduct of their affairs. Or, like many country lawyers, he can be a general practitioner and handle virtually every sort of legal activity. Or, if he prefers, he can concentrate just on teaching and writing about the law.

Each of these categories, of course, has its own advantages.

The advocate is constantly in the public eye. The adviser, especially if he gets to be the attorney for large enterprises, may often have a far-reaching effect upon the national economy. The general practitioner can win the same warm relationships with people that a family doctor enjoys. The law teacher and writer can make an enduring name for himself.

But all of these categories have one thing in common. They will all bring a good lawyer the respect of his neighbors and associates and, as a rule, a substantial income.

And that's not all. The good lawyer can also look forward to proffers of ranking, remunerative posts in finance or industry. The heads of many of the greatest corporations in America started out as attorneys.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The second and perhaps the most significant thing for you to bear in mind about the practice of law is the chance it gives a boy for public service.

Lawyers have always been leaders of public life in America. Twenty-four of the signers of the Declaration of Independence were lawyers. Twenty-one Presidents of the United States were lawyers. Congress and the state legislatures have been mainly staffed by lawyers. At last count, no less than 18,000 lawyers were serving their states, counties and cities as governors, judges, district attorneys and city corporation counsels. Thousands more were holding other important government offices.

The truth is that there is no better avenue to political achievement and service than the bar.

"But is there room for more lawyers?" Parents continually ask me that.

I invariably answer them, "Yes."

I recognize that there are more than 200,000 lawyers in the United States today. Yet I know for a fact that there is a need for more good lawyers.

You must never forget, though, that it takes a lot of hard work to become a good lawyer.

A boy must first spend at least three years in college; in some states four. And he must get high grades or he won't be accepted by an accredited law school. If he is admitted to law school, he next must put in three years of still more intensive effort in order to win the cherished degree of Bachelor of Laws.

Even then his hard work is not done.

He has to "pass the bar." This is an examination given by the various states to determine whether a man has a thorough knowledge and understanding of the law.

Vital as the capacity for hard work is, I don't want you to think that it is the sole prerequisite to success in the legal profession. After a half-century of teaching the law, I know that a boy must have certain other natural attributes, as well.

No. 1 is *character*. A lawyer must have integrity, loyalty and, above all, a keen sense of honor.

Some years ago, a distinguished Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of Tennessee told his son,

"No man is fit to be a lawyer who is capable of telling a lie."

He was right.

No. 2 is *common sense*. Millions of dollars may rest upon a lawyer's judgment. He, therefore, must be able to give solid advice.

Less dramatic than the work of the trial lawyer, but equally important, is that of the attorney who acts as legal adviser to individuals and business organizations. The heads of many great corporations have legal backgrounds.

As in most other professions, intensive study begins early—and never really ends. All through their years of practice, lawyers must keep up with changes in legislation and with important court decisions.

No. 3 is *self-reliance*. A lawyer must be the kind of a man who can keep his head in an emergency. The life, liberty and fortunes of many people may be contingent upon his levelheadedness in a crisis.

No. 4 is *patience*. A lawyer frequently has to deal with rash, obstinate persons. He cannot afford to lose his temper, not if he is to persuade such people to do what is best for them.

No. 5 is *the ability to think logically*. A lawyer must be able to see through empty words and specious arguments to their true significance. The great U. S. Supreme Court Justice, Oliver Wendell Holmes, phrased it in this fashion:

"The law is not the place for the artist or the poet. The law is the calling of thinkers."

No. 6 is *the ability to write clearly*. The property of a lawyer's clients may depend upon the manner in which he drafts wills, contracts, mortgages and other legal documents. When a case goes to court, a lawyer cannot say to the judge,

"Your honor, I actually meant to say it this way . . ."

It may be too late then.

No. 7 is *courage*. To be worthy of the name a lawyer must be ready to advocate the cases of the poor, the friendless, the oppressed, and the accused laboring under heavy burdens of prejudice, discrimination and public agitation, so as to assure them a fair trial and adequate presentation of their cases.

Naturally, a boy contemplating a legal career must also have a genuine interest in, and respect for, the law.

You probably wish to learn now how expensive it will be to put your son through law school. It will be costly. That I admit. College tuition is heavy and so are law school fees. Some law schools charge as much as $750 a year tuition, and to that you have to add the cost of books and board.

However, that doesn't mean that the sons of poor parents cannot become lawyers. They can!

State universities, with their low tuition rates, make it possible for a boy to get a good preliminary education even if he doesn't have much money. Furthermore, many state universities have law schools for which the tuition rates are also very low, in some instances less than $50 a semester. In addition, most private law schools give scholarships to boys with outstanding records.

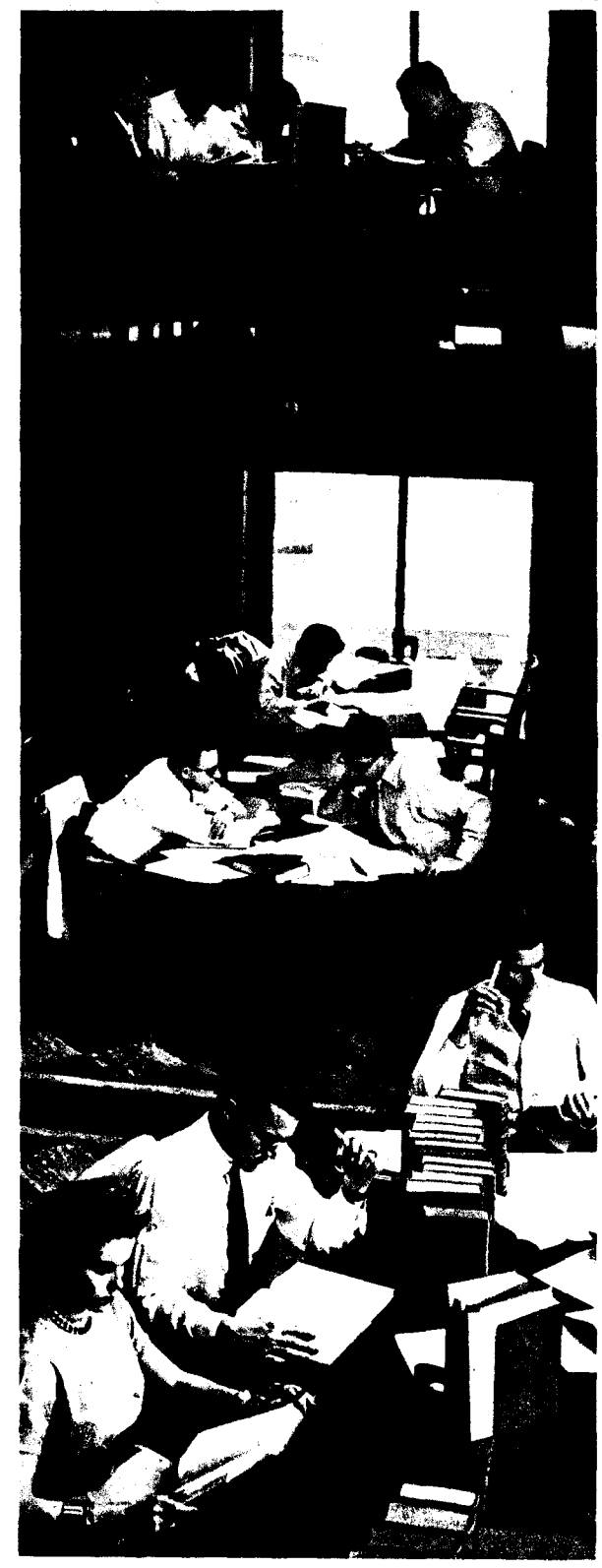
And it is still perfectly feasible for a determined boy to work his way through college and law school. I have known many, many boys who have done it and then gone on to make a big success.

What about women lawyers?

A torrent of legal briefs has gone over the bench since the first American woman was admitted to the practice of law in 1872. Today, more than 4,000 women are in active law practice. Many of these women lawyers are doing well, especially in government work. But, on the whole, the law remains a man's calling.

For the good lawyer it is a wonderful calling. As that eminent lawyer and statesman, Joseph H. Choate, said:

"To establish justice, to maintain the rights of man, to defend the helpless and oppressed, to succor innocence, and to punish guilt, to aid in the solution of those great questions, legal and constitutional, which are constantly being evolved from the ever-varying affairs and business of men are duties that may well challenge the best powers of man's intellect and the noblest qualities of the human heart." ♦ ♦ ♦



HOW TO HELP YOUR CHILD PREPARE FOR ANY CAREER

Whether your child is a toddler or in his teens, you are the keystone to whatever career he is to build. Your task is to inspire, guide and make possible. *In the course of building his career many people will make contributions: teachers, researchers, specialists of many kinds.*

One specialist—and his training and devotion to duty earn that title for him—is your New York Life agent. It is never too soon to enlist his aid—for he can help you *to make sure that the future you plan for your child will become a reality.*

You'll find additional help in the pamphlet, "The Cost of Four Years at College." Send for a free copy at the address below.

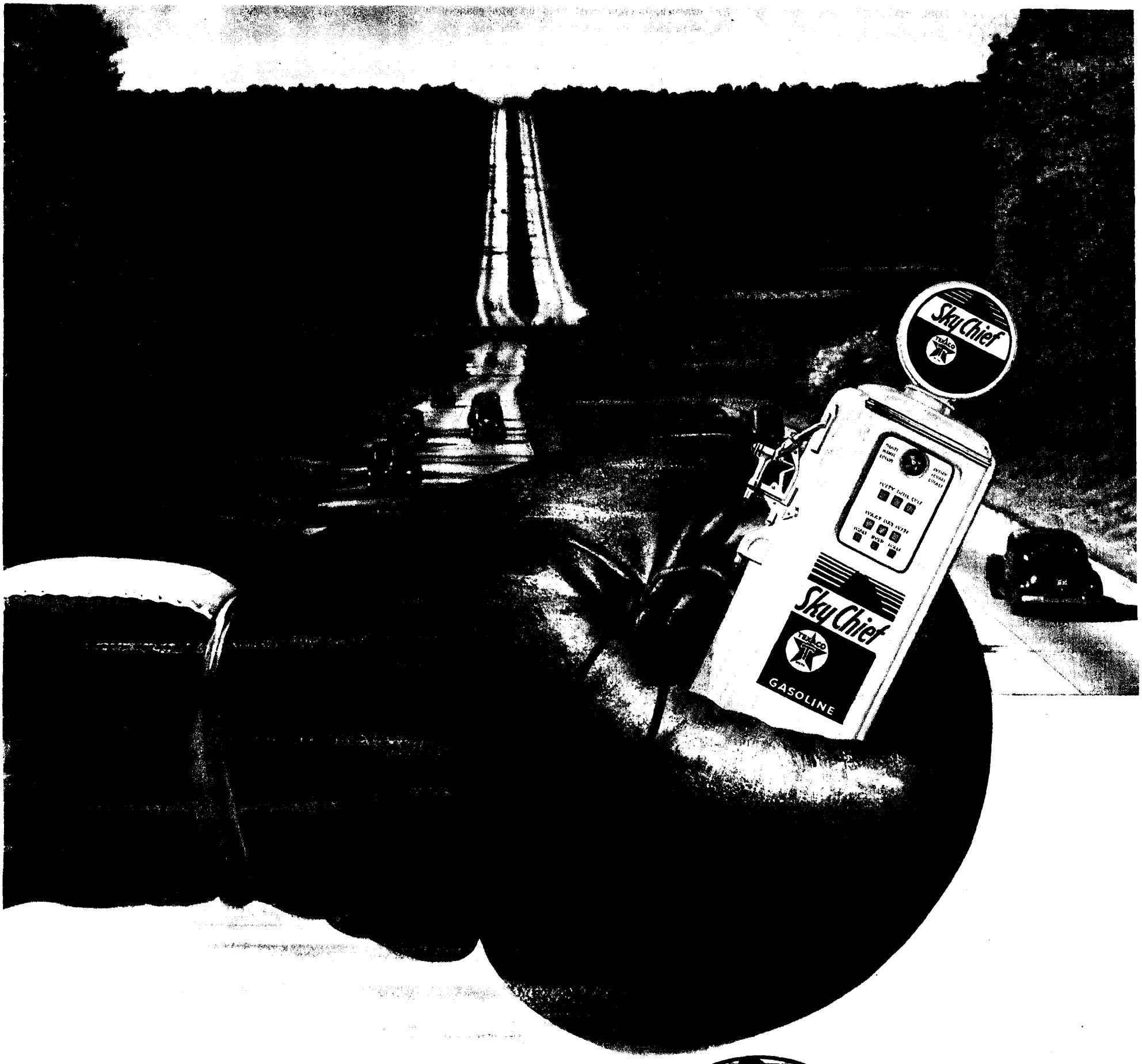
NEW YORK LIFE
Insurance Company
51 Madison Ave., Dept. 2-C, New York 10, N. Y.

The New York Life Agent in Your Community is a Good Man to Know

THE SECOND OF A SERIES OF ADVERTISEMENTS PRESENTED TO HELP GUIDE AMERICA'S CHILDREN TO A BETTER FUTURE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When you want that extra ZOOM...



Sky Chief PACKS PUNCH!

Volatane Control puts that *punch* in Sky Chief! It means volatility and octane are scientifically controlled. That's why Sky Chief gives you instant starts, fast warm-ups and power-plus to ease you up and over the hills without knock or ping. So, for that extra zoom fill up with Texaco Sky Chief, the gasoline for those who want the best, at your Texaco Dealer — *the best friend your car ever had.*

...and don't forget the best motor oil your money can buy.

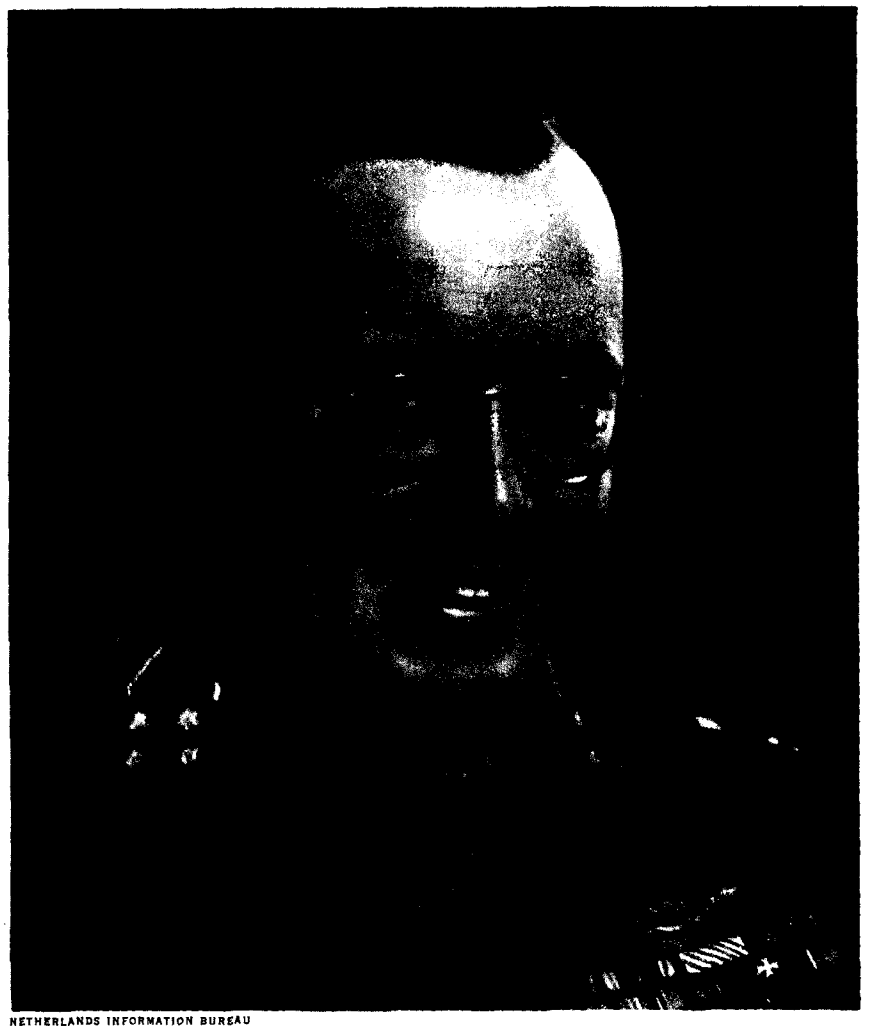
THE TEXAS COMPANY

TEXACO DEALERS IN ALL 48 STATES

Texaco Products are also distributed in Canada and Latin America

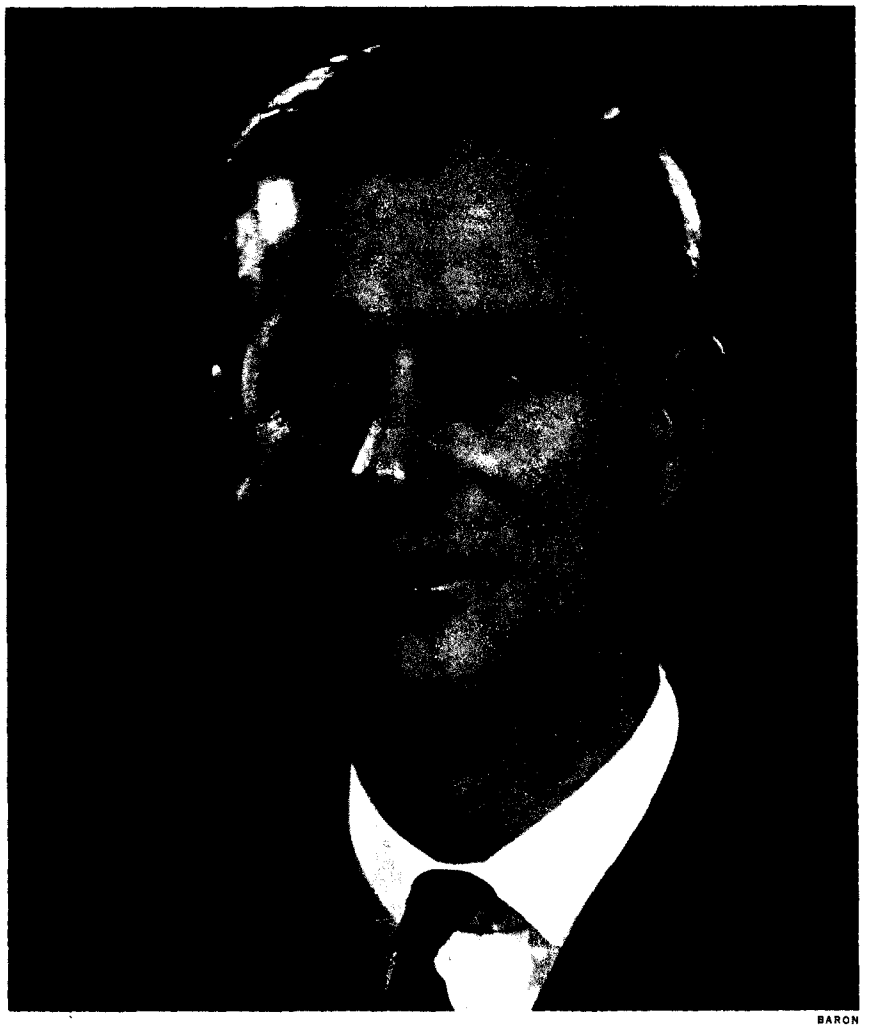
TUNE IN: Tuesday nights on television, the Texaco Star Theater starring MILTON BERLE. See newspaper for time and station.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



NETHERLANDS INFORMATION BUREAU

Bernhard, Prince of the Netherlands, husband of Queen Juliana



BARON

Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh, husband of Queen Elizabeth II

Prince Bernhard Tells Prince Philip

HOW TO SUCCEED AS HUSBAND TO THE QUEEN

After five years as consort to a reigning sovereign, the Prince of the Netherlands offers some coronation-time advice to the husband of Britain's Queen Elizabeth II. His basic precept: the queen rules the nation, but the husband should rule the home

By BERNHARD, Prince of the Netherlands

As told to DONALD CANTER

Soestdijk Palace, the Netherlands

WHEN a man and a woman marry, the woman usually takes her husband's name and vows to love, honor and obey him. But when a man marries a woman who rules or is destined to rule a country, she retains her own name and he becomes not only her husband but, according to the law of the land, her faithful subject as well.

Today there are two princes in Europe in that anomalous position. One is Prince Philip, the Duke of Edinburgh—husband of Great Britain's Queen Elizabeth II. The other is myself. Prince Philip and I have been friends since 1947, shortly after his engagement to the then Princess Elizabeth was announced. We have met frequently since then, both in London and on the Continent, and have often discussed our common problems. I have, of course, reached certain firm convictions after nearly five years as husband of a reigning queen.

To succeed as both husband and subject, I believe you need a tightrope walker's sense of balance—and an understanding wife. Compromises obviously must be made by both husband and wife if their marriage is to succeed and the husband is to retain his self-respect and remain a personality in his own right.

Queen Juliana and I have found happiness by following a simple precept. In the nation, it is my wife who rules; in my home, it is I.

I can assure you that there never has been the slightest doubt as to who is the boss in our home. And I'd like to emphasize that I've never encoun-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNITED PRESS PHOTO

Princes Bernhard (center) and Philip (right) get together at the swimming races during 1952 Olympic games in Helsinki, Finland. Great Britain's young Duke of Kent is at left

How can a prince tell if his

tered any "opposition" to my role from Juliana.

Because I feel that the husband of the reigning queen has the right to build his own personality, I always have regarded the title of prince consort as somehow degrading. It first was conferred by Britain's Queen Victoria on her husband, Prince Albert, and ever since has been applied indiscriminately to every husband of a reigning queen. I am grateful to my mother-in-law, Queen Wilhelmina, for having given me the alternative title of Prince of the Netherlands as her last official act before abdicating in 1948 in favor of my wife.

But any happy marriage can be spoiled by gossip, and we princes unfortunately are choice targets for the gossipmongers. Even the smallest incident, however innocent, sometimes is magnified and distorted into a major issue. And we must be especially careful when in the company of women —at least 10 times more careful than any prudent ordinary husband.

The gossip may take many forms. For example, while I was in South America on a good-will visit in 1951, I spent a few hours at a ranch in Chile and took part in national folk dances like the *cueca* with some local beauties as my partners. I was aware that cameramen would take pictures of the gay event and cable them back to my homeland, and I realized there would inevitably be some gossip. But it seemed the most natural thing in the world to do, and Juliana, of course, agreed with me. In fact, on my return to Holland, I showed her a movie of the affair in our little theater in the palace and we enjoyed a hearty laugh over it.

Argentine Visit Gave Rise to Gossip

There was even more vicious gossip when I spent a week in Argentina as guest of President and the late Señora Perón. I was even criticized indirectly in the Dutch press—a rare occurrence—for staying with the head of what is regarded as a totalitarian government. Unfortunately my visit coincided with the Argentine government's action against the newspaper La Prensa and this fact was also noted in the Dutch press. But not all the gossip was printed; it went around in the form of all kinds of jokes about my sight-seeing trips with Señora Perón, who, in fact, was a perfect hostess to me and my friends.

With gossipmongers so eager to seize upon every possible incident and rumor, it is important that a prince conduct himself with circumspection —and develop a skin as tough as an elephant's. While he's about it, he might just as well develop elephant's ears, too, so that he can hear and enjoy some of the stories being told about himself. He might even write down the rumors and the gossip and save them for his children. The stories will amuse the children and at the same time prepare them for the barbs they one day will have to endure. Perhaps they thereby will develop immunity to slanderous tongues, although one never completely succeeds in ignoring infamous gossip.

Quite apart from gossip, royal families also wage a constant struggle for privacy. It seems as though we should be entitled to a little privacy, but for people in our position it is difficult to obtain. The queen and I and our four daughters usually spend our vacations abroad because in Holland, a relatively small country, we have trouble getting away from the stares of curious folk. In Britain, the situation is different. There the royal family can find privacy on some of the secluded royal estates, and I can honestly tell you that we are envious.

Still another problem for princes in our position is the choosing of friends and members of our personal staffs. So many people we meet flatter us in conversation that it's easy to become swell-headed. We should select as our friends and aides people who tell us the truth to our face, brutally and frankly, who praise or criticize as necessary.

An Ingenious Trap for Flatterers

I know from experience how difficult it is to distinguish between true friends and those who are only currying favor, but there are ways to find out. I have tried several. One device I used about three years ago had all Holland talking, and until now I have told no one that it was designed merely as a test to separate my real friends from the flatterers.

I grew a mustache. It turned out a bit reddish and I knew perfectly well that it looked rather ridiculous. But I wanted to find out which of my supposed friends would tell me so frankly. Well, I kept a record of the comments I heard. Only a few of my acquaintances told me face-to-face how absurd the mustache really looked. The percentage that complimented me on my "improved appearance" and "good taste" was shockingly high.

This humorous but useful experiment showed me once again how narrow my circle of real friends is and how difficult it is for royalty to obtain honest opinions.

Then, too, we princes must be careful about what we ourselves say. Every statement we make is weighed and studied for hidden meanings. In the main, of course, we are above politics and other controversies. But should we attend meetings where arguments become heated, we find that our exalted status has its advantages. When a royal guest is present, hotheaded opponents often decide to bury the hatchet. They go more quickly to the heart of the matter and frequently reach an amicable agreement.

To maintain my nonpolitical status, I go so far as to break the law of the Netherlands by staying away from the polls in national elections. In Holland, only the queen is excused from voting; everyone else who fails to exercise his franchise is subject to a fine of four guilders ($1). So far, I have not been fined for my omission, but I may be after publication of this article.

What burdens can a prince in our position best take from the shoulders of his wife? At the beginning of Juliana's reign, we agreed that I would assist her with state duties relating to economics and defense, and would relieve her of all the headaches of running the court and the household finances. In my mind, the management of household financial affairs is a duty that every husband should assume.

However, even before marrying Juliana in 1937 (she was crown princess then), I stipulated that I should have the right to do as much outside work as I wished and travel as I pleased. In the beginning, I did not assume any royal state duties because as a foreigner (I was born in Germany) I was not acquainted with Holland's problems. But the outbreak of World War II gave me more responsibilities, especially in the military field. And after the war, I was called upon to fill all manner of economic, financial and military offices—both in government and private enterprises. It has given me satisfaction that gradually I have become appreciated not only as a prince, but especially as Bernhard, Dutch citizen.

I have never received any financial compensation for my work in government and business. It is contrary to royal tradition. But recently I discovered to my surprise that some of the half-dozen businesses on whose boards of directors I serve were taking my director's fee—Dutch law requires that fees be set aside for all directors—and

Why Prince Bernhard Wrote This Story

The coronation of Great Britain's Queen Elizabeth II brings home to her husband—Prince Philip, Duke of Edinburgh—more forcefully than ever before the problem he will probably have to face for the rest of his life: how to behave as the husband of a reigning sovereign.

But Philip is not the only prince facing that problem. Across the North Sea from Britain is an old friend of Philip who already has had much experience at, as he calls it, "my trade"—Bernhard, Prince of the Netherlands, husband of Queen Juliana. To find out how Bernhard met and solved many of the questions now confronting Philip, Collier's assigned Donald Canter, former Dutch Royal Court reporter, to get the prince's own story. Because Bernhard has known Canter for many years and has complete confidence in him, the prince discussed the life of a consort fully and frankly and gave Collier's permission to publish this exclusive article. It marks Prince Bernhard's single exception to his established rule never to reveal for publication any details of his personal life or intimate family relations

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

dividing it among themselves. I immediately claimed the fee myself and sent it to a charitable institution.

I have always been interested in business and economics, and in recent years I have made several combined good-will and business visits to foreign countries, particularly in Latin America. A number of people in my own country have criticized me for taking these trips; they consider that by acting as a sort of traveling salesman I lower the dignity of my position as Prince of the Netherlands. But I believe that every citizen should help his country in times of stress, and Holland—like most other countries in war-ravaged Europe—is having tough sledding economically. Fortunately, the trade negotiations I have initiated and the other beneficial results of my trips are gradually wiping out the criticism.

Quite apart from the economic difficulties of our countries, we princes have financial problems of our own. Like many of our people these days, most of us have trouble making ends meet. Some people think that kings and queens still are rich as fabled King Midas. It isn't so. In Holland, we've had to make all kinds of economies, and I know from what I have heard and read that the British royal family has its money troubles as well.

Royal Couple Had to Ask for Raise

Our own financial plight was so grave, in fact, that two years ago I went to the government and told the ministers frankly that we couldn't live on our allowances. We were granted a raise. Today I get 300,000 guilders ($75,000) a year from the government, while Juliana receives 1,500,000 guilders ($375,000). (In Britain, Prince Philip receives an allowance of $112,000 and Queen Elizabeth II gets $1,330,000 a year from the government.)

Our combined income of 1,800,000 guilders ($450,000) may look astronomical to some people. But I can assure them that our expenses are astronomical, too. One third of the total goes to cover pensions for servants of the royal family. It is true that we get a special appropriation for maintenance of the two royal palaces, but the grant covers only one third of the actual cost. We have to spend fantastic sums for the court, livery for servants, the upkeep of stables and garages, official dinners, state receptions and the like.

Since managing the household budget is my job, I am bound to be rather an unpopular figure around the palace. For example, I had to close down the farm, the vegetable garden and the greenhouse at the Loo Palace, near Apeldoorn in eastern Holland. But even with these and other economies, my treasurer recently informed me that we are still in the red. And the queen and I have to make up the deficit from our personal bank accounts.

I realize that the British royal family has many similar difficulties. But at least it doesn't have to pay rent for Buckingham Palace, which is owned by the state and furnished free to the monarch of Great Britain. On the other hand, Juliana and I pay rent to the owner of our palace at Soestdijk, my mother-in-law, now Princess Wilhelmina.

We, like the British royal famliy, also have other substantial financial worries. Princess Beatrix, as crown princess, is the only one of our four children who will not eventually have to pay inheritance taxes on whatever we may leave them in the way of money, land, houses and other property. To pay the taxes, the others will need a substantial amount of cash. Where will they get it?

Before the war, Juliana and I had sought to provide for this contingency by starting savings accounts for our daughters. But all records of the bank accounts disappeared during the war—either in bombing raids or during the German occupation when we were living abroad in exile. We have been unable to find any trace of the accounts and, worse, we have been unable to start new accounts for the girls because of the mounting cost of living. Our solution was to take out life-insurance policies on my wife, my mother-in-law and myself, with our daughters as beneficiaries.

It is important, too, that the children of royalty understand the value of money. We caution people against giving our children valuable gifts and, by the same token, won't allow our children to give others expensive presents. During their childhood, our daughters must finance the purchase of their birthday and Christmas gifts from their own small monthly allowances—a maximum of four guilders ($1) each.

I have tried to pass on to the girls my own father's strict rule never to run into debt, never to spend more than they have. During a recent trip to Venice, my two eldest daughters—Princess Beatrix and Princess Irene—wanted to buy some souvenirs to take home with them.

"All right," I agreed. "But first we will make a list of what you want to buy. Then we will window-shop to see how far your money will go. After that, we will decide exactly what we will buy."

The three of us returned to Holland with gifts totaling only $10 in value. And I explained to the princesses that this sum constituted a lot of money.

By the way, I have found that my children are my best friends and most honest critics. They help me keep my feet on the ground and save me from any false pride. When I don a new, well-fitted suit and admire myself in a mirror, I find one or another of the girls observing me with a twinkle in her eye and a smirk. The same look crosses their faces when I try to show off my horsemanship.

He Finds Daughter's Candor Valuable

As the children grow older, the criticism takes other forms and is even more valuable. Even now Beatrix from time to time heatedly opposes my opinions—and through her arguments I find myself learning and understanding more about the subject. Such candid expression is refreshing when you find so little frankness in the outside world.

What of the future? Must our children marry royalty, as tradition demands? Remember that in the last 20 years many monarchies have fallen, and there is always talk that the monarchial form of government may disappear altogether. This situation raises the question of whether there will be enough royal marital candidates left for our children, or, for that matter, Britain's Prince Charles and Princess Anne.

I would like to say that so far as my own family is concerned—and this also is the opinion of Juliana—the problem does not worry us in the least. In fact, I have never given the question serious thought, even though Crown Princess Beatrix soon will be sixteen years old. (Incidentally, the government would have to be consulted anyway about Beatrix' choice of a mate.)

We—Juliana and I—believe that it is *not* absolutely necessary that our children marry members of other royal families. They can choose respectable citizens of any nationality as their husbands. Like all parents, however, we will look into the backgrounds, environments, education, abilities and, most important, the character of their intended mates.

Might they marry Americans? So far as I am concerned, the answer is definitely: "Yes, they can." ▲▲▲

Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard with daughters (from left): Margriet, now 10; Maria-Christina, 6; Irene, 13, and Beatrix, 15

Queen Elizabeth II and Prince Philip play in garden of their home with children, Prince Charles and Princess Anne, now four and two

KEYSTONE PHOTO

REPRODUCED BY LIFE INC.
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

NOT THE GUY FOR HER

They had to write songs together; alone, they had no luck at all. Besides, Peggy needed the money, so she could marry another guy

By FRANCIS K. ALLAN

ONE quiet Saturday afternoon in Greenwich Village, Eddie's doorbell rang. It was his sister Connie. "Barclay wants to spend the week end with you," she said. "I'm going to Chicago."

"But I don't want Barclay," Eddie said. Barclay was a large yellow Persian cat. "I've got troubles enough. Take him to the vet."

"He'd get fleas again. Be sweet to him."

Connie departed, leaving Barclay. Eddie looked at the cat bleakly. Barclay flicked his tail, then leaped through an open window and went up the fire escape.

"Come back here," Eddie shouted, but Barclay wasn't having any. Eddie crawled out the window and started up the steps. Eddie was tall, and his hair was black. His eyes were brown, and his expression was usually friendly, but not at this moment. Barclay had pounced through the window of the apartment above. Through the window Eddie heard piano music—a bright sparkling tune he didn't recognize. It faltered, stopped, then started over.

He poked his head in. "Here, kitty. Nice kitty, come here," he called.

The music stopped. A girl got up from the piano. She was barefooted and wore dungarees rolled above her knees. Her hair was the color of honey in the sun, and her eyes were dark blue, like clouds before a storm.

"My goodness," Eddie murmured, "how long have you been here?"

"Who are you?" she said. "What do you want?"

He considered his dubious position. "Eddie McGuire from 3-D, registered architect with a respectable firm," he said hastily. "Don't be upset. I'm only hunting a cat that— There he goes!"

The girl turned in time to see Barclay zip into the kitchen. "Well, take him away," she said. "I'm working, and the song-writing business is grim enough without things crawling in the window."

"Oh, you can't tell *me* about the song business," said Eddie with feeling. He climbed in and cornered Barclay under the stove.

When he went back to the living room, the girl was playing the same gay scrap of tune. Eddie looked around. The room made him think of the place where he'd lived when he first came to New York. Everything had been old or bent or had had a hole in it, but life had been bright and full of hope. The music faltered again.

She played it again. "Maybe I see," he said. "It gets stuck—right about here." He leaned over her, his cheek brushing her soft hair, and played it, listened, then played it again

"That's nice," he said. "Is it yours?"

She nodded. "Ajax Music turned it down, but I'm trying to fix it. It better fix, or something's going to give in the eating department."

"Do it again," Eddie said. He listened as she played.

"See what I mean? Pftt, and it falls on its face."

"Again," he said, and she played it again. "Maybe I see," he said. "It gets stuck—right about here . . ." He leaned over, his cheek brushing her soft hair. He played it, listened, then played it again. Barclay had slipped out from under his left arm, forgotten.

"Let's see," he said suddenly, sitting down beside her, "if we gave it a little kick in here, like this, and then brought it around slowly. See?" He played it again. "Now you take it."

SHE played, and he listened; then he played the melody again, developing it a little, and let her try it again. She smoothed it, added to it and gave it back to him. The sun went down, but time didn't count. They were writing a song, and the song was gay and solid.

"Don't look now," Eddie said. "We're getting somewhere, Miss—"

"Warren. Peggy to you." She looked at him with wonder in her eyes. "This"—she pointed to the piano—"how does it happen?"

He looked wounded. "You've never heard of Edward McGuire, that celebrated old tune twister?" he said.

"But you said architect."

"I'm kidding," he said. "Once I wrote songs. They say I set music back forty years. Then I did singing commercials. A stopgap deal, understand, while I awaited the flowering of my talents. Then somebody fired me. I didn't mind much. You know the feeling: tomorrow will be the happy day; tomorrow the sun will shine." He sighed. "Then you wake up. Time has passed; the landlord beats on the door; winter is coming, and you haven't stored up any nuts or berries. It's time to stop kidding yourself, Edward. Talent isn't something you pick up, like cheese at a delicatessen. You've got it, or you haven't. You face facts. Once upon a time you studied to be an architect. You dust off your diploma. You unfold the paper to the want ads, and there you are. Now you've heard about me," he said.

"But, Eddie, I don't see . . ." she said, "the way you knew exactly what to do with my song—that's not cheese. That's wonderful. It's talent."

"Mending is one thing, but—" From the kitchen came a sharp cracking sound, then a hissing and a burning odor.

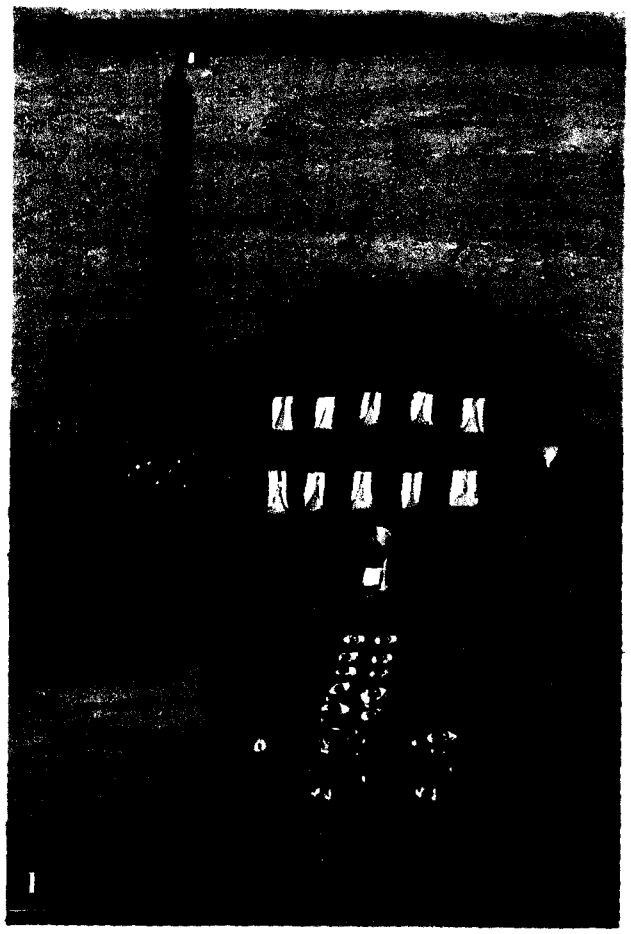
"Oh-oh, the casserole!" Peggy cried. She raced to the kitchen and opened *(Continued on page 50)*

ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT PATTERSON

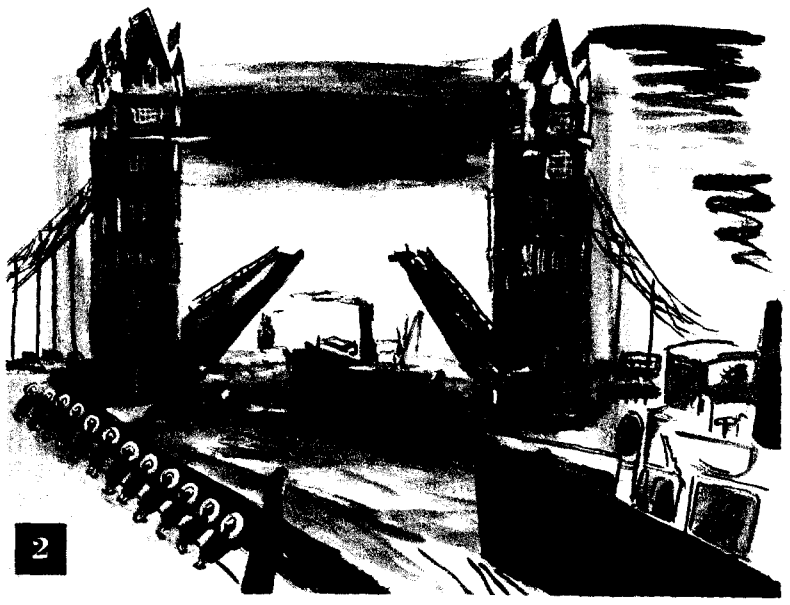
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

MADELINE AT THE

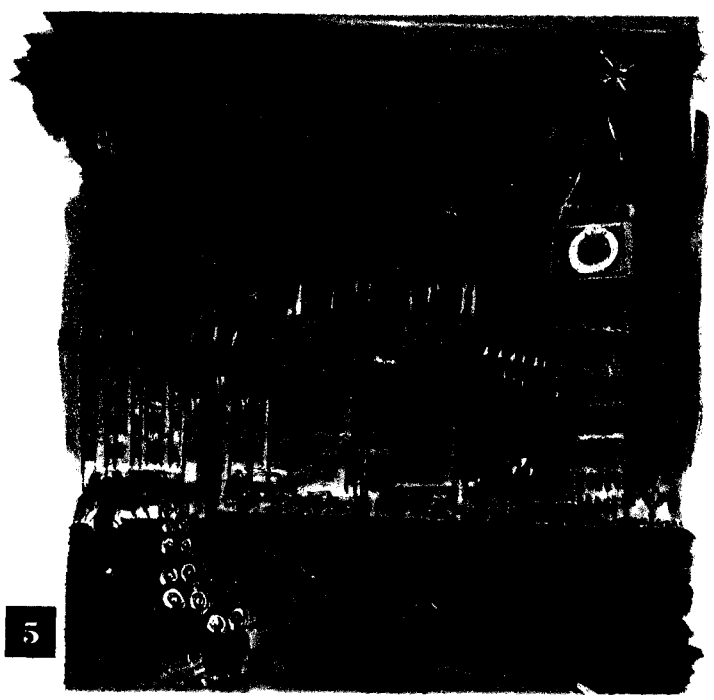
Madeline is a little French girl who goes to boarding school in Paris



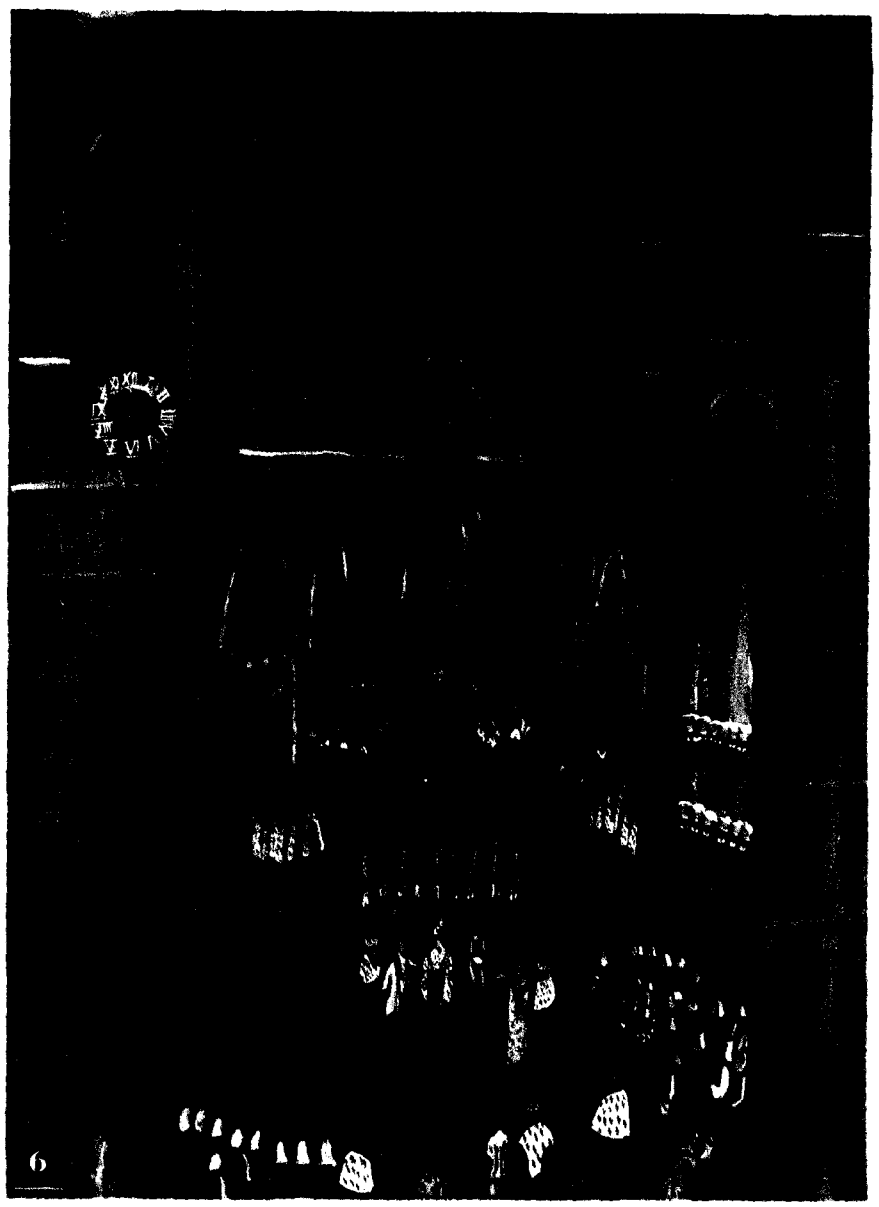
Madeline, Madeline, where have you been?



We've been to London to see the Queen.



But finally, near Big Ben,
A constable saluted and stated



That if we hurried on
We'd see Her Majesty coronated.

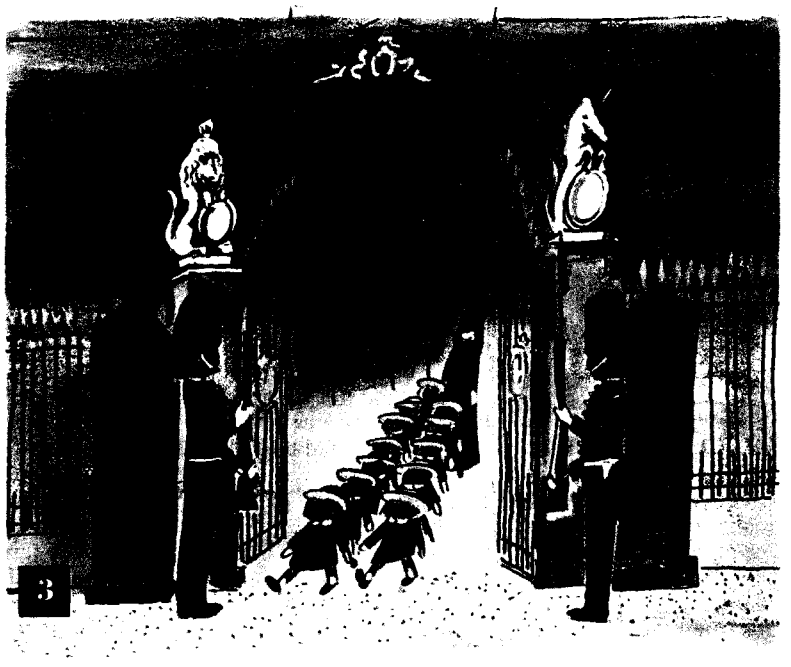
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CORONATION

By LUDWIG BEMELMANS

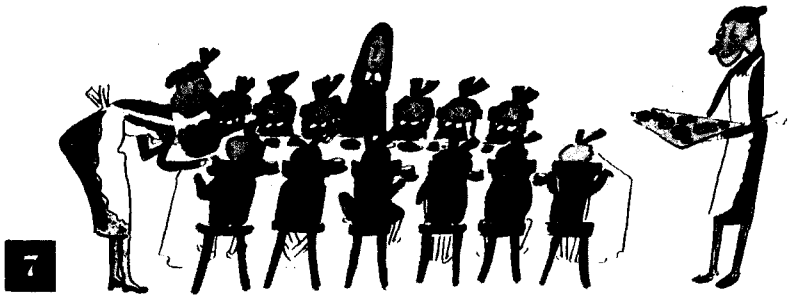
Drawings by the author

Madeline has been in two books and a movie, and now she goes to the coronation



**She wasn't at Buckingham Palace,
And she wasn't at the Thames,**

**She wasn't at the Tower of London,
And she wasn't at St. James's,**



We had cakes and cookies and pastries and tea,

And we took a train and went to sea.

**And now we're home—and it's time for bed—
And Long Live Queen Elizabeth!**

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Continuing: THE FABULOUS SATCHEL PAIGE

SATCH BEARDS THE HOUSE OF DAVID

. . . and fights a bull, meets an Indian maid, helps win an election and falls in love. It all happened in the 20-odd years before he hit the big leagues. "They was tall times," he sighs

By RICHARD DONOVAN

AN AIR of uneasiness hung over the home stadium of the last-place St. Louis Browns one day last August. Loyal fans, accustomed to great suffering, had the feeling that their team was about to throw away another ball game. Over six innings, the Browns had compiled a 2-0 edge over the league-leading Yankees. But now, with two out in the last of the seventh, pitcher Gene Bearden was beginning to wobble. One Yankee run scored. Then, while St. Louis supporters cringed, Bearden loaded the bases.

Among those shrinking into themselves at this critical moment was the Browns' shortstop-manager, Marty Marion. He glanced guiltily at his relief pitchers warming up in the bull pen. Then, stifling an impulse to call for volunteers, he made what seemed to be the only possible decision. He nominated Leroy (Satchel) Paige to douse the fire.

Languorous and serene, Mr. Paige, the eminent traveler, linguist, sage and relief-pitching mainstay of the Browns, rose and began his usual interminable stroll toward the mound.

In his thirty-or-so years in professional baseball, he had been in worse spots. If he failed here, at least he would not have to sprint from the field before enraged masses of machete-wielding fans, as he had so often had to do in the 20 years he played winter ball in Latin America. Nor would his outfielders stroll off the diamond without his knowing it, as had happened in North Dakota in 1934. There was positively no danger of politicos threatening him with the firing squad, as they had done in the Dominican Republic in 1936.

Humming a little tune, Paige took his regular half-dozen warmup pitches on the mound, sighted on pinch hitter Irv Noren, and fed him a fast curve.

Bewhiskered House of David players. In Denver semipro games, Paige beat them one year, pitched for them another—wearing a false red beard

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

He smiled pleasantly as Marion gathered in a short pop-up, retiring the side.

Later, still humming contentedly, Mr. Paige did away with Phil Rizzuto, Joe Collins and Hank Bauer in the eighth, and Yogi Berra, Gil McDougald and Gene Woodling in the ninth, to save the game.

Afterward, despite the satisfactory outcome, there was some discussion among local fans over the soundness of manager Marion's strategy in selecting the aging Paige at a time of such crisis.

When these comments reached the sensitive ears of Browns owner Bill Veeck, he seemed astonished. "Well, what else was there to do?" he inquired of one 'doubter. "Marion needed the greatest baseball brains, experience, speed, control and coolness he could find in one man. So he put in the world's greatest relief pitcher. No particular strategy about that!"

Veeck's was a generous, but not a wildly extravagant, statement. By any yardstick, the venerable Paige, whose age is thought to lie somewhere between forty-five and fifty-three, is one of the two or three best relief men in baseball. In the first eleven games the Browns played this season, he was called upon four times. He helped save three of the games, and was compelled to retire from the fourth when a line drive struck his foot. In 1952, he pitched in almost one third of the St. Louis Browns' contests, struck out 91 batters, won 12 games, lost ten, saved ten, and ended up by making the American League All-Star team and becoming —in the opinion of most experts—the most valuable relief hurler in that circuit.

All Kinds of Records Broken

In his approximately 30 years of baseball, two lifetimes for the average pitcher, Paige has broken all records for number of games pitched and won (some 2,000 out of 2,500). Working winter and summer in many lands, often as an itinerant solo star, for some 250 different sand-lot, semipro and Negro-league teams—not to mention the Cleveland Indians and St. Louis Browns—he has also very probably broken all records for travel and number of customers drawn by any individual ballplayer.

Barred by the color line from rewriting big baseball's record book in his prime, Paige contented himself with striking out most of the traveling major-league all-stars who came his way over the years in exhibition games. Those feats not only caused Paige to be called the greatest pitcher who ever lived by such recognized authorities as Dizzy Dean and Charley Gehringer, among many others, but they did a great deal to lay the groundwork for the entry of Negro players into the major leagues in 1947.

"They was tall times, tall times," Paige says of those years. "But let whosomever wishes sit around recollecting. I'm looking up the line."

Up the line looms a busy season. Last year, Paige worked in a staggering 46 games; this year he may wind up working even more often. "If we don't have to use him in relief every other game," said Marion early in the season, "he'll get plenty of starting assignments."

That prospect does not dampen Paige's celebrated self-confidence. Now, as always, Satchel is so certain of his powers, both physical and mental, that sometimes he makes himself uneasy.

In the Browns' shower room after a recent game, for example, several players were tossing a slippery cake of soap at a wall dish, trying without success to make it stick there. Paige entered, picked up the soap casually, and tossed it. It stuck. There was a general raising of eyebrows, none higher than Satchel's. He tossed another bar, even more slippery. It stuck, too. Paige looked thoughtfully at the sober faces around him.

"Boys," he said, "there is apparently things that even I don't know I can do."

Paige's powers have raised him to a patriarchal position among the Browns. Such recognition is not easily won, but when a man can explain to a club car full of ballplayers not only what the hull and superstructure of Noah's ark were made of, but the composition of its doors and hinges as well, respect must be paid where it is due.

The elderly pitcher's abilities as a graduate student of the human race also have had frequent workouts. During spring training this year, it was noticed that one of the Browns' promising rookies was mooning around the ball field instead of trying to make the team. When management failed to diagnose the trouble, Paige cast an eye on the spaniel droop of the young man's features.

"The child is down with love," he announced flatly.

After Paige's analysis proved correct, his observations on love were naturally sought by other Browns players. For a man who has made lifelong researches into the subject, it turned out that he had a rather low opinion of it.

"Love," said Paige, "is a proposition I wouldn't advise you to mess with, as regards the general run of women. You restrict yourself to one or two lady friends and you're gonna be all right. But you expand to include the field and you're bound to get cut up. Myself," he added dismally, "I'm a passel of scars. Oh, I seen some terrible times, terrible times. . . ."

One such time overtook Paige when he was approximately twenty-three and playing for the town of Santa Clara, Cuba, in his first winter season in the banana leagues. When love came, Paige was sitting in a Santa Clara park on a hot evening, eating peanuts and listening to the palms clacking. Then a lovely, huge-eyed creature, who spoke a little English, walked by.

"She dropped some Sen-Sen in my hand," he recalls sadly. "That was the signal."

Eventually, Paige called at the girl's mud-walled home and found he had to stand out in the street among snoring pigs, talking to her through a barred window because he had not known her long enough to enter. Some weeks later, when her family let him in, he was dismayed to learn that his admission was a sign he and the girl were officially engaged, and that the authorities would be so informed.

"I quit callin' immediately," Paige says, "but pretty soon the owner of the ball club comes to my hotel and says the polices is lookin' for me. So I started goin' back to her house."

Ultimately, says Paige, the strain told and he began to lose ball games. The club owner bowed to the inevitable.

"One night he phones my hotel and says it's all fixed," Paige recalls. "He's gonna get me out in a car to the mountains. Then I'll get on a horse and go on over the top and get another car. This car will take me to a place where I can catch a motorboat and go on out to a ship to take me back to the U.S.A. That's how it was gonna be."

Paige, who suffers from a nervous stomach, winced as memories of that night came back to plague him.

"The hotel telephone operator was the girl's cousin," he said miserably. "Them polices was after me when I was in the car, and on a jackass runnin' up the mountain, and on foot runnin' down the mountain, and right on out to the motorboat.

"Man," he concluded, his voice heavy with strain, "when I finally come flyin' up that gangplank, I was through with love."

BOB LANDRY

With boss Bill Veeck—who says best game he ever saw was Paige's 13-inning shutout of Dizzy Dean All-Stars in '34

An Offer From the Crawfords

When Paige made this retreat across the wilds of Cuba, he was the summer property of one of the most formidable teams then in existence, the all-Negro Pittsburgh Crawfords. The late Gus Greenlee, owner of the Crawfords, had been vaguely aware of Paige from the year 1923, when Paige's two pitches, hard and harder, had begun to terrorize semi-pro teams in his home town of Mobile. Greenlee had followed Paige's career from the time he joined the Chattanooga Black Lookouts in 1926 through various subsequent jumps to other teams in the Negro Southern Association. By 1930, when Greenlee offered Paige $200 a month to join the Crawfords, Satchel was winning up to 60 games a year, striking out from 10 to 18 men in every game.

In three years at Pittsburgh, he won an estimated 105 games while losing 37.

Paige's battery mate on the Crawfords was the late Josh Gibson, the *aficionado's* choice for the long-ball hitter of all time. Paige has the greatest reverence for Gibson, and it shocks him to run into people who have not heard of the great man.

Not long ago, a sassy young reporter, fuddled with the doings of the Musials, the Mantles and so on, tried Paige severely by yawning while he was recounting some of Gibson's prodigies. To fix him, Paige recalled one game.

"We was playin' the Homestead Grays in the city of Pitchburgh," he said quietly. "Josh comes up in the last of the ninth with a man on and us a run behind. Well, he hit one. The Grays waited around and waited around, but finally the empire rules it ain't comin' down. So we win.

"The next day," Paige went on, eying the youth coldly, "we was disputin' the Grays in Philadelphia when here come a ball outta the sky right in the glove of the Grays' center fielder. The empire made the only possible call.

" 'You're out, boy!' he says to Josh. 'Yesterday, in Pitchburgh.' "

Paige was quite a sight around Pittsburgh at this time—six foot three and a quarter inches tall, slow-moving, meatless and loose-limbed, with a wide-roving eye. The calm, dry, sadly comic air, the sly humor and itchy foot, the unwillingness to be pinned down by statistics, appointments or contracts were all there in embryo. So was the now famous Paige self-confidence.

Satchel thought—and still thinks—of himself as a great hitter and base runner. There is some evidence that he may once have been pretty fair in those departments, and additional evidence that he could be still. Perhaps the best measurement of his current capacity at the plate, however, is his last season's batting record—five hits in 39 tries. As to his speed, there is much debate among observers. Some question that he could beat Casey Stengel to first base. Others note that he moves quickly

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Years ago, folks recall, Satchel fanned Hornsby five times in one game, Gehringer

enough afield to have handled all chances in his first four years in the majors without a single error.

"In my opinion," says White Sox manager Paul Richards, a Paige fan, "he could play shortstop."

The fact is, he has, in his time, been an infielder and a pretty good one. Catcher Roy Campanella of the Brooklyn Dodgers tells of playing against Paige in Puerto Rico during the winter of 1939-'40. "In Sunday double-headers," says Campanella, "Satch would pitch the first game and strike out maybe 17 batters, and then play first base in the second game. Did all right, too."

Putting on the Gloves With a Champ

Although there may have been some basis for Paige's belief while at Pittsburgh that he could run and hit with the best of them, there was less justification for another view he held at the time—that he was a dangerous man in the ring. When Gus Greenlee had Paige under contract he was also managing the light heavyweight champion of the world, John Henry Lewis. Watching Lewis work out, Paige became overpowered with manly urges and challenged him.

Greenlee visited the gym one day and was horrified to see his two most expensive commodities in the ring, the one weaving and laughing, the other stilting fiercely about in many-colored shorts like an enraged flamingo. Before Greenlee could get to them, Paige managed to hit Lewis on top of the head, whereupon Lewis feinted, stood off and rapped the pitcher on the chin. Some time later, while Lewis, Greenlee and the trainers worked feverishly with ammonia and massage, Paige opened his eyes.

"I stang him," he was saying happily. "Git me a shot at Joe Louis."

As a man already on the way toward becoming a legend in fields other than boxing, Paige was generally believed in Pittsburgh to have size 15 feet and to be wealthy, a wild dresser, the owner of several fiery-red cars, and a very frying pan of romance. Actually, he walked on mere size twelves and was flat broke, modestly clad, except for ties and shoes, the owner of a piece of a roadster he was buying from Gus Greenlee, and a lover too winded from constant flight to be impressive when cornered.

It was the opinion of most of the local young ladies at the time that Satchel was just too ornery to settle down. Miss Janet Howard, a bright and resourceful waitress at Gus Greenlee's Crawford Grill, thought otherwise, however.

"From the minute she first set a plate of asparagus down in front of me," Satch Paige recalls, "I began to feel paralyzed."

Marriage to Janet brought responsibilities undreamed of by Paige. He had saved no money at all. When he had to bring his salary home, only to find it wasn't enough, and when Greenlee balked at giving him a raise, he began looking around. One offer of $250 a month came in, but it made Paige uncomfortable.

"It was from a car dealer named Neil Churchill away out in a place called Bismarck, North Dakota," Paige recalls. "Churchill had a semipro team of mostly white boys, but he needed pitchin' so he calls Abe Saperstein, who owns the Harlem Globetrotters, and asks who he should get. Abe says me. Well, now," said Paige, "I wasn't exactly sure that North Dakota belonged to Sam (the U.S.A.) at the time, and I didn't want to go. But Janet says jump, so we jumped."

Mis-buttoned shirt show's Satch's nervous state the year he hurled for dictator Trujillo of the Dominican Republic—with guns and machetes flashing in the stands and rows of armed soldiers along the base paths

DENVER POST

Boxcar Was Their Home

In Bismarck, a city that contained few Negroes, Paige and his wife looked fruitlessly for housing and finally settled in a boxcar that had housed section hands. Still broke, Satchel rustled up early meals with a shotgun in the surrounding jackrabbit country.

At the time, 1934, Paige was just rounding into his prime, which is to say that he was probably the greatest pitcher then alive. When some of the other Bismarck players seemed inclined to doubt the Paige prowess, he quickly set them right. He placed a small matchbox on an upright stick beside home plate and knocked it off with 13 of 20 pitches from the mound. That established the control. Then he pitched a fast ball which took a nasty hop near the plate, skipping off the catcher's mitt to graze his temple. The catcher called for a chest protector and mask. He needed them, for he was unable to hold the next eight pitches out of ten. That established the speed. (Satch's present receiver, the Browns' Clint Courtney, reported nine years later that Paige's fast ball was still hard to follow. "It has a hop on the end," complained Courtney, "and it keeps ticking off the top of my mitt.")

For a couple of years, the Bismarck team had been humiliated regularly by the neighboring Jamestown Red Sox. In his first game against Jamestown, Paige allowed no runs and fanned 15, using only Little Tom, his medium fast ball, and leaving Long Tom, his real fast ball, for future use. Paige beat Jamestown four more times that season, in addition to winning 37 other games for Bismarck, but the season was not a success. Jamestown beat Bismarck once.

The one Jamestown victory came about in a strange way. During the season, Paige had occasionally electrified the prairie fans by signaling his outfield to walk off the field, thus leaving himself with nothing but an infield for defense. The signal was easy to see. Paige stood on the mound, wiping his brow elaborately with his pitching hand.

Batters Were Hitting All His Stuff

On the night of the final game against Jamestown, Paige was off form. The opposition batters hit everything—floaters, curves, the "two-hump blooper," the chin-grazing "barber pitch," the "hesitation pitch" and even Long Tom. Luckily, Bismarck was also hitting, so Paige was able to keep a shaky lead as the score mounted.

In the last of the ninth, with the score 15 to 14 in Bismarck's favor and Jamestown's murderers' row coming up, Paige began to perspire freely. Curves got the first man. The second man singled, and Paige's blood pressure rose. Long Tom dispatched the third batter, but as the cleanup man walked to the plate, Paige was seized by a premonition of evil. He mopped his brow nervously.

Paige is still outraged by the memory of that night game.

"While my outfield was strollin' off the field behind my back," he says, "I fed the cleanup man a little outcurve which I intended him to hit on the fly to right field. He did. It was some time," says Paige grumpily, "before I again visited the city of Bismarck." (Actually, he rejoined the team the next summer.)

In the autumn of 1934, Paige and his wife headed for Denver, where he had been invited to pitch for the House of David in the Denver Post semipro tournament. The House had a talented organization, but what impressed Paige most was the amazing growth of whiskers on all the players. Paige had never been able to grow any whiskers himself, and he felt naked and alone. Although he won his first three tournament games for the House without facial hair, he complained bitterly. Finally his teammates presented him with a lengthy false beard of reddish hue.

Thoroughly pleased, Paige wore the red whiskers in his final appearance. While he was winding up to deliver a hesitation pitch in the fourth inning, however, the beard became entwined with his pitching arm and was torn from his jaws with the delivery.

Finding himself denuded again, Paige became so unsettled that he very nearly lost the game. He squeaked through, however, and the House went on to win the tournament.

"It was the tamperin' with nature that rattled me," Satchel says.

In California that winter, Paige commanded the Satchel Paige All-Stars, an impressive pickup team of Negro-league players. This team included catcher Josh Gibson, third baseman Judy (Sweet Juice) Johnson, the catlike Harry Williams at sec-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

nd Foxx three times each

ond base, and Cool Papa Bell, whose speed and daring in the outfield and on the bases may have surpassed that of Willie Mays. In three previous years wintering on the West Coast, the Paige Stars, with or without the members named, had won some 128 games—at least 40 of them against teams of major-league all-stars—while losing 23.

The games against big-leaguers were of tremendous importance to Paige and the others. They knew, the sports writers knew, and many of the fans knew that many of the Negro stars were better ballplayers than some of the high-salaried, internationally famous men they faced. Yet they were denied a shot at the big fame, big money, big records and big company. Paige burned with a quiet resentment at this denial. He felt that someday the color line would be broken. But his great fear, he says, was that he would be too old, his prime wasted in cow pastures, when the great day came.

The Game with Dizzy Dean's Stars

The bigger the major-league stars, the more Paige bore down. According to accounts passed down by witnesses, he struck out Rogers Hornsby five times in one game, Charley Gehringer three times in another, Jimmy Foxx three times in a third. In 1934 in Hollywood, Paige pitched what Bill Veeck says is the greatest game he ever saw. In that game, which lasted 13 innings, Paige was opposed by Dizzy Dean, a 30-game winner for the Cardinals. Dean was superlative, holding the Paige Stars to one run and fanning 15. But Paige shut out the Dean Stars and fanned 17. After the game, Dean informed the press that Paige was the best pitcher in the business.

Later that winter, Paige made his usual leisurely barnstorming trip through the tropics. After a series of games in Mexico City, he and a couple of his American All-Stars were invited to the ranch of a local ball-club owner, whose side line was raising bulls for the ring. Standing behind a stone wall in a ranch pasture one day, one of the stars saw Paige gazing over into another pasture where some local *toreros* were tempting the horns of the terrible black bulls. His natural bravery seemingly aroused by the spectacle, Paige expressed to a bullfighter who was resting nearby his burning desire to defy the bulls himself someday.

"I got a way with animals," Paige is supposed to have said fiercely.

Absorbed by the violence over the wall, Paige failed to observe some animals grazing behind him. Satchel was just repeating his defiance of the bulls, according to the story, when a shape loomed at his elbow. Annoyed, Paige turned to see what it was. It was all looming bulk, black hair and horns.

Slowly, almost wearily, says the witness, Paige turned back to the bullfighter on the wall.

"Toreador," he called in a small strained voice. "Oh, toreador."

But the bullfighter was watching his fellow *toreros* work.

"Toreador!" Paige yelled suddenly. "Polices! Polices! Help!"

While the bullfighter jerked around to see what was the matter, the visiting bull, apparently alarmed by the noises issuing from Paige, turned and trotted back to the grazing herd.

"Scared?" Paige now says, in recalling the incident. "That bull was jelly. I turned the cold eye on him. The chances are, that bull never was any good when he got to the ring in Mexico City. Fear ruins 'em."

Back from Mexico in the summer of 1935, Paige rejoined Bismarck while his wife stayed in Pittsburgh. The team's problem that year was to find competition. Of the 102 games played, it lost five. In midseason, Paige pitched 29 days in a row with one loss; his total for the summer was 43 wins and two losses. As Bismarck's renown grew, the inevitable team of major-league all-stars appeared, this one boasting Earl Averill, Heinie Manush and Jimmy Foxx, among others. Bismarck beat the big-leaguers 7-4 at Grand Forks, North Dakota, 10-0 at Valley City and 16-2 at Bismarck before they could get out of the bush country.

Among the customers who sat fascinated by the sight of Paige at his peak were many Sioux Indians from nearby reservations. They named him the Long Rifle and worked him into at least one tribal legend, in which he uses the bean ball on a cantankerous local Indian commissioner. One Sioux in particular, a Dorothy Running-Deer, as Paige recalls, often hung about the grounds after game time. Paige took little notice of her; he was a married man, and also she was short and rather plain. Nevertheless, she did him a great service.

"One day," Paige recalls, "this Dorothy Deer invited me out in the hills to meet her papa who raised rattlesnakes in a deep pit in back of his hut. I looked at the snakes and said good-by. Before leavin', however, I ask the old man if he'd ever been bit, and he said lots of times, but he had an ointment that took out the harm. When he gave me a great big jug of it, I ask him if the ointment might be good for rubbin' my arm. He said he wouldn't advise it."

Snake Oil Pepped Up His Tired Arm

After heeding the warning for a couple of days, Paige finally dabbed a finger into the snake oil and cautiously rubbed a few drops on his tired biceps. Forthwith, he declares, energies and sensations of a kind he had never known vibrated from shoulder to fingers.

"My mistake was I didn't dilute it," Paige says reflectively. "Man, it's a wonder my arm didn't fly outta the room."

For many years since then, ballplayers in hundreds of locker rooms, including those of the Cleveland Indians and the St. Louis Browns, have speculated endlessly about the ingredients of the secret preparation which the Long Rifle uses to revitalize his arm. Some say it's kerosene and olive oil and some say it's wolfbane and wild cherry stems. Paige doesn't say. He just calls it Deer oil.

As the terror of the northern Midwest, the 1935 Bismarck team was invited to play in the national semipro tournament at Wichita, Kansas. En route, in McPherson, Kansas, they encountered a problem. Local citizens, apparently rendered unsteady by a winning team of their own, openly referred to the Bismarcks as hayshakers.

A six-inning challenge game was promptly arranged and the Bismarcks took an early two-run lead. In the final inning, the disgruntled McPherson fans began to hoot at Paige.

McPherson Fans Punished for Hooting

That was a mistake. Paige fanned the first man. Then, repeating his Jamestown gesture, he called in his outfield and struck out the next man. Then, outdoing the Jamestown gesture, he called in his infield. With nobody representing Bismarck but Paige and catcher Quincy Troupe, he struck out the third man. He used nine fast balls in all.

Bismarck won the Wichita tournament in seven games, and barnstormed west for new fields to conquer. In Denver, Paige confronted the House of David, which he had pitched to victory in the Post tournament the year before. The beards still fascinated him. One unusually lush growth so attracted him, indeed, that he fired a pitch into it, thus raising a technical baseball point so fine that no one has yet been able to settle it.

The argument took place in the seventh inning. Paige had two strikes on the owner of the great beard when he was seized by an overpowering desire to part the man's whiskers with a Long Tom. When he did, the umpire promptly ruled that the man had been hit by a pitched ball and waved him on to first.

According to an impartial witness, Paige then raised an arm to halt the game. Striding up to the struck man, he asked permission to exhibit his beard to the umpire.

"Empire," said Paige, combing the luxuriant growth with long fingers, "if you will kindly ob-

ROY THIGPEN

Satch's mother, 83, shows great-grandson Zach Grove a memento of Paige's Cleveland days. She claims Satch is 50, but he says patiently, "What mama knows when her little child was bawn?"

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was a routine pitch, but Paige's arm snapped. The doc said, "You're through"

serve here, you will see that these whiskers can't rightly be called no part of a man. They is air."

The umpire, seeing the logic, began to hem and haw. After about five minutes, however, he got mad and returned to his former ground. Paige was defeated, but the crowd was with him and the question is still considered wide open.

After his second appearance in Denver, Paige's fame as a pitching phenomenon began to spread across the nation, and beyond. One Denver wire-service story, translated into Spanish, reached the eyes of Dr. José Enrique Aybar, dean of the University of Santo Domingo, deputy of the Dominican Republic's national congress, and a man with a mission. Some days before, Dr. Aybar had been given $30,000 by President Rafael L. Trujillo, absolute dictator of the country and by all odds the fiercest strong man in Central America, and told to go out and get a ball club. An election was coming up and Trujillo's opponent was showing surprising strength—due almost entirely to the fact that he had imported ballplayers who were beating everything in sight and thus ballyhooing his name.

After reading the stuff on Paige, Dr. Aybar got in touch with him at once, asking him to round up as many American Negro players as he could find and fly to Ciudad Trujillo, the capital. Thinking he'd like to spend a restful winter in the tropics, Paige recruited Josh Gibson, Cool Papa Bell, Harry Williams and some others and took off.

Escorted by Barefooted Soldiers

At Ciudad Trujillo, Paige and his teammates were met by barefoot soldiers with ammunition belts over their chests and long, bayoneted rifles in their hands. Paige thought them very distinguished. The soldiers convoyed the players to a hotel and took up posts outside their rooms. Thereafter, every place Paige and his friends went, the soldiers went with them. When Paige met Dr. Aybar, the doctor explained that the situation was very serious and that Trujillo's team must win an upcoming series of seven games against the Estrellas de Oriente, the opponent's team, at whatever cost.

When the day of the great series arrived, the city was decorated with flags and the streets were jammed with people. Gaiety and laughter, machetes and shooting irons were everywhere. At the ball park, the heavily armed followers of Trujillo bulked threateningly along the third-base line; and the heavily armed followers of Trujillo's opponent bulked just as threateningly along the first-base line.

"I knew then that whichever way the series went, I lost," says Paige.

The series went as badly as possible. With the strain giving Paige nervous stomach, the Trujillo forces dropped two straight. The reaction from the president's office was very bad. Then they lost one more, and all Dr. Aybar could do was wring his hands when Paige asked how his chances were for getting back to the States. In desperation, Paige and his mates played as never before, taking the next three in a row while tension mounted throughout the country. On the last day, with the score in games three and three, Paige might have been excused had he been unable to walk to the mound. Instead, he strode out confidently, his stomach gas all gone.

"I had it fixed with Mr. Trujillo's polices," Paige says. "If we win, their whole army is gonna run out and escort us from the place. If we lose . . ." Paige hesitated. "If we lose, there is nothin' to do but consider myself and my boys as passed over Jordan."

Paige did not lose.

Back with the all-forgiving Crawfords the next summer, Paige found that his hectic, itinerant past was beginning to catch up with him. Word-of-mouth advertising of his exploits had made his name magical in many cities and backwoods of the Western Hemisphere.

Communities he had never heard of suddenly wanted to see him pitch. Offers ranging from $100 to $500 for three innings' work began to come in. Paige began traveling around the country as a solo star, making guest appearances with one club after another, week after week. With every appearance, the pressure mounted, his fame grew and his nervous stomach got worse. He was billed as "Satchel Paige, the World's Greatest Pitcher, Guaranteed to Strike Out the First Nine Men!" The trick word was "guaranteed." Crowds jammed ball parks to see him win—all the time. He was not supposed to lose any more than Bojangles Robinson was supposed to fall down while executing a buck-and-wing. People said that Satchel Paige was not only extra-human, but that he was just rounding into his greatest years at thirty-one, or thirty-three, or thirty-seven, or whatever.

"Everything is still in front of him," they said.

Pain Warns of Impending Disaster

In Venezuela at the height of this clamor, Paige pitched two innings of a three-inning guest stint without incident, which is to say he struck everybody out. In the third inning, throwing a routine sidearm fast ball, however, he felt a small, sharp pain in his pitching shoulder.

That evening he caught a plane for his next guest appearance in Mexico City. With the first ball he pitched in that rarefied atmosphere, his shoulder joint snapped audibly and he sat down on the mound, in the midst of a rising storm of catcalls, bewildered by the pain.

Back in Kansas City, unable to lift his right arm, Paige thought he had better see a doctor. The examination took only a couple of minutes.

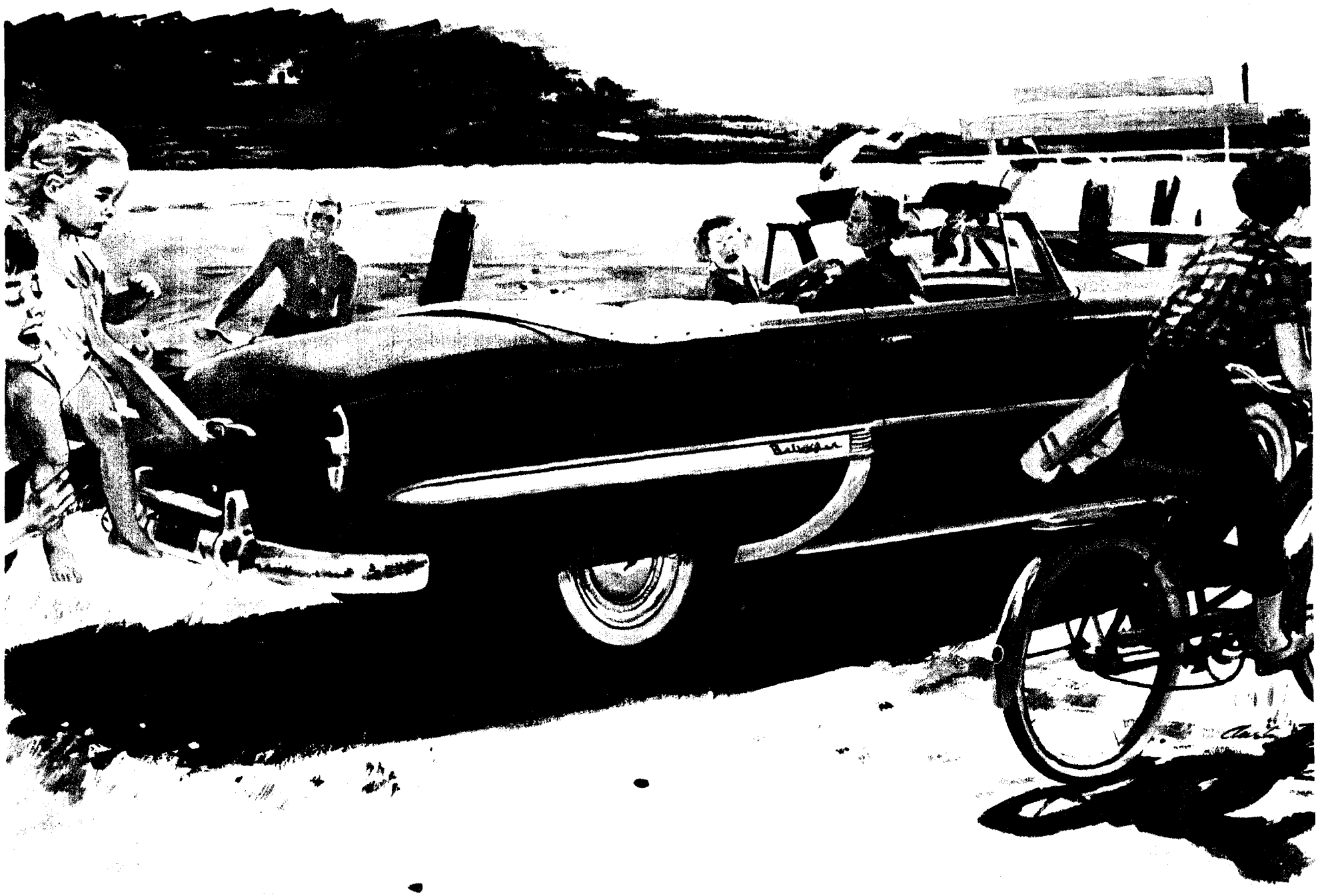
"Satchel," said the doctor, briskly, "you're through."

In next week's final chapter, Satch crosses wits with Groucho Marx, lists six rules for remaining young and explains the game of skidoodle (or How to Exercise Your Muscles While Standing Still). The hitter he fears most? That's in there, too

JOHN FLOREA

The old master takes a pregame warmup with his fans. Man in the plaid shirt irritated Satch by saying he remembered Paige from childhood

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Chevrolet Bel Air Convertible, one of 16 beautiful models in 3 great new series.

On beach or boulevard, these two new Chevrolet features give you one-foot and one-finger control. . .

As you see, the artist has painted a young lady behind the wheel of that new Chevrolet convertible. But it could be anyone. It could be you.

In fact, we hope you'll try out a new Chevrolet with Powerglide* and Power Steering* sometime soon. Just to see how easy it is to control. How safe and relaxing and downright enjoyable driving can be.

Your left foot gets a permanent rest with Chevrolet's new Powerglide automatic transmission. There's no clutch pedal, of course. You simply press the accelerator to go, the brake to stop. And you go with new power and new acceleration on far less gasoline. In fact, this year marks the most important gain in economy in Chevrolet history. Not only do you save substantially on gasoline, but you get important savings on overall upkeep, as well.

With Chevrolet's new Power Steering, you can spin the wheel with the strength of one finger. Even when your car is standing still in sand. And you can seesaw your way in and out of tight parking places without strain.

You'll take to Power Steering like a duck takes to water because it provides better and safer control of your car. Obviously, driving's going to be easier with Power Steering doing up to 80 per cent of the work for you. But did you ever think how much safer you will be? Power Steering, you see, will take over the job of keeping you on a straight and steady course in soft sand, ruts, loose gravel, or even in the rare event of a blow-out.

Isn't it significant that Power Steering and an automatic transmission are among Chevrolet's many "firsts" in the low-price field? Aren't these two pretty important examples of the way the world's largest car producer gives you advanced engineering and higher quality in *the lowest-priced line in its field!*

Let your Chevrolet dealer demonstrate *all* the ways Chevrolet is ahead of its field. Why not stop in and see him? . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit 2, Michigan.

**Optional at extra cost. Combination of Powerglide automatic transmission and 115-h.p. "Blue-Flame" engine available on "Two-Ten" and Bel Air models only. Power Steering available on all models.*

MORE PEOPLE BUY CHEVROLETS THAN ANY OTHER CAR! CHEVROLET

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Four of the world's top experts on Russia (l. to r.): editor Leo Gruliow; Dr. Philip E. Mosely, professor of international relations; Dr. Clyde

They Know More about Russia Than Anybody

By BILL DAVIDSON

When foreign embassies in Moscow need the real low-down on what's happening behind the Iron Curtain, they ask a little group of experts right here in the United States—and get astonishing answers

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RALPH ROYLE AND GEORGE WOODRUFF

Kluckhohn, anthropologist; Dr. Merle Fainsod, professor of government. Kluckhohn and Fainsod are at Harvard University; others are at Columbia

DID you know that 70 technicians were killed in an explosion in Russia's supersecret Johanngeorgenstadt uranium mine? Or that the latest Russian three-dimensional movie, May Night, is not much better than the first Soviet 3-D film, Robinson Crusoe? Or that a new method of avoiding work in Russia is to induce artificial illness by soaking a thread in kerosene and inserting it under the skin with a needle?

Those are intimate details of Soviet life—amazingly intimate, the Iron Curtain being what it is. Even more amazing, they were collected not by highly trained spies working stealthily within the U.S.S.R., but by a group of Americans, many of whom have never been inside Russia—a small band of scholars concentrated mainly at Columbia and Harvard Universities.

There are fewer than 300 of these topflight Soviet experts and they comprise some of the most distinguished social scientists in the world. They are not intelligence specialists (though many of them were in the OSS or Military Intelligence during the war), yet they are constantly besieged with requests from the Central Intelligence Agency and from Congressional committees for facts which only they possess.

In just six years, their reputation has become international. They were the first to tip off our allies that Malenkov was slated to succeed Stalin. They recently forecast that the obscure Communist party secretary, Nikita Khrushchev, may emerge as a more powerful figure than either Malenkov or Beria.

Not long ago, there was an unprecedented fight in the Indian Parliament between Communists and non-Communists over a basic issue: What is Russia's attitude toward India? The legislators finally settled their argument—by writing to the American experts at Columbia. In the return mail came an official Soviet manuscript stating that Russia considered India "imperialist-dominated." The Indian Communists not only lost the argument; they lost face, which they have not regained since. The Columbia University document shook their party structure to the core because it proved that the Russians were telling them one thing about India, while expressing the exact opposite view to the people of the U.S.S.R.

The knowledge of the American scholars extends down to the very roots of Soviet life. Without leaving the United States, they obtain facts which could mean death to any Russian informer caught telling them to a U.S. newspaperman. They know the latest prices of food and clothing in the government-run stores in cities like Kharkov, which provides an accurate index of Russia's standard of living. They can tell you which elements of Soviet society (and how many people in each) listen to the foreign radio, a tip-off on what classes might be expected to turn against the government in case of war or revolution. They know about new cities and factories before they appear on any map.

They follow all the tortuous twists and turns of Soviet bureaucracy. They know about a stupid order which clogged the vital railroad from Vladivostok to Kiev with trains carrying nothing but empty boxes. They even have the details of a case in Odessa where, in order to move two bags of

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

What's new in Soviet TV? In Kremlin politics? Plenty, say the American experts

flour from one bakery to another, permission had to be granted by the Council of Ministers, the equivalent of our Cabinet. After weeks of red tape, the following telegram finally arrived from Moscow: "Transfer permitted. (Signed) Molotov."

The American experts at Columbia and Harvard keep tabs on the lighter side of Russian life—like the bitter tennis controversy between the younger players and the older ones, whom they accuse of monopolizing the tennis courts. The experts also carefully follow the progress of the Soviet television industry, which now has reached the point where there are four stations, a controversy over color TV, and consumer indecision over which soon-to-be-available set to buy—one with a 300-millimeter (11.8-inch) screen or one with a half-meter (19.7-inch) screen. Our savants even know of Russian fears that Moscow apartment houses will develop ugly forests of TV aerials on their roofs.

Who are these experts who can so easily pierce the Iron Curtain? What magic X-ray eyes do they possess?

They are ordinary Americans whose only magic is brain power. Their X-ray eyes are nothing more than the proven methods of good scholarship. Those tools have made them so effective in the cold war that the Russians petulantly refer to them as "archreactionaries," "gangsters," "psycho-racists" and *"saboteurs."*

The three main groups of archreactionaries, gangsters, etc., are the Russian Research Center at Harvard University, sponsored by the Carnegie Corporation; the Russian Institute at Columbia University, helped by Rockefeller Foundation money; and the East European Fund, established by the Ford Foundation, which also has headquarters at Columbia, though it has no official connection with the university.

Experts Serve Many Projects

There is a wide interchange of ideas and personnel among the three major groups—and with other, smaller, Russian research projects—so that in effect they work as one. For example, Dr. Philip E. Mosely—world-famed professor of international relations who sat alongside Secretaries of State Cordell Hull and James Byrnes at Moscow, Potsdam and a half-dozen other big conferences with the Russians—is director of Columbia's Russian Institute and also president of the East European Fund. Serving with him on the board of trustees of the East European Fund is one of the country's top professors of government, Merle Fainsod, of Harvard's Russian Research Center.

Perhaps the most complicated intermingling of talent takes place in the Joint Committee on Slavic Studies (quarterbacked by Mosely and Fainsod and by Professor Ernest J. Simmons of Columbia), which is in turn a creation of the American Council of Learned Societies and the Social Science Research Council—the two topmost organizations of higher learning in the United States.

Out of this maze of erudition has come one product which is perhaps the most potent weapon we have in our struggle to learn about the Soviet. Just after World War II, the American Council of Learned Societies got a grant from the Rockefeller Foundation for Russian Research. The council put a few of the as-yet-unorganized Russian experts to work, and they came up with a new edition of the out-of-print Ushakov Dictionary—the Webster's Dictionary of Russia—which was so well done that the Russians immediately reproduced it in their own country. The American experts turned out other reference works, too.

Then the cold war began. Practically all the sources of information dried up for the Russian scholars in this country. Scientific reports and Soviet newspapers suddenly were hard to come by. The Joint Committee on Slavic Studies proposed a plan: "We still have some money left over from the Rockefeller grant," its officials said. "Let's use it to set up one central translation bureau for all Russian newspapers and magazines that can be obtained." And that's how the weekly bulletin, The Current Digest of the Soviet Press, was born.

This remarkable publication is edited on the Columbia campus by Leo Gruliow, a former Washington newspaperman, who was America's Russian War Relief representative in Moscow during the war. Gruliow, a short, dark, intense man in his late thirties, has 15 assistants. Every week he and his staff read approximately 80 Soviet newspapers and magazines. They get some of them simply by subscribing; others fall into their hands by more devious means. They wade through the thousands of words of heavy-handed Communist rhetoric and single out the most important articles in every conceivable field. They translate these key articles into English and rush them into their weekly magazine, often only three days after they have appeared on the newsstands in Moscow. They also index every other article that has been translated anywhere in the U.S. or Britain.

A subscription to the Current Digest, as it is familiarly called, costs $150 a year, which makes it one of the most expensive publications in the world (it's only about 50 pages in size). But it has hundreds of subscribers and it is the bible of scholars working in the Russian field. Apparently it also is the bible of many people much closer to the scene than Gruliow. Among the Digest's air-mail subscribers are eight foreign embassies in Moscow.

The secret of Gruliow's success is plain old-fashioned journalistic digging. As thorough as the Russian censorship is, some clues *do* get through—and by painstakingly looking for them in the morass of verbiage, he uncovers all sorts of facts the Russians have been trying to hide. A good example was an innocuous-looking review of a new Russian novel about the Battle of Stalingrad in the February 13th Pravda, in which the reviewer described a scene from the book this way: "Lieutenant Konanykin says to the penal battalion when the Germans have opened fire, 'Now steady, lads, here comes amnesty for everyone now.'" The words "penal battalion," apparently a slip of the pen, confirmed our suspicion that the Russians had put convicted criminals into penal army units and had thrown them into impossible battlefield situations against the enemy. The reviewer went on to explain that the word "amnesty" was used satirically in the book and actually meant "death."

In the same way, Gruliow picked up the first hint that the Russians were having trouble with their tough minority peoples in the oil-rich Caucasus. For years, the Soviets had made a big hero of Shamyl, a nineteenth-century Caucasian patriot who fought against the czars. But a few months ago, Gruliow suddenly came across a tirade in Pravda calling Shamyl "a reactionary bandit who villainously attacked the Russian motherland." The meaning was clear. There apparently had been a nationalist upsurge in the Caucasus, with Shamyl as its symbol, and the Russians were trying to stamp it out.

Where Best "Leaks" Are Found

Gruliow's staff receives the big Soviet national dailies (like Pravda, Izvestia and Trud) by air mail every day—just as Russian subscribers get The New York Times and other leading U.S. newspapers. The big dailies and magazines, of course, carry predigested, heavily censored news, and they rarely leak anything the Russians want to conceal. However, Gruliow also manages to get small-town newspapers, rural magazines and other obscure journals, in which the censorship is less strict or less efficient. These papers arrive from within Russia itself or from countries bordering Russia, and sometimes reach Gruliow's desk a month later. But they give him some of his biggest scoops.

It was a small-town paper, Zarya Vostoka of Tiflis, Georgia (Stalin's birthplace), which tipped Gruliow to a major news story several months ago. He was plodding through the text of a dull speech by a Comrade A. I. Mgeladze to the 15th Congress of the Georgia Communist party, when suddenly he sat bolt upright. The text read, "The former heads of the Georgia Communist party made major mistakes, which led them to political failure." *Former?* wondered Gruliow. The speech then went on to record how Comrade Charkviani, "former secretary of the party, committed a major error when he entrusted organizational work to persons alien to us," and how some *former* district committee secretaries had "resorted to padding" and other crimes. In other words, a major purge had taken place in a large strategic area of Russia. Gruliow's Current Digest was the first to break the details to the outside world.

Other Gruliow scoops stem from the Russian practice of using the newspapers to berate the people for lapses in good Communist behavior. Some of these lapses, as revealed in the pages of the Current Digest, are invaluable to the scholar in his attempt to pinpoint the strengths and weaknesses of Soviet life. It was the Current Digest that first discovered a Soviet juvenile delinquency problem, and a wave of crime and corruption that has swept Russia in recent months. (It was information collected by Gruliow which led to Collier's editorial, Graft-ridden Russia, in the issue of May 30, 1953.)

A recent exposure involved a con man named A. N. Khaitin, who wandered into the Latvian Theater Society one day, announced himself to be the new poster artist, and took over the theater's poster shop. He then used the shop as headquarters for a host of illegal enterprises. Without once arousing the suspicion of the theater personnel, he and his gang fenced stolen goods and conducted an illicit private industry "for painting signs for the zoo—and even to repair automobiles" (as Pravda put it) at ten times the price charged by the government.

For months, Khaitin and his hench-

TIZZY

COLLIER'S "Mother, this is Roddy Wallace. He shaves" KATE OSANN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Riding on U. S. 89 along the rim of Marble Canyon toward the mighty Vermilion Cliffs in Northern Arizona.

FOR YOUR EYES' SAKE...

Put yourself here.

Sharp lances of light are hurled at your eyes by sunbrightened sand and rock. But this car carries a shield to *protect* your eyes—a shaded windshield of E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass. Light blue-green, with a deeper tone at the top of the windshield, E-Z-Eye greatly reduces the strain of glare and skybrightness, adding immeasurably to the ease and comfort of driving.

And with E-Z-Eye Safety *Plate* Glass in *all* your windows, *you* will feel cooler next summer because solar radiation through this glass is far less than through ordinary windows.

For safety and comfort—for pure pleasure and the distinguished look it gives your car—get E-Z-Eye in your next automobile. This optional feature costs very little extra. It's made only by Libbey·Owens·Ford and is available in all General Motors cars.

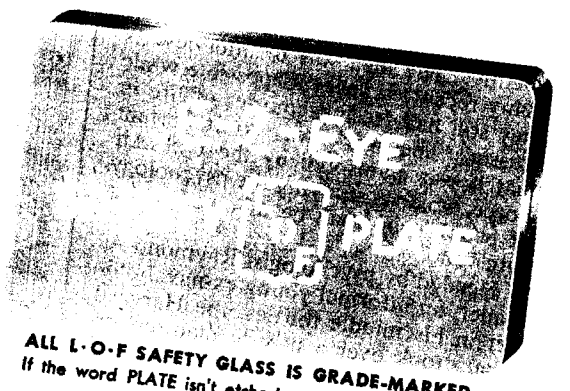
LOOK FOR THIS SIGN
when you need safety glass

LIBBEY·OWENS·FORD GLASS CO., TOLEDO 3, OHIO

E-Z-EYE SAFETY PLATE

with the shaded windshield

Reduces Glare, Eyestrain, Sun Heat



ALL L·O·F SAFETY GLASS IS GRADE-MARKED.
If the word PLATE isn't etched on your car windows, they aren't safety Plate glass.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

men roistered about the city of Riga with the state funds intended for the operation of the theater's poster shop. "Sometimes," reported Pravda ruefully, "Khaitin would charter an airplane, invite his drinking companions along, and go off for a fling in Tallin. One of these trips cost 70,000 rubles." It was a brazen adventure which gave American scholars a view of a Soviet underworld we didn't even know existed. "I was almost sorry," says Gruliow, "when Khaitin was caught."

There are about sixty articles per week in the Current Digest, arranged under subject headings like Industry, Science and Transportation. When a major event comes along, Gruliow gives it special coverage.

The Current Digest ran nearly 800,000 words on the recent 19th Communist Party Congress (the first in 13 years), in which speaker after speaker confessed Soviet weaknesses and imperfections and tipped off the policies that will guide the U.S.S.R. for a generation to come. The Russians' own final official reports on the Congress edited out most of these tip-offs, but Gruliow culled them from the welter of day-to-day proceedings which he followed in the Soviet press for four backbreaking months. Most revealing of all, he has uncensored small-town newspaper coverage of the *local* party congresses leading up to the main event.

All this raw material has been collected in a book, edited by Gruliow, which will be a key tool on the desk of every Russian researcher for the next ten years.

But there are other important tools for the men who have the vital task of finding out about Russia. One of these is a project begun two years ago by Harvard's Russian Research Center. The experts in that institution are headed by the distinguished anthropologist Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn, who performed a major chore of analyzing Japanese psychology for the U.S. government during World War II.

Best Way to Get the Truth

Dr. Kluckhohn, a tweedy, serious chain-smoking scholar, says, "We knew very little about the Japanese in 1940, and we knew even less about the Russians in 1950. My colleagues and I decided certain gaps in our knowledge of the Soviet Union could be filled only by obtaining information from individuals who have lived in Soviet society."

So in September, 1950, a research group from Harvard's Russian Research Center, reinforced by several specialists from Columbia's Russian Institute, set up shop in Munich, at a point where Soviet refugees were filtering into Germany through the Iron Curtain. The members of the team all spoke Russian fluently. The idea was to interview as many recent escapees as possible while they still had fresh memories of life in Russia. The work was so important that it was sponsored by the U.S. Air Force, which is studying the psychology of people who may be involved in future wars.

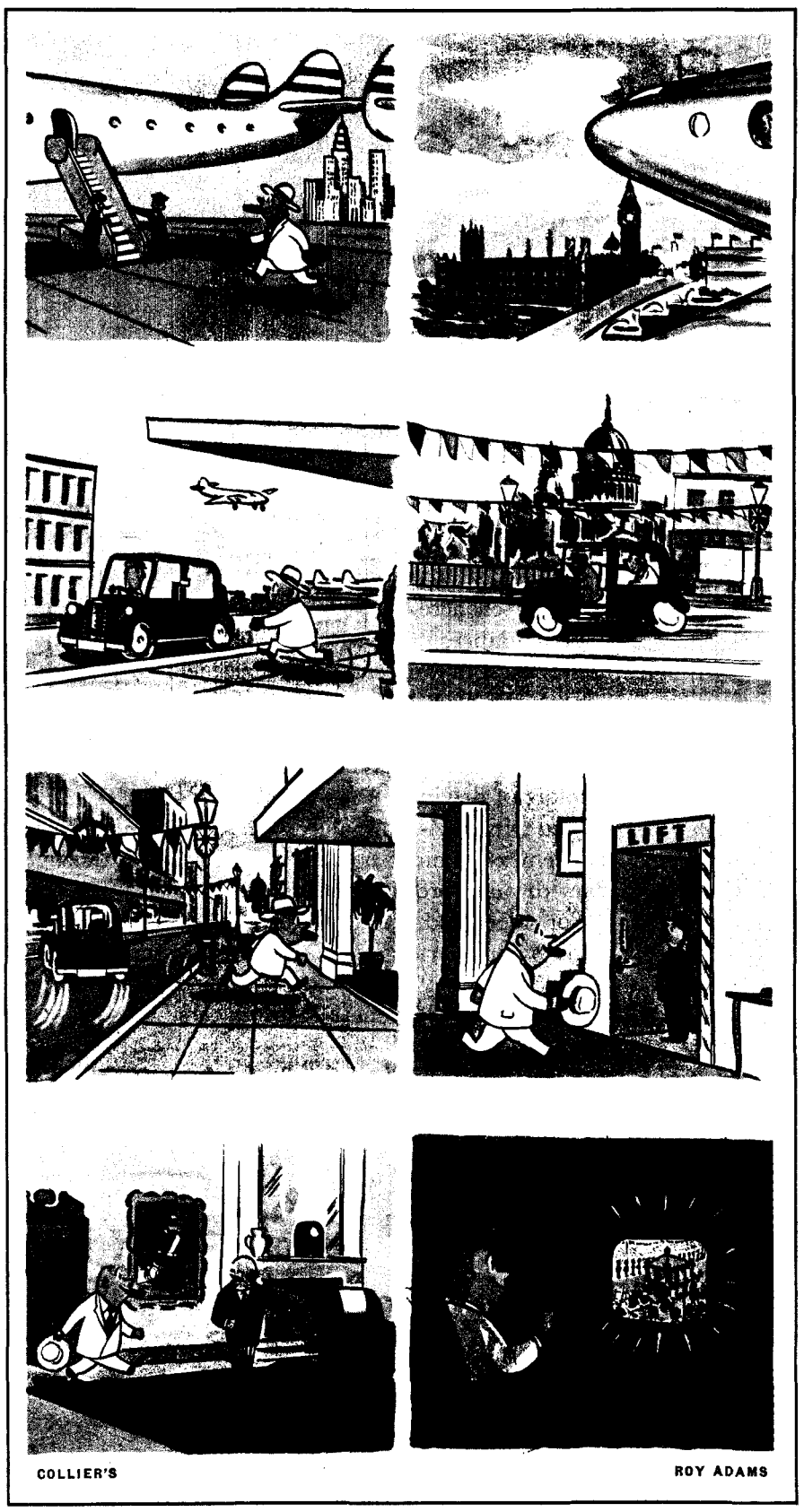
Headed by psychologist Raymond A. Bauer, an informal young ex-naval officer in his middle thirties, the Harvard group took over a private mansion on Lamontstrasse. They rounded up about 60 contacts among leaders of the Russian refugees and sent them out to all the *émigré* colonies in Western Europe, searching for fresh arrivals from the other side of the Iron Curtain. If a refugee looked like a likely prospect, the Harvard group paid his expenses and kept him in the house on Lamontstrasse for three days of intensive interviewing by sociologists, psychologists and other experts.

It wasn't easy. The house on Lamontstrasse became known as a mystery establishment and soon the rumor spread that it harbored Soviet Secret Police agents. Bauer and his assistants had to visit the DP camps and Russian-frequented restaurants to convince the refugees the rumors were false.

One time, the German police came on Bauer's printer while he was turning out Russian questionnaires for the project in the basement of a bombed building near the headquarters. Thinking they had made the spy catch of the century, the police pounced on the poor printer, and Bauer had to use all his powers of persuasion to get him out of jail.

Bauer also had problems with interviewees who got drunk and disappeared in the midst of key questioning sessions. Time after time, too, he had to rush off to border posts in the middle of the night to interview newly escaped Russians in jail, before they drifted off into other hands. Once he even held a series of interviewing sessions in a tuberculosis hospital.

Despite the tribulations, the Harvard people exhaustively interviewed 708 Russians, piling up hundreds of thousands of words on their lives, their professions, their feelings about Communism and so on. They also obtained more than 12,000 written questionnaires in Europe, and they personally interviewed another 53 Russians in New York. All in all, they collected more than 30,000 pages of raw material. The files now are available to the scholar, and some revealing works have been based on them.



COLLIER'S ROY ADAMS

Graft in Industry Exposed

One study, by Joseph S. Berliner of Harvard, is derived from interviews with 26 former officials of Soviet factories. For the first time, it gives the inside story of the Russian industrial plant, exposing all the tricks, lawbreaking and graft without which the system could not work. It also reveals the weaknesses of the system. As one engineer told the interviewers, "The director of the factory figures that if he puts out 100 machines with the proper quantity of spare parts, he does not get his premium (a bonus for fulfilling the factory's quota). But if he puts out 102 machines and no spare parts, then everyone gets a premium." Think of a fleet of trucks without spare parts and you will see what this means.

An even more revealing study, titled Some Problems of Soviet Medical Practice, has been done by Mark G. Field of Harvard, who based his work on the statements of 21 Soviet physicians interviewed by the Bauer group. He discovered that there is an astounding amount of malingering in Russia, with millions of workers feigning illness every year to avoid work or to avoid jail sentences for missing work. The pressure is on the doctors, many of whom crack under the strain of walking the tightrope between humanitarianism and their sense of duty.

The doctors' statements are often pathetic. One said, "It was hell. I still have nightmares about it. A good 50 per cent of the cases at the railroad clinic where I worked were fakes. They were people who overslept and came late to work. People had to stand in line after shifts, and work and cook. Life was very hard. Sleep was a deadman's sleep and it was hard to get up in the morning. As soon as he sees he is late, he will go to the doctor. You will think of some disease to excuse him."

Another major source of information for the Russian researchers is the Research Program of the East European Fund, whose offices are just off the Columbia University campus. The fund meets Russian refugees arriving in the United States—many of them former officials or technicians with important information—and gives them grants to enable them to write their stories. They are aided by Russian-speaking American consultants, many of whom are faculty members or researchers at Columbia. Two hundred and forty grants have been awarded thus far.

Here, too, the results have been startling. A former Leningrad University professor and arctic expert named Constantine Krypton has written a book called The Northern Sea Route, which lets us in on secrets of the Russian struggle to operate naval and commercial shipping in the ice-choked arctic —a problem we ourselves are facing.

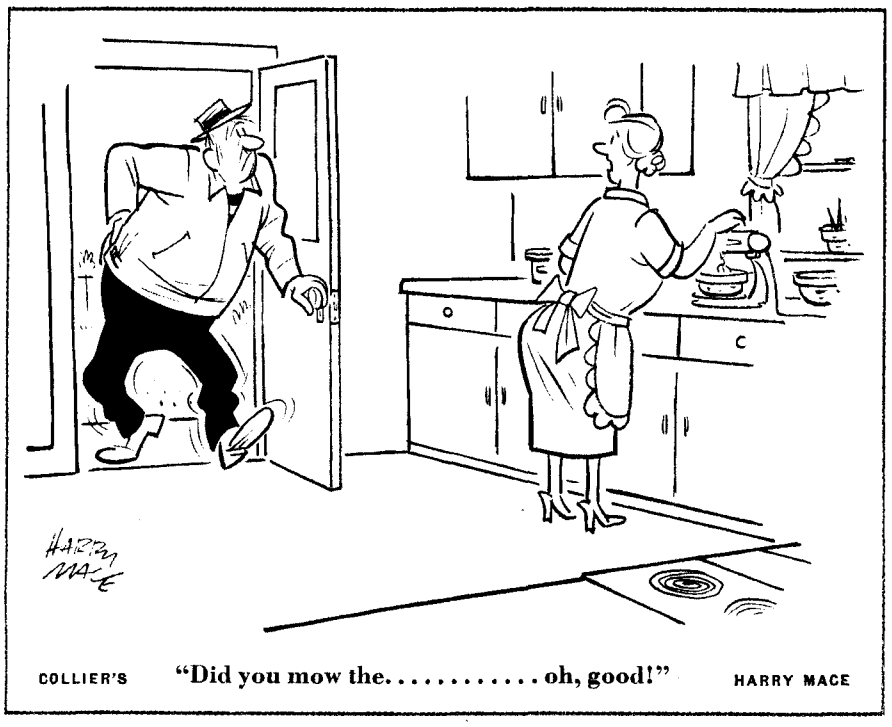
Another former Soviet official named Nikolai Grishin has written a detailed paper called Soviet Operation of Ura-

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

...victims in Georgia, few secrets escape the scholars

nium Mines in East Germany. Grishin was a top administrator of the mines, and his report is the equivalent of a former U.S. Atomic Energy Commission official spilling the entire story of Los Alamos. Grishin tells how German slave labor was obtained for the operation and how Secret Police guards protect the mines. He even lists exact locations and the names of mine commanders, like Lieutenant Colonel Polonski at Johanngeorgenstadt and Major Myrsikov at Annaberg.

Other East European Fund papers give us our first insight into post-World War II Soviet history, a period we know little about. A report by a former official named Vladimir Rudolph, for example, reveals that Premier Georgi Malenkov's career nearly ended in 1945. Malenkov was the chief advocate of a plan to dismantle East German industry after the war. The program was carried out with such haste that vital machinery was lost and no one knew what to do with the factories when they arrived in Russia.



COLLIER'S "Did you mow the..... oh, good!" HARRY MACE

When Malenkov Was in Danger

"During the summer and autumn of 1945," Rudolph writes, "rumors circulated among the deputy ministers in Berlin of the approaching end of Malenkov's career. Whereas previously the staff had addressed their telegrams to 'Moscow, the Kremlin, Comrade Malenkov,' after the summer of 1945 the address read, 'Moscow, the Kremlin, the Special Committee.'" It was only after the suspicious death of Andrei Zhdanov and the mysterious disappearance of Nikolai Voznesensky—his two leading antagonists in the factory-dismantling dispute—that Malenkov got back into power again.

The researchers make excellent use of this raw material. Professor Merle Fainsod at Harvard, stolid, soft-spoken, forty-five-year-old leader of many Russian Research activities, is writing the first definitive book on the political structure of the Soviet Union. He pieces together the Harvard interviews, the East European Fund refugee papers, the Current Digest translations, and adds to them a great mass of material he has dug up himself.

Fainsod has, for example, a copy of a top-secret Russian report captured by the Germans in World War II. It is the entire economic plan for the Soviet Union for the year 1941, and it was not intended for the eyes of anyone outside the Kremlin. This plan gave us our first indication of the extent of the Soviet slave-labor camps by listing production quotas for specific regions and then giving the percentage of the quota for which the Secret Police were responsible. (In the northern region, the 1941 quota of lumber was 6,828,000 meters, with the NKVD responsible for 3,500,000 meters—more than half.) The plan is valuable to Fainsod today as a measuring stick against which he can check for exaggerations in current Soviet economic announcements.

In the same way, Alexander Dallin, young associate director of the East European Fund's Research Program, is writing books for both Columbia and Harvard on the German occupation of parts of Russia in World War II. Again using the interviews and refugee reports as raw material, plus data of his own, he has reached some interesting conclusions. He found that the moment the Russians were freed of the Communist yoke in the Ukraine, for the first time in 24 years, they promptly wiped out the collective farms and divided up the land and equipment among themselves. Next, a rash of little free-enterprise shops broke out all over the area. Anybody who could assemble a little money opened a shoeshine parlor, a luncheonette, a corner bakery—private businesses that were forbidden under Communism. One man even rented the old NKVD headquarters near Kiev and started a dance hall. The conclusion seems inescapable that these frustrated free-enterprisers would be the first to welcome any change.

These are just a handful of the Russian research projects under way in the United States today. There are dozens more at Columbia and Harvard, and others at institutions like Stanford University, the University of Washington and MIT. We have even reached the point where the government—with the aid of Dr. Abram Bergson of Columbia's Russian Institute—has set up its own research organization in Santa Monica, California, within the super-secret Rand Corporation.

Dr. Philip Mosely, the slender, keen-minded, forty-seven-year-old director of Columbia's Russian Institute, says, "Before World War II, there were perhaps 15 students in the entire country doing graduate work in the Russian field; today there are at least 175, one half of them at Columbia. Before the war, only 25 American colleges and universities taught the Russian language; today there are 125. When our Dr. Geroid T. Robinson was called upon to form a U.S.S.R. section in the OSS during the war, he never could find enough experts to fill the section and finally he had to take people with only limited training. Today, Columbia's Russian Institute alone has trained more than 250 specialists who are well-rounded in every phase of Russian life."

Rapid Progress of Research

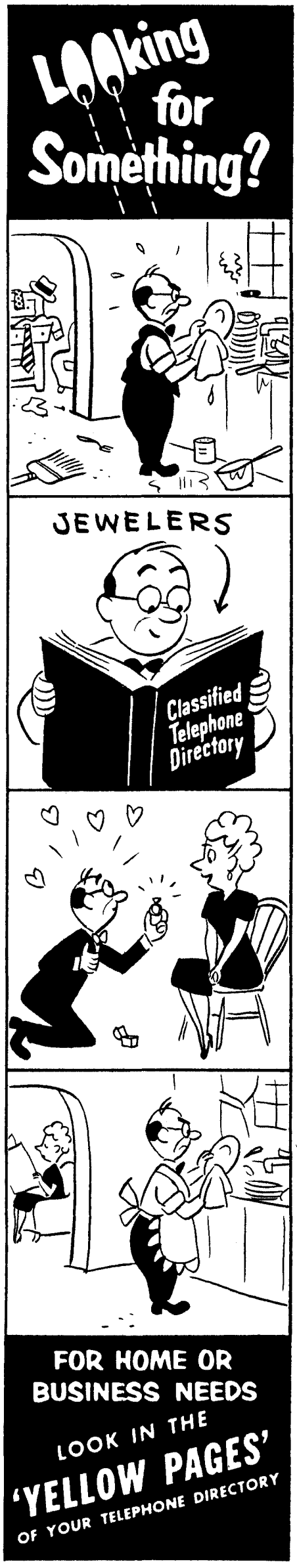
That's an impressive record, since none of the programs got under way until the cold war began. Columbia's Russian Institute was not created until 1946, Harvard's Russian Research Center came into existence in 1947, and the Current Digest started in 1949. The record is all the more impressive when you realize how ill-prepared we were in our knowledge of the Japanese before World War II. At that time, our pitifully small handful of specialists were mostly Americans of Japanese derivation. Of the 88 students learning to become specialists at Columbia's Russian Institute today, very few are of Russian descent. They come from 38 states and two foreign countries, and only 20 per cent of them had any knowledge of the Russian language before they came to the institute.

Many of the established specialists started from scratch, too. Harvard's thirty-three-year-old Alex Inkeles became a Russian expert in the OSS during World War II, and the Navy assigned Raymond Bauer to study Russian as an officer-trainee in its Language School. There are so many people of like background at the center that it is known at Harvard as the OSS Alumni Club.

Despite the obvious importance of their work, our Russian specialists are used to ducking brickbats. As Harvard's Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn pointed out, "If you try to deal objectively, as scientists must, you tend to catch it from both sides." They are periodically assailed by right-wing zealots who think there is something suspicious about any American who studies Russia—no matter how imperative the purpose. The left wing, of course, constantly attacks them as a branch of U.S. Intelligence and trainers of underground agents.

Communist criticism, far from annoying them, is music to their ears. It was a momentous day, in fact, when Trud described our Russian research programs as a "mass-production factory for spies, *saboteurs* and murderers," and Pravda wrote, "at the head of the Russian Institute stand archreactionaries such as Mosely, Robinson and Simmons, who are systematically poisoning the students' minds with slander about the Soviet Union."

"It was then that we knew we were getting at the truth about Russia," one official told me. "We were hurting them and they were crying out—and we knew we were doing a good job." ▲▲▲



PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

HENRY LUHRS

"Done?" the sheriff said. "Why, we have yet to bring in the most notorious of them all"

Moonshine Raiders

By MARK HAGER

WHEN Uncle Rush got elected sheriff of our county and took office, he sent for me to come stay with Aunt Vicki and the children. Uncle Rush said he'd be away from home a lot. He said his time would be divided about half-and-half between his office at the courthouse and the woods. In the woods was where Uncle Rush said he intended to carry out his campaign pledges to the people of the county. Uncle Rush had promised the people to rid the county of all moonshiners, including the most notorious of them all, who was known as Harmless Mont.

As it turned out, even when Uncle Rush was at home, he'd sometimes go off to the woods, even when he wasn't looking for moonshiners. He would sneak off to get away from the job seekers. It seemed like Uncle Rush had promised everybody and his brother a job as deputy, so they could tote a gun.

But once Uncle Rush didn't slip off when a man came. That was the day we all heard the sound of a fiddle. Somebody was coming up the road playing a fiddle, and the tune sounded like:

Under the pines where the sun never shines,
I'll shiver when the cold wind blows . . .

Then the man came in sight. He had the fiddle under his chin and a little red canvas bag swinging on his arm. He was moseying slow along the sunshiny road.

"There's a man without a care in the world," Aunt Vicki said.

"Then he won't be lookin' for a job," Uncle Rush said, and we all wondered who he could be.

Uncle Rush squinted at him. "He's sure a lost soul if the Lord don't know him any better than I do," he said.

By now the stranger had reached the yard gate. He took his fiddle from under his chin and said, "Howdy, folks."

Uncle Rush asked him to come in. Uncle Rush seemed to get pleasure out of asking a man in who had a tune in his heart instead of a job on his mind.

The stranger came timidly onto the front porch. Aunt Vicki pushed out a chair. The stranger folded his long lanky frame into the chair, and put his frazzled bag down beside him and his fiddle across his knees. He had about him the smell of pine woods and campfire smoke, and he handled his fiddle as if it was something tender and untouchable as a blossom.

"Are you a stranger here?" Uncle Rush said.

"Not exactly," the man said. "I live in these parts. I just ain't ever been one to mix and mingle. I live with my fiddle and the pines. My name is Mingo Fluty. I hear you are the new sheriff."

"I am," Uncle Rush said, "and I must say it is a pleasure to meet a man with a tune in his heart instead of a job on his mind."

"But you ain't exactly met him yet," the stranger said. "I *am* lookin' for a job."

"But what can you do besides play the fiddle?" Uncle Rush asked.

"I could he'p you," the stranger said. "I could he'p you carry out your promises to the voters—remember? I know where every moonshine still in the county is."

"But I couldn't imagine a fiddler like you takin' a gun-totin' job," Uncle Rush said.

"Just a job," Mr. Fluty said. "I don't want no gun. Never toted one. Couldn't shoot a man. All I want to do is lead you to 'em."

Uncle Rush thought it over. He took Aunt Vicki into the kitchen and talked it over with her, after which he hired Mr. Fluty to show him the moonshine stills; and for a whole week Mr. Fluty stayed at Uncle Rush's house and played the fiddle by night and showed Uncle Rush the moonshine stills by day.

And at the end of a week, when Uncle Rush came from town, he was all thrilled. He had the paper, and he spread it out in front of us all. Uncle Rush's picture was on the front page with the pile of wrecked moonshine stills he'd hauled into the courthouse, and the paper said Uncle Rush was starting out to be the only sheriff ever to keep his promise to the voters. Uncle Rush read the piece in the paper to us all, and Mr. Fluty listened. He listened kind of impatient, though, for he had his fiddle under his chin and his bow poised, and he did not think moonshine raids should interfere with fiddle tunes.

AFTER Uncle Rush finished reading the good things the paper had said about him, Mr. Fluty spoke. "I have noticed," Mr. Fluty said, "that the house of the law is generally too gloomy," and with that he cut loose on a lively little tune that set us all dancing:

Chicken in de bread tray,
Peckin' up de dough,
Granny, will yo' dog bite?
No, chile, no . . .

After the tune, Uncle Rush spoke again. "Mr. Fluty," Uncle Rush said, "it seems to me like a man who can smell sour mash a mile away is wasting his talent on the fiddle."

"The law," Mr. Fluty said, "couldn't be expected to understand. The wind ain't wastin' its talent when it plays its tune in the pine trees."

Uncle Rush got off the subject of talents, and started laying out his plans to Mr. Fluty for the next day's raid.

"But I'm done," Mr. Fluty said, plucking a single string on the fiddle and listening to the creeping sound.

"Done?" Uncle Rush said. "Why, we have yet to bring in the most notorious of them all. Harmless Mont. Talk about a headline in the paper!"

"I never read the papers nohow," Mr. Fluty said. "Besides, they ain't but one still left in the county. I showed 'em all to you but one."

"Why didn't you show me that one?" Uncle Rush asked.

"Because," Mr. Fluty said, "that'n's mine."

Uncle Rush got up. He was crushing the paper in his hand. His Adam's apple started to work up and down like he was trying to swallow. Uncle Rush looked at Aunt Vicki and back at Mr. Fluty; but Uncle Rush was so slow to say anything that Mr. Fluty went on. "But anyhow," Mr. Fluty said, "you have done a good job. Like you read in the paper there. I figured you would, when I heard you makin' them promises in the campaign. In fact, Sheriff, I figured out you might he'p me and me you. That's how it is. Ought to be a good market now for the output of one still."

Then Mr. Fluty opened the frazzled little canvas bag. He got out a pint bottle full of moonshine whisky. He handed it to Aunt Vicki.

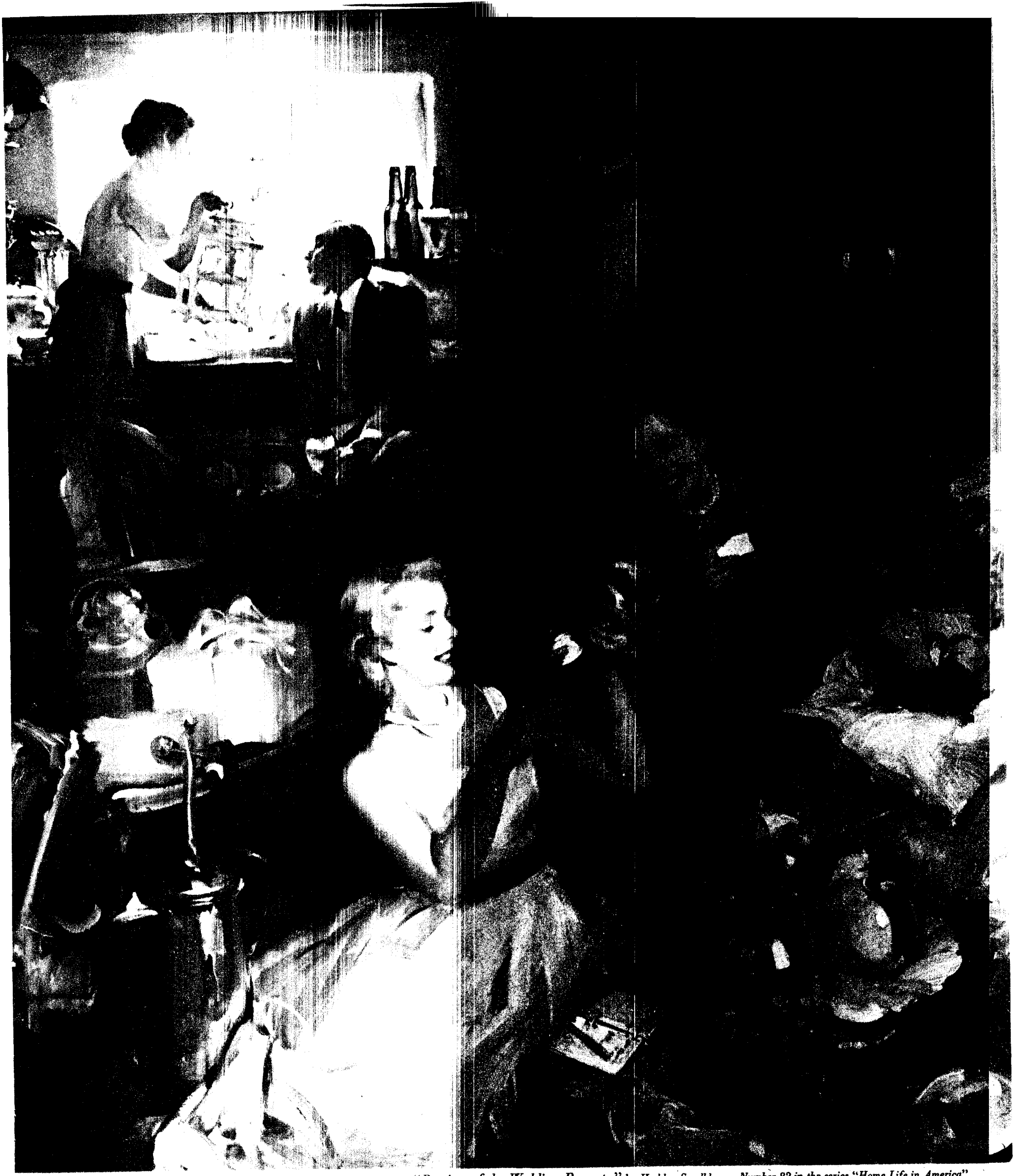
"Sheriffs sometimes git shot," Mr. Fluty said. "But not by me. I couldn't shoot a man, not even a sheriff; but somebody else might. If he's shot bad, git some of that down him. It's good stuff. It'll give a person strength to climb the golden stairs."

With that, Mr. Fluty stepped off the porch. From the yard gate he called back. "Not many people know my real name," he said. "Most people just call me Harmless Mont, the greatest of them all," and with that, he stuck his fiddle under his chin, the little red bag swinging on his arm, and he moseyed slow down the sunshiny road, playing that tune again about:

Under the pines where the sun never shines,
I'll shiver when the cold wind blows . . .

▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"Preview of the Wedding Presents," by Haddon Sundblom. Number 82 in the series "Home Life in America"

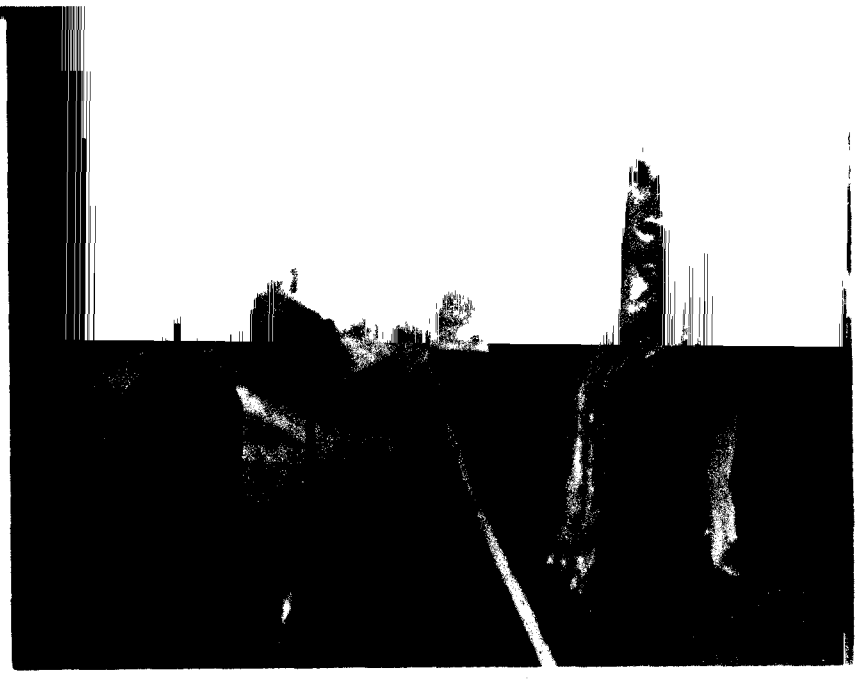
In this friendly, freedom-loving land of ours—Beer belongs . . . enjoy it!

BEER AND ALE—AMERICA'S BEVERAGES OF MODERATION
Sponsored by the United States Brewers Foundation . . . Chartered 1862

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

After first making a clay sculpture of baby jaguar, Coloman Jonas tries skin on for size. All jaguars in photos came from Venezuela



Skin is removed and clay model shellacked prior to making plaster of Paris cast. Raised line on model will separate pieces of cast

After plastering half of model, Bob Tritt paints next part he'll work on with oily substance that keeps the plaster from adhering

Papier-mâché manikin of baby jaguar is made from cast in sections. When wired together, manikin parts are framework of final mounting

SILENT ZOO

Bristling jungle beasts assemble in this Denver menagerie. But the only sounds are from men at work

HOW lifelike can dead animals look? Several years ago, two newspapers learned the answer with considerable embarrassment. Each had applauded a picture of a mountain lion killing a deer as a prize winner in a contest of unusual snapshots of animals in action. Then Coloman Jonas, of Denver, Colorado, spotted the photograph. He said the savage battle between lion and deer was a fraud. How did he know?

Unfinished, pensive-looking jaguar is covered for night in Jonas Brothers taxidermy studio

Because he had sculptured and posed the animals himself.

As the senior member of Jonas Brothers, one of the nation's busiest and best taxidermy firms, seventy-four-year-old Coloman Jonas nevertheless recalls the prize-winning picture with pride. The photo's acceptance by the public was the greatest possible tribute to the meticulous realism of the Jonas work. Taxidermy as he practices it is not a mass-production business. It is a highly skilled art involving years of training in such diverse subjects as anatomy, zoology, animal psychology, sculpturing and natural history.

A Hungarian immigrant, Coloman Jonas established his studio in Denver in 1908. Later, brothers Louis and Guy set up Jonas Brothers taxidermy offices in Mount Vernon, New York, and Seattle, Washington, respectively, and ran them as separate businesses.

In Denver, Coloman and 13 assistants fashion some 2,000 animal, bird and fish mounts a year for museums and hunters all over the nation. The models, dressed in their original skins, may range from a small African antelope head (price: about $25) to a great Kodiak bear (up to $1,000). Regardless of size, the studio duplicates the living

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ARTHUR LAVINE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

George Blum sews skin over large jaguar manikin. Tanned jaguar skin was kept in 5 per cent arsenic-water preservative to make it pliable

Animals like towering giraffe and "undressed" tiger hold odd poses in Jonas studio. The big trophies take at least a week to complete

Mrs. Mamie Mull finishes job in studio art department by painting color on animal's mouth. She also touches up bad markings on skin if needed

animal to the last whisker. Jonas and his associates rarely use the word "taxidermy." They claim it no longer fully describes the art of rebuilding animals, as they've developed it.

"Taxidermy," says Coloman, "comes from the Greek and means merely to rearrange the skin. We think of our work as 'dermoplastic,' which indicates the use of a realistic underform that conforms to the lines of the actual body."

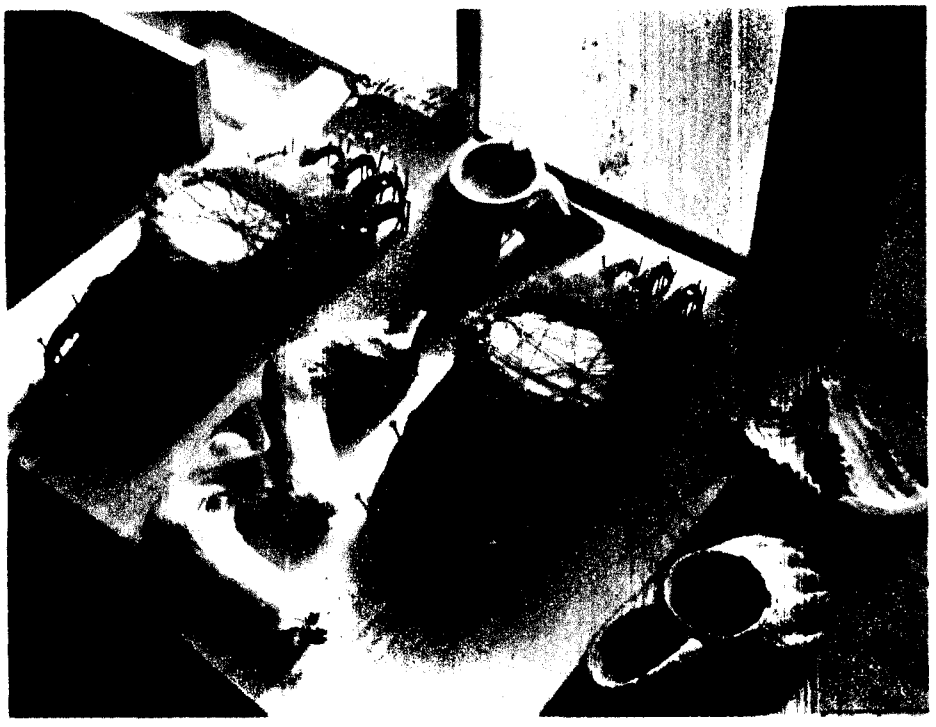
The underform, which is known in the trade as a manikin, is a key to the lifelike appearance of every Jonas mounting. It is usually made of papier-mâché that has been formed in a plaster of Paris mold cast from a detailed clay sculpture of the animal. The animal's skin is sewn on the papier-mâché underform. Glass or plastic eyes, composition-rubber tongues and teeth, and oil paints for mouth and nose complete the almost perfect replica.

Shipments of raw and dried skins for mounting—along with skulls and leg bones for measurement purposes—come to the Denver studio almost daily from Africa, South America, Asia and all parts of the United States. To keep the skins from rotting, Jonas has them tanned at his own Colorado Tanning and Fur Dressing Company. This business is only one of several side commercial interests. He also has a retail fur salon, and sells taxidermy supplies and animal novelties.

Unlike some experts, Jonas Brothers never has been secretive about its taxidermy methods. Quite the opposite: the firm has become a respected guide and leader in its field. Thousands of requests come in each year for its catalogues on the proper care of skin and mounts. And hundreds of visitors—rival taxidermists among them—drop into the Denver studio annually to watch Coloman Jonas and his staff at work. Even the most blasé among them come away with the strange feeling that they have been visiting a dream world—a strangely silent zoo where all animals bristle with life, yet hold their tongues in mute ferocity. ▲▲▲

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Oblivious to the huge hippopotamus head on the wall behind him, 17-year-old Dan Cryer scrapes horns clean in Jonas Brothers machine shop. Employees take grisly animal parts strewn about the studio as matter of course



Company takes remnants like bear claws and deer feet and converts them into ash trays or other novelties. Plaster mold for ash tray is at lower right

Looking as lifelike as when it really roamed Rockies, mountain lion was donated by Jonas to Denver Museum of Natural History

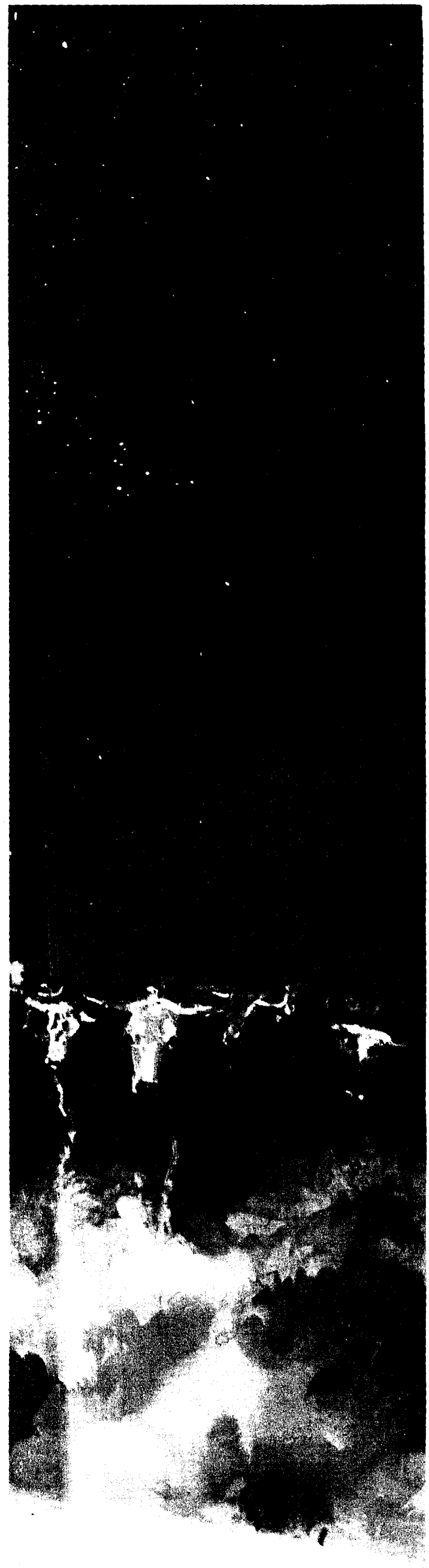
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Under the Burning Sky

Grayson stalked the bandits across the desert. Without evidence, he couldn't arrest them; but they could kill him and go scot-free

By H. A. DEROSSO



The Story: When U.S. Marshal BURT GRAYSON came to Blue Hat in search of a gang of train robbers, he went first to ANITA FLORES, the fiery, lonely sister of the only member of the gang who had been killed in the holdup. She refused to name her brother's companions, and Grayson began looking for new leads that would tell him who they were. BOB HAMNER, a local cow hand, seemed about to tell Grayson something when he was distracted by the appearance of BLANCHE SHACKELFORD, the beautiful wife of Hamner's boss, GLENN SHACKELFORD. Grayson understood Hamner's awe of Blanche, for he fell strangely under her spell himself. And then RED DAVENPORT, another of Shackelford's cow hands, tried to kill Grayson in a trumped-up argument, and Grayson had to shoot him. Glenn Shackelford then summoned Grayson to his ranch; he wanted to tell Grayson he was taking his herd and leaving for Mexico, and before he left he wanted Grayson to understand that he, Glenn, had taken no part in the train robbery. But Grayson was now sure he knew who the robbers were, and he started to follow Shackelford's trail herd across the perilous alkali desert toward Mexico. But he was not alone in pursuit. Anita Flores was also trailing them, and though Grayson had sent her back to Blue Hat, he was positive she had not gone.

CONCLUSION

TWO days went by with Burt Grayson following the Lazy S herd. He made no effort now to conceal his presence; he silhouetted himself against the sky line. At times, he rode to within a hundred yards of the herd and he could feel the hard scrutiny of the riders, and always he rode away without hailing them. It was slow and dull work, but Grayson felt that if he could plant the seeds of worry and anxiety in Shackelford and his men it would be a form of progress.

In those two days Grayson did not have a glimpse of Anita Flores. He began to think that she had finally reconciled herself to the uselessness of her efforts and had gone home. Grayson had troubled moments when he thought of her alone at Twin Hearts, living with all those morbid, useless memories. She needed to get out among people, to learn to smile and hope again, but Grayson doubted that she would. Those brooding thoughts of remorse and vengeance had gone too far in her. She was obsessed with them; she could think of nothing else. Sadly, Grayson shook his head and put his mind to the matter at hand.

Grayson shot at the ground directly in front of the stampeding cattle. The flash frightened the leaders, and they veered inward, but the onrushing, maddened horde threw them back

It was not as easy and simple as he had pretended to Anita Flores it would be. Grayson did not underestimate the shrewdness of the men he was trailing. They were clever and daring. They knew they were under suspicion, and if they fled outright that would establish their guilt. Instead they were leaving the country in an ostensibly innocent and guileless manner. They were taking their time and they were leaving right under his nose and he had to think of something before they reached the border. The pressure was all on *him*.

When the trail herd bedded down that evening, Grayson made a circle around it and rode on for about a mile before pitching camp. He had been seen, he knew, but he wanted to be. He wanted them to be constantly reminded that he was dogging them. Maybe a weak member of the gang would become panicky and crack. That was all the break Grayson was asking for.

He made camp at the foot of a high bluff. While it was still daylight, he built a fire and made coffee and cooked some fat back and beans and pan bread. He kept the fire going, but when it grew dark he moved his blankets just out of the range of the firelight. He was taking no chances.

Grayson lay there quietly on his blankets, his head propped on his saddle, listening to the sounds of the steeldust moving about at the end of its picket rope. He had not shaved in three days, and already a black growth covered his cheeks and chin and the front of his neck and it was beginning to itch, but he told himself he would have to get used to it. He had a feeling he would not shave again for quite a while.

The quiet of the night induced a somber thoughtfulness in him. He remembered that today he had seen Blanche Shackelford riding beside the herd. She had been dressed in men's clothing, and he had taken her at first for a slim boy. Then she had taken her hat off to fan her face, and when the sun struck the crimson gold in her hair, it had come with a shock to Grayson who this really was.

He could not understand why her presence should upset him. She was Shackelford's wife, and it was only natural that she should be going with her husband. Yet Grayson wished that she were not here. He had a premonition of the events to come, and he did not relish the thought of Blanche Shackelford being hurt and disillusioned the way Anita Flores had been. A wound like that took away all the joy of living and made a person a hollow, resentful shell.

Grayson was just beginning to doze off when a sound brought him up abruptly to a sitting position. Tense and apprehensive, he listened, and the noise came again and Grayson recognized it as the approach of two horses.

He slid the .44 out of its holster and lay down

ILLUSTRATED BY EDWIN DAWES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

thrill your June grad with a Webcor

Hark! It's June. It's graduation. And your cap-and-gowned youngster is thrilled to pieces with his new gift . . . a famous Webcor portable Fonograf.

Boy or girl . . . man or woman . . . music lovers everywhere choose Webcor for superb music. You'll see and hear why. **Webcor** Fonografs—either the luxurious Lark or the lightweight Midge—are unusually attractive. Yet each is sturdy enough for years of constant, carefree handling. **Both the Lark and Midge play three speeds; take 7, 10 and 12-inch records.** And each Fono reproduces classical or jazz in unbelievable true-to-life realism. Hear the Webcor Midge or Lark at your favorite music counter today.

Webcor portable Lark
Beautiful styling. High Fidelity response (Shown above) **$39.95**

Webcor portable Midge
Smaller than a cosmetic case. Only 8½ pounds **$29.95**

*Prices subject to change without notice.

All music sounds better on a

Webcor®

by Webster-Chicago
Chicago 39, Illinois

© W/C 1953 A-4545

on his stomach. He was not in the light of the fire, but the sky was clear and the stars were out, and it was possible to make out shapes for a little distance.

The two riders loomed up out of the dim dark, riding side by side. Their approach was too direct and lacking in caution to be hostile. They were making straight for the fire.

Grayson rose to his feet and holstered his gun. Stepping into the firelight, he waited for the two to come up. They reined in their horses and stared at Grayson a while and then both dismounted. One of them said, "Loosen the cinches, Virgil."

"In a pig's ear," said the one called Virgil. He walked up to the fire and squatted on his haunches. He was quite young, around nineteen or so, and he had a long, sullen face with a pointed chin and a small, mean mouth and yellow eyes. He took out a brown-paper cigarette and lighted it with a brand from the fire.

THE other one had the appearance of a dandy. His Stetson was cream-colored and looked expensive, and he had stuck a red feather in the band. His coat was a green fustian, and even out here in the middle of nowhere, he was wearing a bright red cravat with a diamond stickpin that kept reflecting the red glare of the fire. His shirt was white linen and his vest was a gaudy red and yellow. The only concession he had made to the harshness of the country was a pair of buckskin leggings.

His face looked vain and almost feminine in its well-kept appearance. The eyes were large and wide as if he regarded everything with a constant air of wonderment. He affected a thin, hair-line mustache. He said, "You're Grayson, the U.S. marshal, aren't you?"

Grayson nodded.

The fellow showed white, even teeth in a smile. "Permit me to introduce ourselves. I'm Lucky Waddell." He uttered a soft, polite laugh. "They call me that because I win now and then at cards. The young man is Virgil Bartlett. Say hello to Grayson, Virgil."

"In a pig's ear," Virgil said.

Waddell gave a polite laugh again. "Virgil is a trifle sullen tonight."

"Did you want to see me about something?" Grayson asked.

"Well, yes and no," Waddell said.

"Make up your mind," Grayson said.

Waddell's laugh had a trace of embarrassment in it this time. "I really came to see if you were interested in say—ah—a game of cards?"

"You a gambler?" Grayson said.

"Well—ah—I play cards now and then, but my profession is really salesmanship. Isn't that right, Virgil?"

"In a pig's ear," said Virgil, blowing a cloud of smoke defiantly.

It was starting to get Grayson. "Can't he say anything else?"

"He can be very difficult at times," Waddell said; "he can be most trying. Just don't pay any attention to him."

"Well, what do you want with me?" Grayson asked.

Lucky Waddell took out a brown cigarette, identical to the one Virgil was smoking. He lighted the cigarette, took a couple of puffs and then he said, "You must be very lonely traveling all by yourself. I felt I should make your acquaintance and then we could pass a few hours in conversation with perhaps a hand or two of cards, just something to while away the time."

"Who sent you?" Grayson said. "Shackelford?"

"Well, now, really," Waddell said. "You are with him, aren't you?"

Waddell drew on his cigarette and blew smoke out slowly, as if all this were giving him time to think. Beside the fire, Virgil lighted another cigarette from the butt of the first.

"Yes, I am traveling with Shackelford," Waddell admitted. "Like I told you, I'm a salesman. I travel a lot."

"You'd travel much faster if you didn't tie yourself down to a trail herd. Or are you a cow hand too?" Grayson said. His tone was dry.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I'm not, but Virgil is a cowpuncher and a very good one. Aren't you, Virgil?"

"In a pig's ear," said Virgil.

Grayson's lips tightened. "Doesn't he ever get smashed in the mouth when he's like this?"

Waddell gave his apologetic laugh. "Just don't pay any attention to him."

Grayson's temper flared up. "Just what are you up to, Waddell?" he asked.

"I'm not up to anything," Waddell said with hurt innocence. "I just came to see if you wanted to play some cards." He winked. "You really should, Grayson. I have a hunch you'd win. I have a most definite hunch that you'd win." Waddell laughed again. "Don't let my name frighten you. I'm really not lucky all the time. Tonight I have a feeling I couldn't win at all."

"Yet you insist on playing."

"That's right. I wouldn't mind losing to you, Grayson; I'd like to very much."

"I see," Grayson said. "Is there any specific sum you're prepared to lose?"

"Let's say it's substantial," Waddell said. "It will be a very profitable night for you, Grayson."

"And after I've won all this money from you," said Grayson, "what then?"

"Well," said Waddell, gesturing daintily, "after making such a killing, it would be only natural for you to want to celebrate. I imagine you'd ride all the way back to Blue Hat and have yourself a real time."

"And forget all about Shackelford?"

"Shackelford has nothing to do with this; this is strictly between you and me, Grayson," Waddell said. "Just a friendly game of cards."

"Just a friendly case of bribery," Grayson said, coldly. "Isn't that what you mean?"

"Oh-oh," Waddell said, making a face, "bribery is such an ugly word. We would really play cards, Grayson. Here, I have a deck with me. There is nothing wrong with a couple of men playing cards, is there? Naturally one man will have to lose. Unfortunately, in this case, the loser will be me." He winked knowingly. "What do you say?"

"In a pig's ear," said Grayson.

WADDELL lost his easy composure for an instant, and then he gave his soft, polite laugh. "Well, if you must be facetious," he said. "Seriously, though, Grayson, you should wait and see what I am prepared to lose before you reach a decision. I assure you I can lose a most attractive sum."

Grayson paled. "Get out," he said.

The fury of his tone drove Waddell back a step. "Wait a minute," he said, throwing up his hands as if to defend himself. "Hear me out, Grayson. I am not proposing anything wrong. I'm—"

"Get going," Grayson said. "And don't forget that stupid squirt that came with you."

Virgil came to his feet like a shot, his right hand poised above the handle of the gun at his hip. Grayson turned to face him. "Go on, squirt," he said. "If you want what Red Davenport got, go on and pull your iron!"

Virgil's mouth twitched. His blazing eyes flashed once at Waddell as if seeking instructions, then came back to Grayson, but they wavered a little too much; he made no move to pull his gun.

Lucky Waddell got his handkerchief out. He began to dab at his sweating

COLLIER'S

"George! You're not going to watch the coronation like *that*, are you!"

MARY GIBSON

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How to give your car the finest wax job money can buy!

1.

Condition the finish with Johnson's new Car-Plate Cleaner, leaving the finish super-clean and super-smooth

Before you wax any car, the finish must be both *clean* and *smooth*. That's why the makers of Johnson's Car-Plate Auto Wax now bring you new Car-Plate Cleaner—the safe, easy way to remove the greasy road grime and dead paint from the finish. Car-Plate Cleaner works down into the microscopic pores of the paint—flushes out all the imbedded dirt. And at the same time it "evens" the finish—leaving a perfect glass-smooth base for an application of wax.

2.

Wax the finish with Johnson's Car-Plate (no rubbing!) and get the durability that only genuine wax can give!

When you wax the conditioned finish of a car with Johnson's Car-Plate, you do the entire job without rubbing. Just spread a light, thin coat of Car-Plate over the finish—let it dry—then wipe off the haze that has formed. Without a stroke of rubbing, you uncover the brightest, longest-lasting coat of wax your car has ever had. Car-Plate is guaranteed to outwear any other wax on the market. It gives better protection than waxes that must be rubbed for hours!

"Johnson's" and "Car-Plate" are registered trademarks of S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin.

This combination *Guaranteed* by Johnson's Wax

Exhaustive road tests under the most extreme weather and climatic conditions prove that no other auto wax, paste or liquid, outlasts Johnson's Car-Plate applied to a surface conditioned with Car-Plate Cleaner. You are guaranteed complete satisfaction with your Car-Plate wax job—or your purchase price will be refunded.

S. C. Johnson & Son, Inc., Racine, Wisconsin

At your service station or any wax dealer's

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

face. "Let's go, Virgil," he said, and this time Virgil made no reply.

The two mounted their horses. Waddell opened his mouth as if to speak, then he took another look at Grayson's face and said nothing. He turned his horse and rode off, Virgil following.

Grayson watched them go. He was still trembling with anger.

TWO evenings later, Burt Grayson rode into Shackelford's camp. The cattle were bedded down. They had water and graze this night, and some of them were lowing contentedly. The sun was down; the cool of evening had begun to pervade the air.

Grayson spotted Virgil and one other man he didn't recognize circling around the herd. As Grayson pulled up beside the cooking fire, Glenn Shackelford came forward to meet him.

There was a small tent pitched to one side, and standing in front of it was Blanche Shackelford. Grayson nodded to her, but she made no acknowledgment. Her eyes rested on him, wide and fearful. Grayson wished that the woman weren't around. It would have made his job easier for him.

Shackelford planted himself, with his legs slightly spraddled, and hooked both thumbs in his cartridge belt. His shirt was open halfway down his chest, and he still had wet splotches of sweat under his armpits. He stood there, not friendly nor hostile, watching Grayson.

Grayson dismounted. He saw Bob Hamner and Lucky Waddell and one other man come up and stand silently behind Shackelford. Neither Hamner nor Waddell made any effort to greet Grayson, and he let it go like that.

Without preliminary, Grayson said, "I want to examine all your packs."

Shackelford's face showed no emotion. "You got a search warrant?"

"No," said Grayson. He took a breath. "But I still want to take a look."

Suddenly Shackelford smiled. There was derision more than anything else in the smile. "Sure, go ahead," he said, waving a hand in an amiable gesture. "Look wherever you want. I'm not stopping you." He turned to his men. "Give Grayson a hand, boys. He's the law. He's the U.S. marshal for this Territory. Let's co-operate."

Nobody moved. "Come on, come on," Shackelford exhorted. "You heard me. Open up the packs, every single one of them. Clear out the chuck wagon. You heard Grayson, didn't you? He's the law, and we've got to do what he says. Get a move on, boys."

Silently, the three fell to work.

Shackelford turned to Grayson. The smile, full of mockery, was still on his face. "Evidently you don't believe everything that's said to you, Grayson," he said. "Well, I don't blame you. I suppose in a job like yours you can't be too careful. But I told you once I had nothing to hide. Evidently, I didn't convince you. Maybe now I will."

Grayson watched with tightened lips. It was bitter medicine for him. He could feel the men's derisive glances on him. None of them spoke to him, but he was aware that they were silently laughing in his face. They cleared everything out of the chuck wagon, and Grayson took a look inside and saw only the barrenness of the floor boards. It made him feel more futile than ever.

"Well?" Shackelford asked. "You satisfied, Grayson? Or do you want to search us now? Maybe we're carrying the bullion in our pockets."

"You haven't reached Mexico yet, Shackelford," Grayson said grimly.

"That's right," Shackelford said. Abruptly, his face sobered; his eyes turned hard. "Now I'm going to tell you something, Grayson. I've taken all I'm going to take from you. I've stood for your trailing me day and night. I've even allowed you to search my camp without a warrant. I've done everything in my power to prove to you I had nothing to do with that La Fuente holdup. If I've finally convinced you, you can ride away and that will be the end of that. But don't dog me any more, Grayson. Understand? Law or no law, I won't stand for it. I'm no criminal."

"If you're so clean," said Grayson, "why did you try to bribe me?"

"When did I try to bribe you?"

"You sent Waddell, didn't you?"

"Oh, that," Shackelford said. "Lucky told me about it." Shackelford seemed amused. "Lucky likes to talk, and sometimes he gets all mixed up. If you want to know the truth, Grayson, Lucky is a cardsharp. He's always looking for a sucker. It's just his way of talking someone into a game by pretending he is going to lose." Shackelford laughed. "You should've tried playing with Lucky, Grayson. He'd have won even your badge from you."

"All right," said Grayson. Disappointment and resentment filled him. "Have it your way, Shackelford, but you still haven't reached Mexico."

"I know I haven't," said Shackelford through his teeth, in his first display of rage, "but you aren't going to stop me."

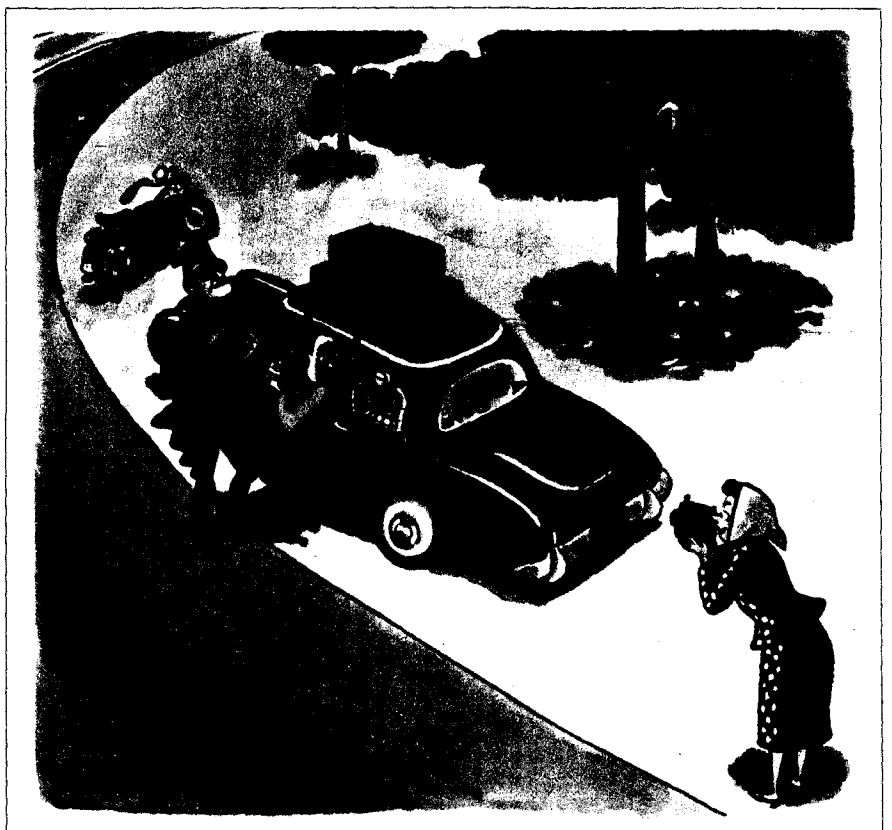
Grayson swung up on the steeldust. "We'll see about that," he said.

SOMEWHERE off in the night a couple of coyotes were crying at each other. Grayson lay on his blankets, staring at the stars. About him the land lay quiet and sleeping. Mesquite and sage and prickly pear were dark, huddled shapes against the white of the sand. Saguaro cactus loomed here and there with bristly arms lifted in mute supplication to the distant, indifferent sky.

As usual, Grayson had laid his bed beyond the reach of the light of his fire. It was the result of an old caution in him. He was old and wise in the ways of the lawless, and he realized that the closer the Lazy S herd got to Mexico, the greater the tension became, and in direct proportion his own peril increased. So he lay quietly in the darkness, ears attuned to any hostile sounds.

Another day had passed in which he had relentlessly dogged the trail of the Lazy S herd. He was getting irritable and impatient. The merciless heat of the sun and the unbroken loneliness of the land made him feel ugly and vicious inside. The thought began to grow in him that he was doomed to failure. He knew who his quarry was, but he could not do anything about it. This realization left him angry and helpless.

Abruptly from out of the dark came the sounds of an approaching horse. Grayson rolled on his side, his hand on his gun. He remembered the night when Lucky Waddell and Virgil had arrived like this, and remembrance filled him with fury and distaste.



COLLIER'S — **"Myra! There are certain parts of our trip we won't *want* to relive!"** — ROBERT DAY

The rider came on, making no effort to conceal his presence. Grayson's first glimpse was of the dark silhouette of the horseman alongside that of a barrel cactus. The rider came into the circle of firelight, and with a start Grayson saw that it was Blanche Shackelford.

He walked forward to meet her. He did not speak. He merely ducked his head once in greeting and waited.

She was still dressed in men's clothing—faded blue Levi's and scuffed riding boots with small, steel spurs on the heels. Her stiff-brimmed black hat was pulled down low, shading her eyes and her features, but even so Grayson could tell they look strained and apprehensive.

"Aren't you ever going to stop following us, Grayson?" she asked.

A sadness filled Grayson. He knew now what lay ahead and he knew it was not going to be pleasant, but he would have to put up with it. The duties and responsibilities of his job allowed him no other choice. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Shackelford," he said.

"But why, Grayson, why?" she cried, spreading both hands in appeal.

Grayson's lips tightened. "I'm working at my job."

She shook her head in puzzlement. "I can't understand why you persist in believing that my husband had anything to do with that holdup. He has been quite frank with you. He has not tried to hide anything from you. He has cooperated all along with you. He even allowed you to search all our belongings although you had no right to. What more does Glenn have to do to convince you of his innocence?"

"If he's innocent, he has nothing to worry about."

She came up to him now and placed a hand on his arm. Looking down, he could see the wedding band on her finger, and the sight of it made him angry.

"Please, Grayson," she said, "can't you see that Glenn is all right?"

He could not think of anything to say in the face of this woman's blind loyalty. She was going to be badly hurt and disillusioned someday, and Grayson hoped he would have no part in it, but he could see no way out if he was going to carry his job to a successful conclusion.

"Please, Grayson," she said again. "I'm not worried about Glenn, because he's innocent, but your following us day in and day out is getting on his nerves, and I'm afraid he's going to do something rash if you don't stop."

Grayson was delighted. So Shackelford was beginning to crack, he thought gratefully. Then he thought what this could eventually mean to Blanche Shackelford, and all the exuberance drained out of him. "I'm sorry, Mrs. Shackelford," he said.

HER fingers pressed tightly against the flesh of his arm. "If you only knew how things really were, Grayson, you'd realize it was ridiculous to suspect Glenn of that holdup."

Grayson said nothing. He stared at her without seeing her, seeing only the rottenness and duplicity of the setup.

"If you only knew him like I know him, Grayson," she went on when he did not speak. "If you only knew the gentleness of his heart and soul, you'd realize how wrong you are."

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Shackelford."

Her face changed. A look of resolution came over it, the lips pinching in a determined line, and then a slight flush touched her cheeks.

"Tell me this, Grayson," she said. "Would a man do what you say my husband has done when he knows he's going to be a father? Would he think so little of his unborn child that he would jeopardize its future?"

The unexpectedness of this announcement left Grayson stunned and bewildered. His mind could not begin to grasp its implications.

"Now is everything clear, Grayson?" she continued. "Now do you know why we are going to Mexico? It's to give our child a fresh, clean start in life. We don't want him burdened even before birth with the ugly rumors that his father was a train robber. Do you understand? Will you stop following us?"

Grayson awoke with the roll of far-off thunder in his ears. Another day had passed, and this night Grayson had been deep in exhausted slumber. All day he had been troubled by an uneasy anxiety, but as soon as he had wrapped himself in his blankets, he had dropped off. Now he came awake, instantly alert, listening to the distant rumble.

For an instant he froze there, listening, then he bolted to his feet, grabbed his saddle, and raced for the steeldust. This was not thunder that he was hearing. The sky was clear, the stars glittered brightly, there was not the trace of a cloud anywhere. The sound came unbroken and mounting in volume; it

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

carried a threatening urgency; it was swelling into a savage, heart-freezing roar. The ground seemed to shake and shudder beneath its fury.

Stampede!

The steeldust was wild-eyed and snorting with terror at the end of its taut picket rope. Above the pounding of his heart, Grayson kept his voice cool and soothing. He got the saddle on and cinched. He pulled the picket pin and leaped onto his horse.

That was all the time he had. He saw the black mass of the stampeding cattle loom up swiftly. The clacking of horns sounded above even the deafening rumble of a thousand pounding hoofs. The Lazy S herd came on headlong, blind and heedless in its primal terror, smashing and flattening everything that came under its churning hoofs.

Grayson saw a saguaro cactus go down. One instant it was there, upright in the gloom, solid and strong as if it would endure for a hundred years. Then it was gone. Where it had stood was a surging mass of frenzied cattle.

Grayson whirled the steeldust and jabbed hard with the spurs, but it was not really necessary. With a snort of fear, the horse had taken off. Grayson bent low in the saddle. Behind him there was only the sharp clacking of horns, brittle and terrifying, the earth-shaking pounding of a thousand hoofs and the nearness of death.

THE steeldust streaked across the land. Grayson had no doubt that the horse could outrun the stampeding herd. But a stumble or a fall would be fatal. He had a brief, terrifying vision of going down beneath the mad, senseless pound of those hoofs. He could feel the hand of death reaching out toward him from among the leaders of that racing horde; he could feel its touch on the back of his neck.

Above the roar of the stampeding herd, Grayson thought he detected the sharp crack of several gunshots. He began to edge his horse toward the side, seeking to work out of the direct path of the hurtling cattle. Once, the steeldust's rhythm faltered for a terrible instant, and the cold thought hit Grayson that here he went, but the steeldust straightened out and again was running straight and true.

Grayson drew his gun. Turning in the saddle, he shot at the ground directly in front of the lead steers. The flash of it frightened several of them and they veered inward toward the body of the herd, but the pressure inside that maddened horde was too great and the leaders were thrown back. Grayson tried another shot. This one, too, proved ineffective.

So Grayson faced ahead, settling down now to the task of getting out of the path of the stampeding cattle. He edged the steeldust farther and farther to one side, and finally, with a breath of relief, he saw the steers swerve in the opposite direction. He was safe.

At that moment, a bullet tore past Grayson's cheek.

An involuntary shout of alarm burst out of him. He grabbed his gun and ducked low along his horse's neck. Another shot cracked out above the roar of the stampede, and there, outlined against the darkness, was the hulk of a rider. It was all clear to Grayson now. The stampede was no accident. It had been deliberately started and aimed for his camp to trample him to death. This having failed, they were trying something else.

He pushed the steeldust ahead as the rider fired again. Grayson held his aim low and got off a shot. He followed it with a quick second one, and a scream of intense agony tore the night apart. Grayson saw the rider's arms go up, clawing at the sky, like the gesture of an Indian dancer in some primeval rite. Then the horse bolted, and suddenly the saddle was empty as the animal raced off in panicked fright.

Grayson crouched in his saddle, breathing hard, his sweaty hand closed tight about the handle of his gun. They were out to get him this night, he realized chillingly. They were done with subterfuge and pretense.

The last of the stampeding herd raced by, and now the thunder began to recede, but it was still awesome and terrifying in its fury. No more riders appeared, however. The cattle were being allowed to run themselves out. There was no effort being made to turn them and stop them, but of course the cows no longer mattered. They had only been a blind anyhow, Grayson thought. Now Shackelford and his men were free to flee without any encumbrances; that is, unless Shackelford was the man Grayson had just killed.

But Grayson did not investigate just yet. He waited a while, motionless in the dark, hearing the quick, hard breathing of his horse and, in the distance, the sound of the stampeding herd growing fainter and fainter. Grayson studied the gloom so intently his eyes ached, but no one else appeared.

Then the land was quiet again. The fury of the stampede was gone, yet the terror it had inspired still seemed to permeate the air. Now there was only the glitter of the stars overhead and the whiteness of the sand and the lonesome huddling of sage and greasewood. It seemed to Grayson that he and the steeldust were the only living things in all this desolation.

Gently, he urged the horse ahead. Beside the dead man, Grayson dismounted. The fellow was lying on his face, and with the toe of his boot Grayson rolled him over. He did not know the man's name, but Grayson remembered having seen him with Shackelford.

AT DAWN, Grayson rode up to where Shackelford had made camp the previous evening. He was surprised to see the tent used by Blanche Shackelford still standing. That was the only evidence of the campsite.

Grayson rode warily. He assumed that Shackelford and his men had fled, swift and headlong, intent on reaching the border. Still, one or more of them might have been left behind to waylay Grayson, and this last consideration made him cautious, even though the land about him seemed deserted.

He came across the tracks of the chuck wagon, and suddenly he saw the pattern of it. A sense of humiliation swept over him briefly, as he realized how he must have been tricked. He recalled the interior of the chuck wagon as he had seen it a couple of nights ago, completely empty, and the memory of it mocked him. It had not then occurred to him that the wagon probably had a false bottom in which the bullion was concealed. But now it did. Why else would Shackelford slow himself down with a cumbersome vehicle now?

Angry and determined, Grayson was about to start in pursuit of the wagon when some intuition prompted him to look into the tent. As he turned toward it, he saw Blanche Shackelford.

She had just stepped from the interior, and now she stood quietly. Her face was turned toward him, but Gray-

DISCRIMINATING PEOPLE PREFER

HERBERT TAREYTON

MR. FRANCIS B. FARR, New York socialite, golf enthusiast and veteran of the Armed Services. Discriminating in his choice of cigarettes, Mr. Farr says: "No other cigarette can match Herbert Tareyton's cork tip, extra length and mild tobacco."

Discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton. They appreciate the kind of smoking that only fine tobacco and a genuine cork tip can give. The cork tip doesn't stick to the lips . . . it's clean and firm. And discriminating people prefer Herbert Tareyton because their modern size not only means a longer, cooler smoke, but that extra measure of fine tobacco makes Herbert Tareyton today's most unusual cigarette value.

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT THEM YOU'LL LIKE

Copr., The American Tobacco Company

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

are you really set for Summer?

Why worry about belt and ridge lines showing through sheer Summer dresses? Why be downright uncomfortable due to the chafing and irritation of warm external pads? Switch to Tampax monthly sanitary protection now, and be really set for Summer.

For Tampax is the cool, comfortable, *internal* method. Invented by a doctor, Tampax is made of compressed surgical cotton in dainty applicators. *Your hands need never even touch it.* And because it's worn internally, it's invisible; you can even wear it with a wet or dry bathing suit. It's unfelt, too, once it's in place.

There are other things about Tampax that make it especially nice in the Summer. For example: There's no possibility of odor. It's easily disposed of, even when visiting or vacationing. And it's so small a month's supply goes in your purse.

Get Tampax at drug or notion counters in 3 absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Look for Tampax Vendor in restrooms throughout the United States. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

Accepted for Advertising by the Journal of the American Medical Association

TAMPAX INCORPORATED
Palmer, Mass. C-6-63-L

Please send me in plain wrapper a trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

( ) REGULAR ( ) SUPER ( ) JUNIOR

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

son had the feeling that she was not seeing him. She was staring past him with a blankness and despondency that made him instantly think of Anita Flores. He cursed softly to himself as he dismounted and walked over to her. In all his life he had never wanted to kill anyone as much as he wanted to kill Glenn Shackelford right now.

Grayson saw the focus of her eyes change. She was aware of him now, he knew, but the sadness and the hurt still prevailed in her expression.

"Hello, Grayson," she said dully.

He did not quite know how to begin. He nodded. After a short pause, he said, "Are you alone?"

She lowered her head in acknowledgment. Rage surged again in Grayson. Because she was an encumbrance, she had been abandoned, like the cattle. The bullion far outweighed any other consideration so far as Shackelford was concerned. Still, Grayson was not sure she knew how low her husband had sunk, and he was not going to destroy any last illusion she might have. She obviously had suffered enough this past evening, and if she was still hanging on to a tiny bit of her dream, Grayson was not going to take it from her.

"What happened?" he asked gently.

"I don't really know." Her tone was wooden, but underneath it he could detect heartbreak. "It all happened so suddenly. I was asleep, and I woke up when the cattle spooked." She passed a hand over her face and shuddered. "There was so much noise and confusion, I don't rightly remember." Her eyes sought his beseechingly. "I imagine Glenn and the boys are out rounding up the cattle. They should be back any time now, shouldn't they?"

WHEN Grayson did not answer, she said, "He *is* coming back. I *know* Glenn is coming back."

"Did he tell you he was?"

"He didn't tell me anything. Don't you see how it was, Grayson? It all happened so fast, everyone went out after the cattle. I didn't even see Glenn. But he'll be back," she said.

Grayson said nothing. He could not decide what to do. His job demanded that he take off in pursuit of Shackelford, but that meant abandoning Blanche Shackelford. He could not leave her here in the middle of nowhere, and if he encumbered himself with her, Shackelford would make good his flight to Mexico. Damn you, Shackelford, Grayson thought, damn you for the dirty, stinking coward you are.

"Glenn will be back," Blanche Shackelford was saying. "He has to come back. It isn't only me, Grayson, don't you see? It's our child. It means so much to Glenn. He'll be back," she said, nodding, as if she had finally convinced herself. "He'd never leave me. Not now."

"Sure," Grayson said. "Sure."

He could have wept in impotent rage. She had built a fine and noble world around her husband, and now it was crumbling with all the heartache and anguish that always accompany the shattering of a dream. Her world lay shattered, but she was trying desperately to fit it together again.

"I'll wait here," she said with naïve simplicity. "Glenn will be coming for me any time now. He'd go crazy with fear if he came back and found me gone."

Grayson had little choice. He would have to take her with him. But when it came to telling her this, he was helpless.

There came the sound of a horse, and Blanche Shackelford gave a small and happy cry. "That's Glenn. See? I told you he'd be back!"

They had both turned, Grayson drawing his gun instinctively. Even before he recognized the rider, Grayson heard Blanche Shackelford's sharp gasp of disappointment.

The rider was Anita Flores.

GRAYSON left Blanche Shackelford in Anita's care. He made Anita understand Blanche's torment, and for the first time, Grayson saw a crack in the hard shell of bitterness and grim purpose that had once seemed to be such an inflexible part of her. A soft look had come into her eyes, and so Grayson had no misgivings as he rode off.

He had not been especially surprised to see Anita Flores. He had never quite believed that she had returned home. She had been too much obsessed with thoughts of vengeance to have given up simply because he told her to. She had followed the Lazy S herd as he had followed it, except that she had remained out of sight.

Grayson had little difficulty following the trail laid down by the wheels of the chuck wagon. Progress of the vehicle would be much slower than that of a horse, and Grayson was confident he could overtake the wagon. However, he did not dare push his horse too hard.

The sun was high now. All the land felt like a suffocating oven beneath the glare of the burning sky. Every little patch of shadow thrown by a mesquite or a cactus looked cool and inviting. However, Grayson stopped only now and then to rest the steeldust. He felt all in; the weight of the world seemed to be pressing down on his shoulders; his mind kept thinking of cool shade and icy water and the bliss of untroubled sleep. Then he would think of Shackelford and Hamner and the others, and of a lonely, forsaken woman still clinging stubbornly to the shards of a dream, and the weariness was forgotten.

He looked up once, and there against the burnished sky he saw a couple of vultures banking and wheeling. There was something gruesome and loathful in the pattern of their flight; they seemed to be waiting with unclean, brutal patience for death to come to something far below them.

Grayson's heart quickened. No longer was he aware of his tiredness. He squinted in the glare of the sun, seeking to find what it was that kept the buzzards wheeling above, and knowing that it could be only one thing.

The steeldust plodded on, following the twin lines in the sand made by the wheels of the chuck wagon. One of the vultures glided down almost to the ground, then swiftly rose again. Grayson was so close now he could almost hear the dismal, foul flapping of the great black wings.

Then he saw the bodies. There were two of them. Virgil lay slumped against a boulder, one arm thrown over it, his cheek resting against his forearm. His eyes were closed and the sullenness was gone from his mouth, and he looked like he had just dropped off to sleep. However, this impression was quickly dispelled by the large blot of dried blood that covered the front of his shirt.

The other one lay on his stomach, his face pressed into the sand. However, the green fustian and the faint reek of cologne water was all that Grayson needed for identification of this one. It was Lucky Waddell.

There was no question about Virgil's being dead. Grayson halted beside Waddell and dismounted. He turned Waddell over and for a moment thought that Waddell, too, was dead. Then a soft, sighing breath came through Waddell's slack lips.

Grayson felt for Waddell's pulse and found it faint and erratic. Getting his canteen, Grayson propped Waddell's head up a little and poured some water in the man's mouth. Waddell swallowed at first. Then he gagged and choked.

Grayson lowered Waddell's head back on the sand. "Waddell," he said. "Can you hear me, Waddell?"

He did not expect any answer. However, Waddell's eyes fluttered and then opened, and he was staring up, eyes filmed with a glazed incomprehension.

"Can you talk?" asked Grayson.

Waddell's lips moved soundlessly. Then it seemed that he realized he was not making any sound, and he stopped his efforts. A focus entered his eyes now, however, and they moved ever so slightly and fixed on Grayson. His lips moved again and this time he spoke. "He killed Virgil," Waddell whispered.

"Shackelford?" Grayson said.

"He killed Virgil," Waddell repeated.

"Can you tell me how it happened?"

"He killed Virgil," Waddell said once more.

Grayson said nothing. He waited patiently while Waddell's eyes brightened and a frantic, lucid comprehension glittered in them. Waddell's tongue touched his lips, and then he spoke again. "He told me and Virgil to stay behind, and if you came along we were to kill you, Grayson. I said no and Virgil said no. I said he was just trying to get rid of us. He had the bullion, and he didn't care what happened to us. And so I said what he had said when Red was killed—one less to split with."

The light in Waddell's eyes sharpened and grew more frantic as if he were aware of the swift, inexorable approach of death. "He said he would meet us at a rendezvous in Mexico, and there we would have the split. I said if he had abandoned his wife, he would abandon us, too, and I was having no part of that, and Virgil was having no part of that. So he pulled a gun and shot Virgil, and then he shot me."

"Shackelford?" Grayson asked.

Waddell nodded weakly.

"Who's still with him?"

"Bob Hamner and Dick McEwen."

"Were you all in at La Fuente?"

Again Waddell nodded. "You'll get him, won't you?" Waddell gasped. One last convulsion jerked him halfway up to a sitting position, his face straining with agony. "You'll square for me and Virgil, won't you?"

Abruptly a great gush of blood burst out of Waddell's mouth, cascading down over the gaudy vest. His eyes went blank, his whole body went lax, and he dropped back. He lay very still; his luck had run out.

THE shot screeched past Grayson's ear. He had been riding up this canyon, tense and alert, and at the instant he caught the bright wink of the sun on gun metal, he threw himself forward, and this was what saved his life.

The gun roared again, and Grayson, having pulled his Winchester from its saddle scabbard, allowed himself to fall. He hit the ground, momentarily shielded by the cloud of dust kicked up by the bolting steeldust. Grayson used this to cover him as he rolled behind the shelter of some mesquite and stones.

He lay there on his stomach, breathing hard, sweat rolling down his beard-stubbled cheeks. He thought he understood what was happening. Someone had been left behind to delay him

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

or kill him while Shackelford made for Mexico. Grayson was pretty sure it was only one man up there on the canyon slope. Whether it was Hamner or McEwen, Grayson had no way of knowing.

Glenn Shackelford was still playing it shrewdly and ruthlessly, Grayson thought. One by one he was cutting down the size of his gang, thus increasing his share of the bullion.

Grayson raised himself slightly for a better look up the slope. Instantly, there was a flash in the sun, and Grayson dropped as another shot went over his head. He lay there, cursing softly and telling himself he could not let himself be pinned down here for too long if he was to get Shackelford and the bullion.

He considered several possibilities, and then he decided on one. He rose abruptly, showing his head above the mesquite. He saw the glancing of the sun off metal, and this time when he went down he let out a scream. He made it as full of pain and terror as he could, and then he could only wait.

He poked a hole through the foliage of the mesquite and used this to watch the canyon slope. For a long time nothing showed or moved up there. All he saw was the sun-washed slant of the canyon wall, undisturbed and placid under the bright copper sky. Then the flash appeared again, and one slug after another came toward the mesquite. Flat on the ground, Grayson rolled behind the more solid shelter of a stone. The bullets kept whining and ricocheting off the boulders.

Finally the shooting ceased, and then the silence set in again. Grayson began watching the canyon wall once more. The sun beat down on his back; he thought it would draw the last bit of moisture out of his body. Still nothing showed. Grayson cursed and tried to shift his position a little, but there was no way he could get out of the sun.

He was just beginning to think that his trick had not worked when the flash winked again up on the canyon wall. But this time there was no gunshot. The carbine came first and then the man. He came out carefully from behind a waist-high boulder, ready to duck back at the first hint of treachery.

Grayson's grip on his Winchester was wet with sweat. His heart hammered.

The man on the canyon slope took one tentative step ahead. When this brought no display of hostility, he took another and another. Now he was coming cautiously down the slope. Grayson waited until the man had no immediate cover. Then Grayson bolted upright, with his Winchester at his shoulder.

"Hold it," he shouted.

The man brought up his carbine and fired. He was startled, and too much in a hurry, however, and his shot was wide. Grayson's bullet hit the man in the chest, and he dropped. The carbine flew out of the fellow's hands. He rolled down the slope a little way, and then a stone stopped his rolling descent.

Grayson started up the slope, wondering who it was that he had killed. The dead man lay with his body twisted in a cramped, jackknifed position. His wide-staring eyes looked straight up into the sun and a trickle of blood from out of the corner of his mouth had stained his close-cropped beard.

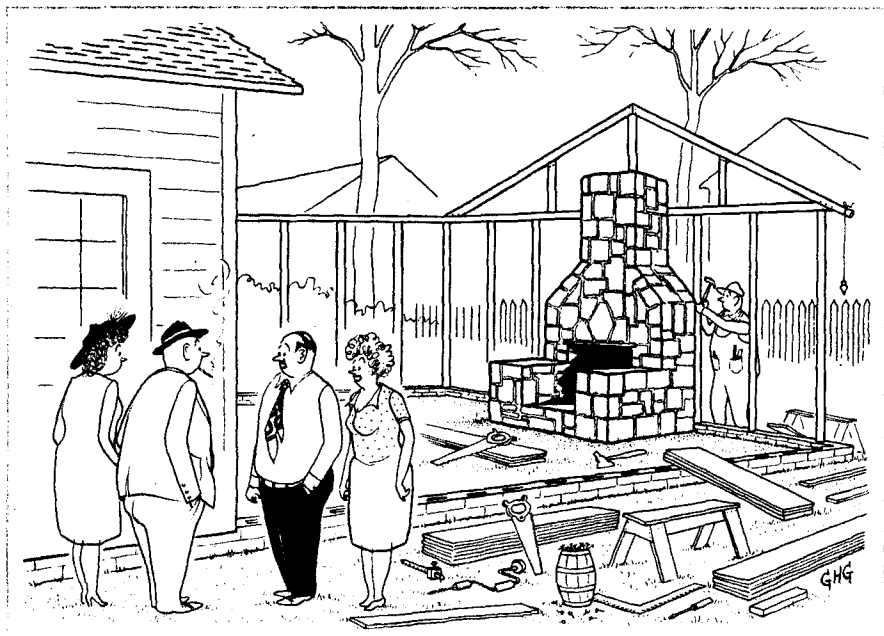
It was not Hamner. So this must be Dick McEwen, Grayson thought. It really didn't make much difference.

A THIN crescent moon was moving across the lower sky. This and the stars provided the only light. Grayson had kept going all night. He was sorry for the tired steeldust and he rested the horse often, but Grayson figured pushing on was his best chance of catching Shackelford. Shackelford would have to make camp and rest. He could not expect a team of horses to keep a heavy chuck wagon moving indefinitely.

Grayson finally found Shackelford's camp on a rise of ground. The land was open all about, and Shackelford had obviously selected the spot for this reason. He could see anyone coming from a long way off. However, Grayson figured that the sparse light of the moon and the stars and shelter of an occasional mesquite or sagebrush would suffice. Anyway, he was going to find out. He dismounted while still some distance from the camp and tied his horse to a mesquite. Then he removed his spurs and started in.

After a little way, he dropped to his belly behind the sage. It was slow and tedious and nerve-racking progress. But he kept moving in.

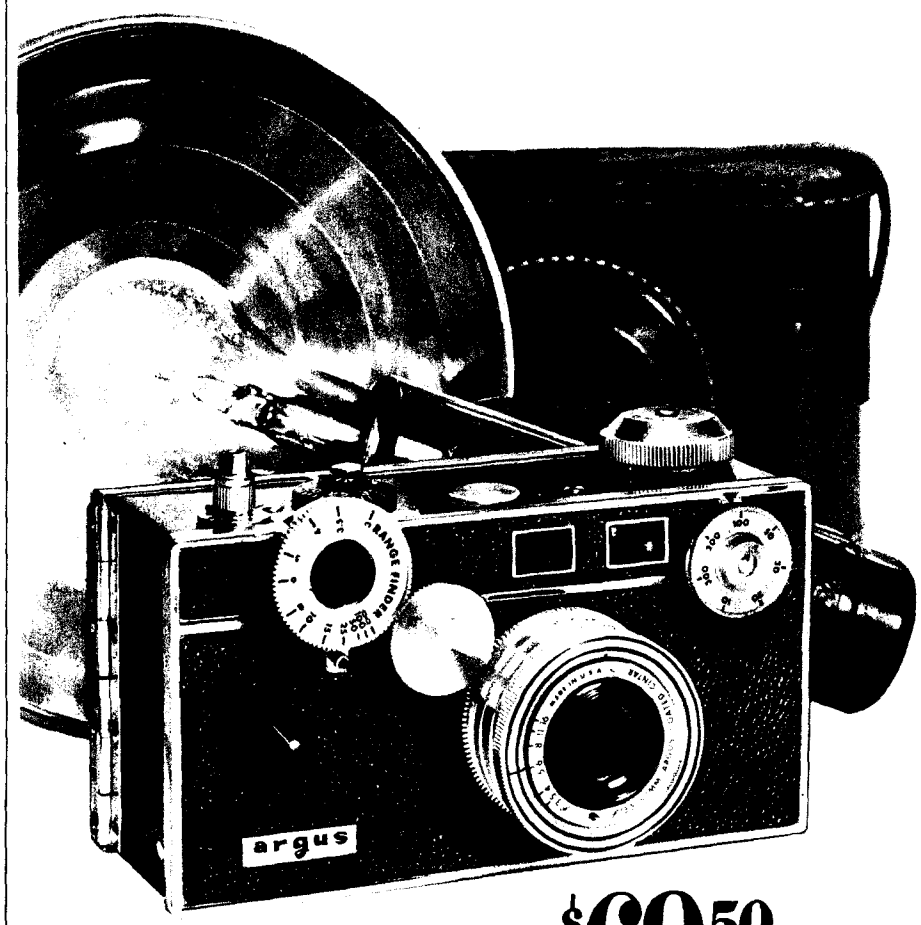
The shape of the chuck wagon loomed up before him. He was very close now, and he knew he would have to be doubly careful. He could hear the sounds of several horses grazing, and he deliberately made a wide circle



"When we found out what it would cost to build a fireplace in the living room, we decided it was much cheaper to build a living room around the outside fireplace"

COLLIER'S — G. H. GREEN

Here's the camera that has made a million friends!

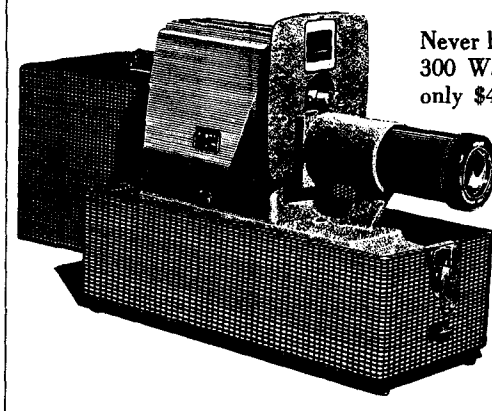


argus C3 $69.50
including case and Flash

It's a fact: More people buy the Argus C3 than any other 35mm camera in the world. Here's what they get: A color-corrected, f:3.5 Cintar lens*—finest of its kind ground in America; precision shutter with speeds up to 1/300 second; lens-coupled rangefinder; built-in flash synchronizer—you plug the flash gun right into the camera. It's ideal for black-and-whites, action, flash, and color slides.

**The Argus-Sandmar Telephoto Lens and Wide Angle Lens are easily interchangeable with the Cintar lens, making the C3 as versatile as cameras costing hundreds of dollars more. These accessory lenses are available at extra cost.*

And here's the new Argus 300 Watt Projector that will make a million more!



Never before could you buy a precision-built 300 Watt projector with these features for only $49.95. A 4-inch, color-corrected f:3.5 lens; a powerful, yet silent blower and special heat-absorbing lens to keep your slides cool; a "right-side-up" rotary slide carrier to prevent upside-down pictures. It's the perfect companion for any 35mm camera.

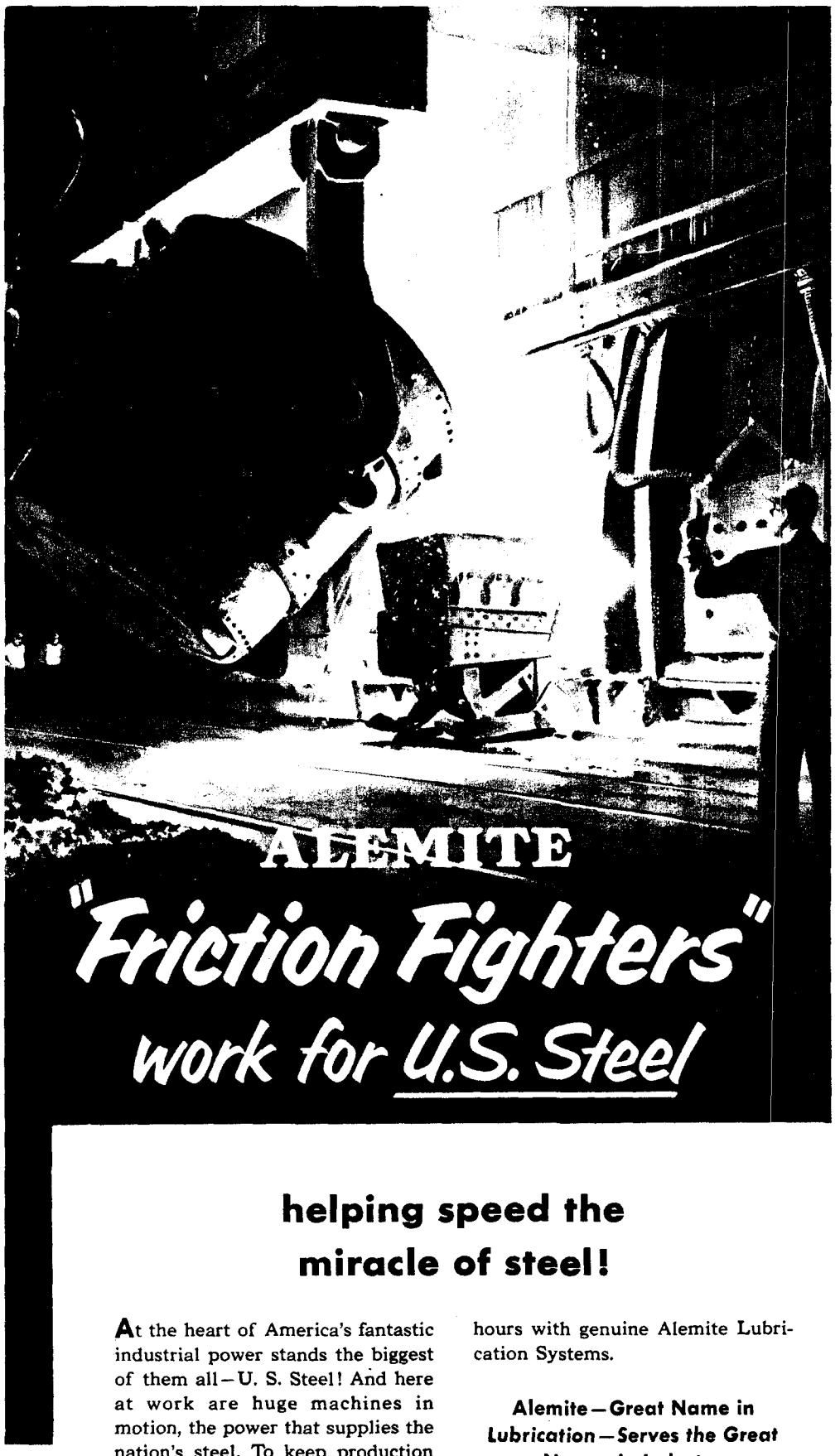
49.95 complete with carrying case.

Copyright 1953, Argus Cameras, Inc., Ann Arbor, Michigan. All prices include Federal Excise Tax where applicable, and are subject to change without notice.

argus

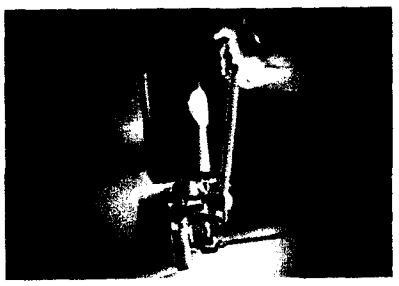
—World's largest manufacturer of 35mm cameras

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



helping speed the miracle of steel!

At the heart of America's fantastic industrial power stands the biggest of them all—U. S. Steel! And here at work are huge machines in motion, the power that supplies the nation's steel. To keep production running smoothly, U. S. Steel, in common with all industry, protects machinery and saves countless man-hours with genuine Alemite Lubrication Systems.



To help maintain uninterrupted production many manufacturers install Alemite's Accumeter Lubrication System. From one central point, Accumeter *automatically* measures and delivers lubricant to bearings while the machine is in motion. In a *fraction* of hand-gun lubrication time.

Alemite—Great Name in *Lubrication*—Serves the Great Names in Industry

It was Alemite's invention, in 1918, that marked the end of the crude, unsure grease-cup method of lubrication. Perfected the tiny Fittings that gave the world of industry its first high-pressure lubrication method and opened new horizons to lubrication science.

Today—in industry—on farms—at sea—in the air—Alemite "Friction-Fighters" work unceasingly. Roller skates to motor cars. Bicycles to bombers. Wherever metal touches metal, wherever machinery is in motion, you find these vital Fittings—and the lubrication "know-how" of 35 years of Alemite progress from invention to perfection.

ALEMITE
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

A PRODUCT OF SW STEWART WARNER

around them. He did not want them snorting a warning.

Grayson now rose up enough to look over the top of a mesquite. There, not twenty feet away, a man was sitting on a stone. He was facing Grayson, but his head was bowed on his chest and he was dozing. Apparently he was there on guard, but he had fallen asleep. From the cut of his shoulders, Grayson guessed it was Bob Hamner.

Grayson did not approach Hamner directly. He was more concerned with Shackelford, whom he considered the greater threat. So he made a circle around the nodding Hamner and came in behind him. Grayson gave a swift look around and saw Shackelford sleeping under the chuck wagon.

Grayson drew his pistol. He came up behind Hamner, painfully conscious that as he sneaked up on Hamner his back was to Shackelford lying under the wagon. Sweat trickled down into his eyes; he could feel its saltiness on his lips.

Hamner snorted as if awakening. His head started to come up. Grayson leaped. The long barrel of his .44 swept down. Hamner started to cry out in alarm; he began to whirl as he sensed the menace behind him, but then the barrel of Grayson's .44 cracked against the side of Hamner's skull, and with a gasp he slumped and rolled off the stone.

There was only one thought in Grayson's mind—Shackelford. Grayson was whirling to face the chuck wagon when the gun roared. He felt something pluck at his sleeve, and he realized it was only his sudden, swift movement that had saved him. He shot at the spot under the wagon, but Shackelford was scurrying behind the shelter of a wheel. Realizing that he made a wonderful target against the starlight, Grayson dropped on his stomach.

Shackelford fired again, and this slug hit the earth in front of Grayson, kicking dirt into his eyes. Blinded for an instant, he could only begin to roll frantically, hoping this movement was enough to spoil Shackelford's aim.

Shackelford tried again, and this slug burned a crease across Grayson's shoulder. His eyes were cleared now, however, and, flat on his stomach, he could see Shackelford again. To get better aim, Shackelford had come out from behind the wheel. He had his left arm up, and the long barrel of his Remington .44-40 rested on this as he took aim.

Grayson took another shot at him. This one hit Shackelford. He reared up on his toes; his .44-40 exploded, but the slug smashed harmlessly into the ground. Shackelford reeled, and then he lurched up against the side of the chuck wagon. Using this to brace himself, he started to aim once more.

GRAYSON fired again. This shot smashed into Shackelford's chest and doubled him up with agony. His gun fell unfired from his fingers. He pitched forward on his face.

Grayson rose to his feet. His knees were shaking a little, and he felt very sick inside. He went up quickly to Shackelford and picked up the man's weapon. Shackelford still lay on his face, but his shoulders stirred a little as he breathed. However, he appeared to be unconscious.

Grayson thought of Hamner, and he reached the man just as Hamner was coming to. Grayson snapped cuffs on him and took his gun. Then he herded Hamner over to where Shackelford lay.

Grayson turned Shackelford over on his back and propped his head on a saddle. Grayson examined the man's wound and saw that there was nothing that could be done. He looked at Hamner. "The bullion's in a false bottom in the wagon, isn't it?" he asked.

Hamner smiled a little. He seemed strangely unconcerned about what had happened. "You finally figured it out, didn't you?"

"You know what this means for you, Hamner?"

Hamner shrugged. "Well, anyway, it was a good idea while it lasted."

Shackelford moaned something unintelligible. Grayson looked at the man, but Shackelford was still in a coma. An hour later Shackelford called his wife's name twice, sharply. Then he was silent again. His breathing became slower and more labored. At dawn he died.

HAMNER had very nearly finished digging the grave when Grayson spotted the two figures on the slowly moving horse. He watched them come up, his heart sinking, wishing that this did not have to be, but knowing of no way to avoid it.

Worry and anxiety were plain in Anita Flores' face. She said to Grayson, "There was no way I could stop her. She insisted on following you. She—she had to know about her husband."

"I understand, Anita," Grayson said.

Blanche Shackelford screamed when she saw the blanket-covered body of her husband. She ran toward it; she dropped on her knees beside it. She pushed the blanket away from Shackelford's head, and then she cradled it against her breast and kissed the cold lips. Her tears dropped on Shackelford's face.

Grayson looked away. There was only one thing that could be done to help, he thought, and that really was beyond his control. He could suggest, that was all. He beckoned to Anita Flores, and they walked over to where Hamner had been working.

Hamner was leaning on his shovel. That old, hopeless look haunted his eyes as he stared at Blanche Shackelford. Her sobbing was a faint, lamenting sound in their ears.

Grayson said, "I want the two of you to listen carefully to what I'm going to say. I'm not ordering either one of you to do it like I want it. I only want both of you to consider thoroughly. I know how it is with both of you. You, Anita, have a brother who went wrong and who is dead because of it. You can blame one man for what happened to your brother and if you want to exact the last little bit of vengeance I won't blame you. As for you, Hamner, you've got nothing to look forward to. If it isn't a hang noose for you, it'll be life in the penitentiary. However, I know how you feel about Mrs. Shackelford, and you'll have a chance to prove it, if you want it that way."

He paused and drew a breath. He felt both of them looking at him. He went on, "I know as well as both of you what Shackelford was like. His memory doesn't deserve anything. He's dead and it's all over for him, but there's someone who has to go on living and another one who still has to be born. It's going to be a pretty lonely and terrifying day for her when the baby comes. She has nothing right now, not even a dream, not even an illusion. The three of us can give her and her child a part of a dream. Maybe it won't be enough, but it should be better than nothing."

Grayson looked at them. Anita Flores was staring at him as if she were seeing him for the first time. The old hate and bitterness were gone from her eyes. They were clear and warm, and there

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was something in them for him which Grayson had never thought he would see there.

Hamner's face was drawn and taut; the creases at the corners of his mouth were deep and set. He gave a little shrug. "It makes no difference to me," he said.

"I'll go over and tell her," Grayson said. "The two of you can back me up, or you can tell it your own way."

Blanche Shackelford was still weeping over the face of her dead husband. Gently, Grayson drew her to her feet and led her away. A little distance off, he stopped and said, "Listen to me, Mrs. Shackelford. I know he's gone and it hurts, but you've got nothing to be ashamed about. He was the only one of the outfit who was clean. He always said he was, didn't he? You aren't going to stop believing him now, are you? The others used him. They saw a chance to sneak out of the country by going with him to Mexico. He never found out the truth until the night of the stampede. He learned about the bullion being hidden in the chuck wagon, and when he figured I'd been killed in the stampede, he drove off with the wagon to turn it over to the law. He had to fight his way. He got this far when Hamner killed him. Your husband told me all this before he died. He told me to tell you not to take it too hard. Think of him now and then, he said, but first of all think of yourself and the child. Both of you always meant a lot to him. Do you understand, Mrs. Shackelford?"

She was staring at him wide-eyed now. The pain and the sense of loss were still engraved in the lines about her mouth, but there was a fierce, proud glint in her eyes. She now had a precious dream to sustain her for the rest of her life.

"I think Hamner will bear me out," Grayson said. Hamner stared at the ground. His voice, when he spoke, was thick. "It was just like Grayson said, Blanche. Glenn was clean. The holdup was all my idea. I rodded it from start to finish."

Grayson looked at Anita Flores. What he saw in her face told him that she, too, would always keep this secret.

They buried Glenn Shackelford, and then they started back for Blue Hat. Bob Hamner drove the chuck wagon. For a man with no future he seemed very much at ease. Whether he was hanged or served out the rest of his life in a penitentiary, he had the knowledge that he had done one great service for the only woman he had ever loved. Seeing Hamner like this, there was no doubt in Grayson that the secret was secure.

Blanche Shackelford rode off to one side by herself, savoring her new dream. As the years wore on, the dream would become nobler and more treasured, and there would be no stigma attached to her and her child.

THIS was as it should be, Grayson thought. It was not the dead that mattered but the living. From greed and corruption and violent death had emerged one fine thing, and it was all that Burt Grayson asked. It made him feel that life was not so futile and evil after all.

After a while, Anita Flores reined her horse over close to Grayson. She had been looking at him quite often, and he knew what lay behind those half-shy, half-bold glances. He was experiencing the same feeling inside. They did not speak of this new emotion that had grown so suddenly in them. It seemed not to need any words. In the years to come they would have much time to speak of it. Now, just being near each other was enough.

They rode along, side by side, under the burning sky. ▲▲▲

In Collier's — Next Week

A Special Fiction Feature

WHITE HUNTER, BLACK HEART

By PETER VIERTEL

John Wilson, a brilliant and erratic Hollywood director, had come to Africa's elephant country to find locations for a motion picture. He had one month in which to complete his search; and then the producer, stars and crew would arrive, and the picture would have to start. A borrowed fortune as well as individual reputations would be at stake. But when Wilson started on his location safari, he began to fancy himself in the role of elephant hunter. The fantasy soon became a compulsion, and he abandoned even the pretense of finding the locations. When the company arrived, Wilson refused to give up his elephant hunt—and each day's delay was disastrous.

The story of John Wilson's obsession, which threatened the careers of everyone connected with the picture, is a penetrating and devastating study of Hollywood personalities, set against the steaming wilds of Africa. The story of Wilson's mania is told by the writer assigned to the picture, and it portrays vividly a harassed producer and two mistrustful stars, and the guides and natives who find Hollywood's geniuses as unfathomable as the jungles around them.

From the novel WHITE HUNTER, BLACK HEART by Peter Viertel, to be published soon by Doubleday & Company.

to help save your car's moving parts from needless, costly repair

Alemite Fittings—and Alemite high-pressure lubrication—were invented and first used on automobiles. Today, most of the motor cars that roll on America's highways are Alemite equipped.

These Alemite Fittings are put on your car so that you can take full advantage of the most modern lubrication method the world knows. The same safe, sure method that every day protects billions of dollars worth of industrial, farm, marine and aviation machinery against the ravages of friction.

To bring you this *genuine* Alemite Lubrication—there is a dealer near you who has invested thousands of dollars in Alemite Lubrication Equipment.

He is the man most familiar with the Alemite Fittings on your car. He is an Alemite trained expert. It will pay you well to seek out this man. He *alone* assures your getting the original—the genuine Alemite Lubrication—the finest protection against friction money can buy.

What's good enough for U. S. Steel is too good for *you* to miss!

• • •

Alemite "Triple-Safe" Motor Oil is a premium quality oil—containing CD-2. Seals . . . Cleans . . . Cools. Lasts Longer!

Behind this man behind the gun . . .

a Billion Dollar Investment in Lubrication Progress

ALEMITE LUBRICATION

ALEMITE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

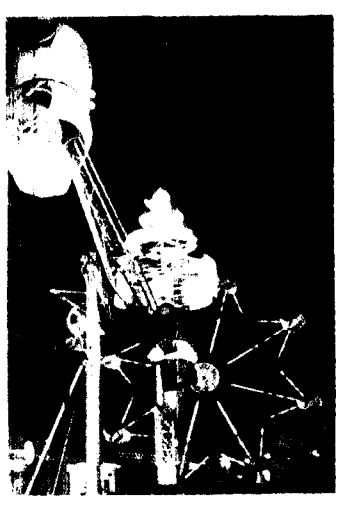
1850 Diversey Parkway, Chicago 14, Ill.

35 YEARS OF LUBRICATION PROGRESS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LIGHT

Collier's COLOR CAMERA



Illusion of great speed is created by time exposure of moving Roll-O-Plane with Rock-O-Plane in the background. Inset pictures the same rides standing still

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

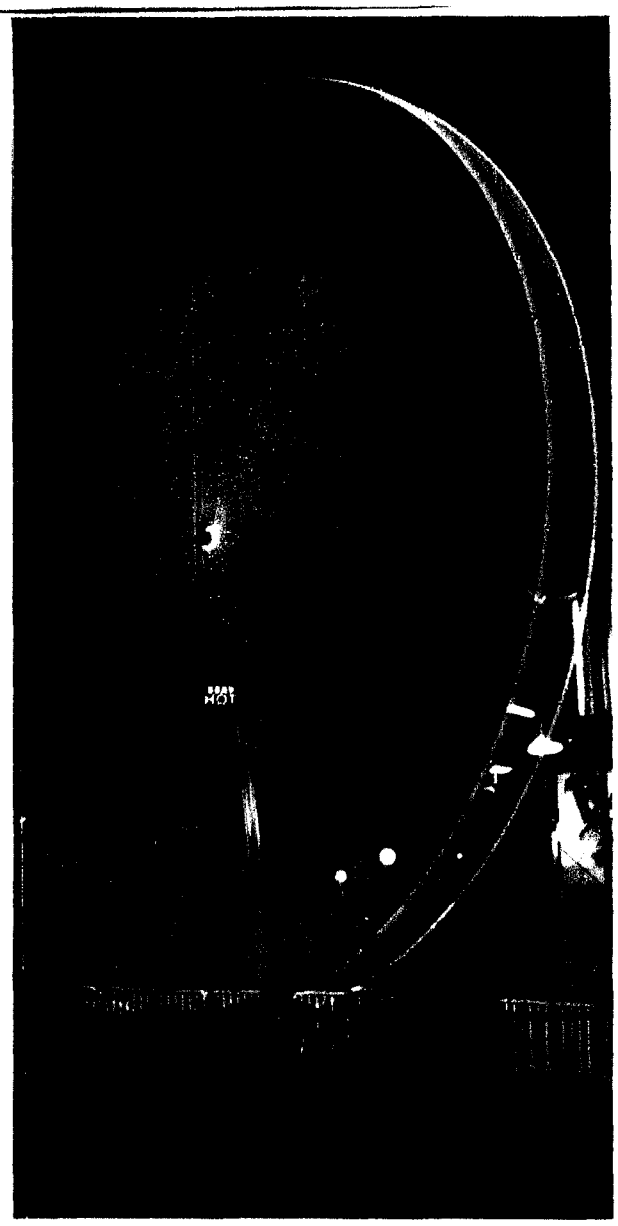
RIDES

A cameraman captures the "Whee!" sensations at an amusement park

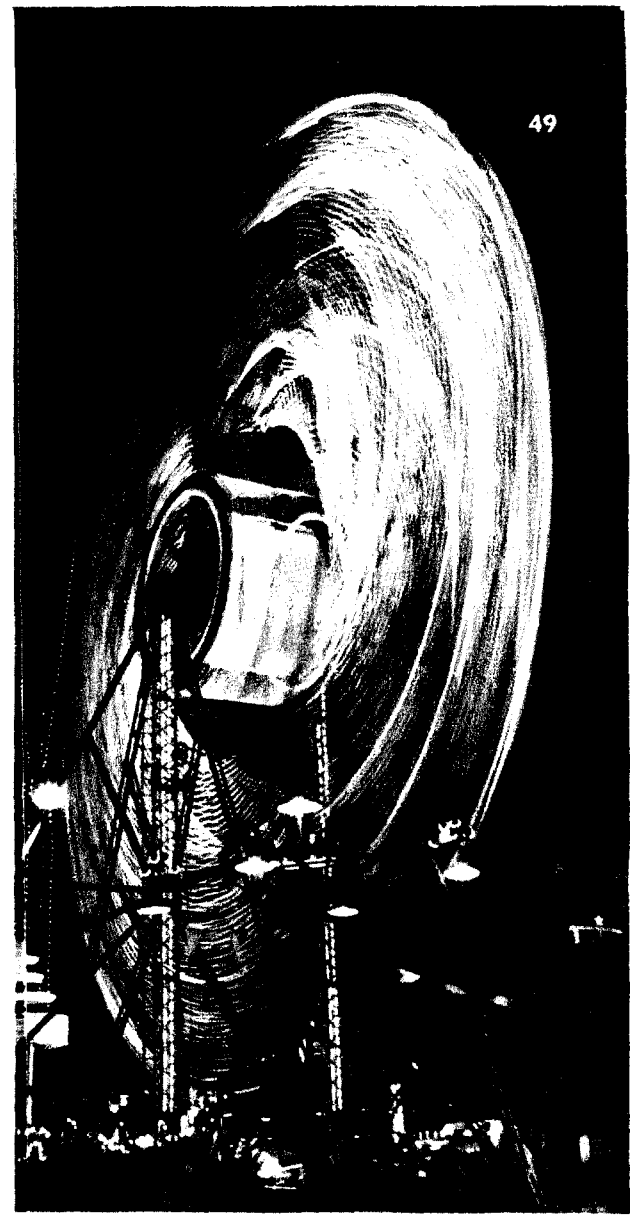
MANY photographs are like a newspaper story; they simply record a set of facts. They are a pictorial account of persons, places and events. Yet just as a newspaper story in the hands of a skillful writer can be made a moving piece of literature, so a commonplace subject can be made beautiful, exciting or moving by a perceptive photographer. The pictures may be out of focus or blurred. But they aren't intended to be a literal record. They're meant to stir the imagination or the emotions.

When photographer Don Jim visited the Nu-Pike Amusement Park in Long Beach, California, he was fascinated by the whirling, dipping, gyrating rides. Here was a chance to do something photographically exciting. He wanted to picture the rides, not standing still, but moving—each one tracing its geometric pattern of light on color film. First he set up his camera and photographed the rides before they began to move. Then he inserted fresh film, opened his shutter from three to six seconds at from F11 to F16 and let each ride make its individual design of light on the emulsion.

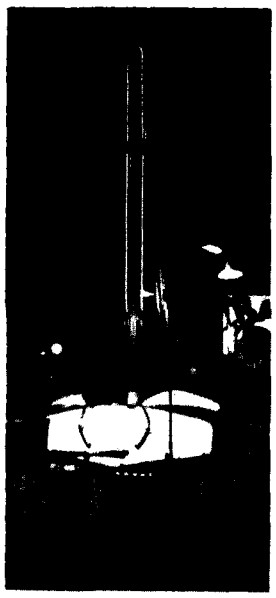
The final results bear only a scant factual resemblance to joy rides. But they do show, more than any factual photo could, why your stomach does flip-flops on a loop-the-loop. ▲▲▲

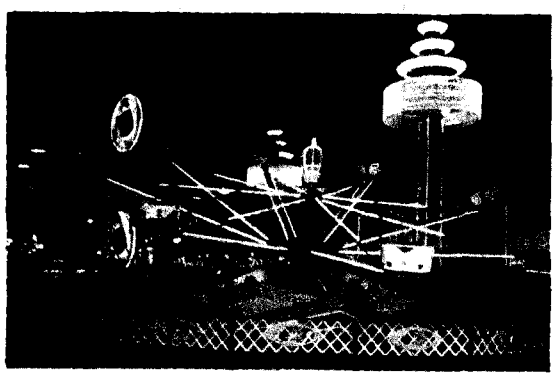


Loop-O-Plane in motion resembles giant hoop in sky at Nu-Pike Amusement Park, Long Beach, Calif.

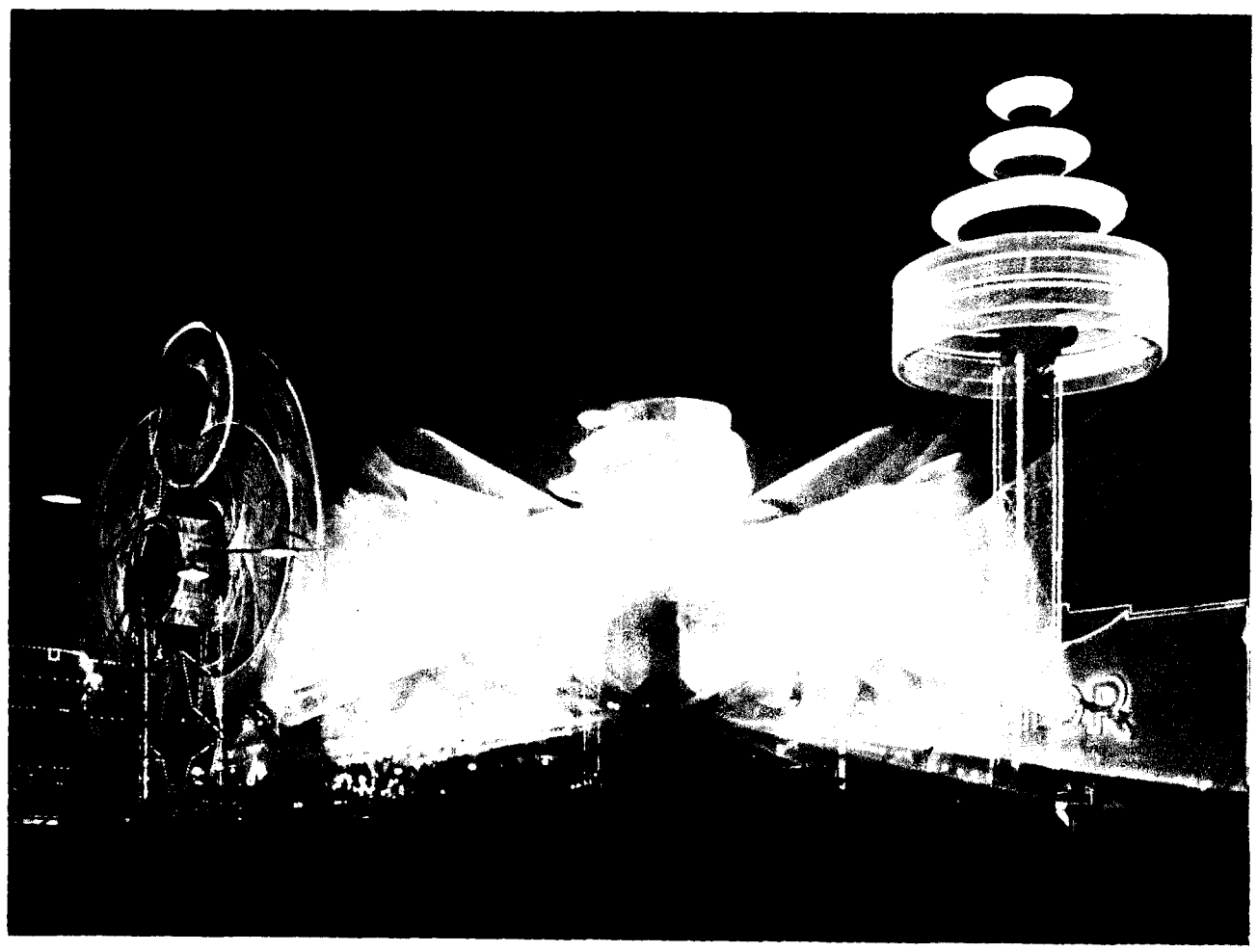


Time exposure makes Sky Ride, pair of wheels on a moving arm, look like a rainbow spider web





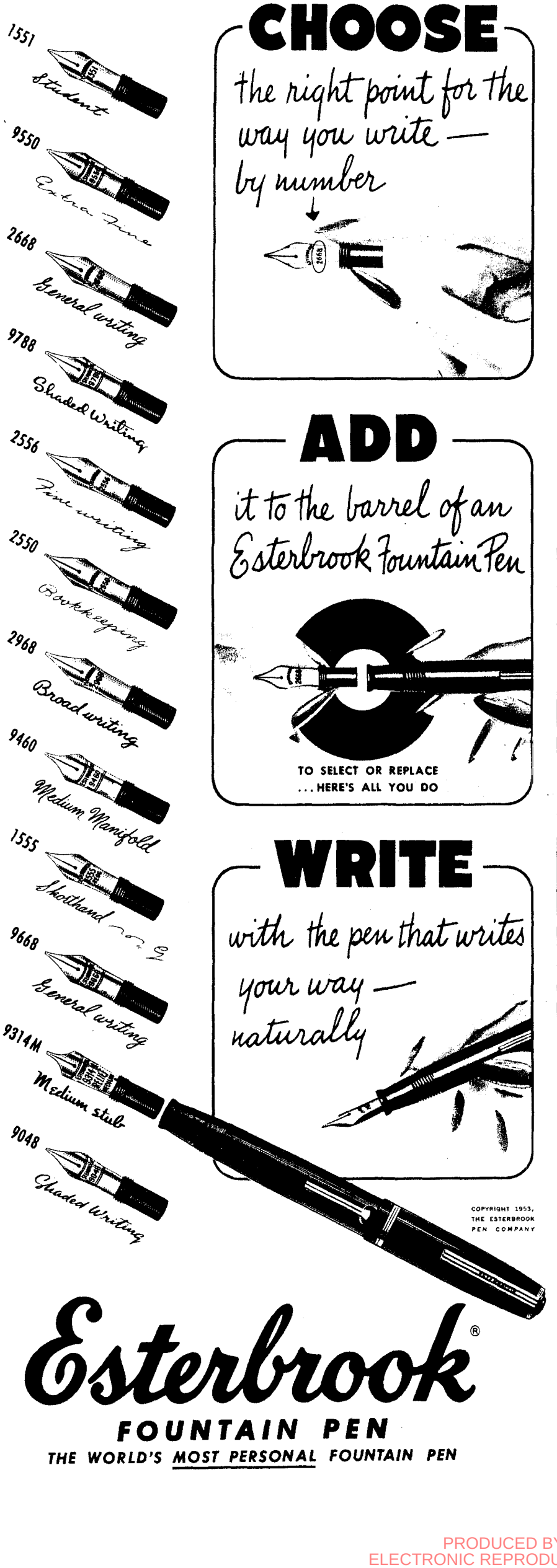
Shots of motionless rides, Loop-O-Plane (top left), Sky Ride (right), Octopus (below), make interesting but not spectacular photographs



The Octopus, going through its dipping antics, traces a pattern that appears like a gossamer tent of pastel lights. Shots had to be timed exactly. Overexposures washed out the delicate variations within designs, and underexposures recorded only thin lines of brightest light

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY DON JIM

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Not the Guy for Her

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 17

the oven. Smoke poured out. Eddie raised the window higher and fanned the air. "Oh, just look," Peggy wailed. It was a gloomy scene. The casserole dish had broken, and everything was bubbling in a black pool on the bottom of the oven. "Ruined! Ninety cents' worth of meat, thirty cents' worth of mushrooms and carrots. Oh, just look at it, Eddie," she moaned.

"Here, here, don't cry," Eddie said. He put his arm around her and patted her shoulder. Then he had an idea. "Let's go down to my apartment. We can have a beer, play some songs, and I'll broil a couple of little steaks."

"Steaks," Peggy said. "What *are* steaks?"

"Baked potatoes, and a nice green salad."

"Wait. Don't go away."

SHE vanished into the bedroom and soon reappeared wearing shoes, a summery skirt and an off-the-shoulder blouse. Eddie's heart took off like a toy balloon in a high gale.

Eddie retrieved the cat and they went down the stairs, and he unlocked the door. "I haven't done much dusting up today," he said. "Just push things aside." He gathered up a few shirts, socks and some empty coffee cups.

"What's this?" Peggy asked, looking down at his drafting table.

"Oh, just a thing," he said. "You know: enclose three box tops with ten cents in stamps or coin. You may win the gigantic—"

"No, really," she said, "what is it, Eddie?"

"A contest. The Home Builders' Association is giving fifteen hundred dollars for the best plans for a low-cost cottage," he said. "We're down to the finals now—me and four other guys. Here are the floor plans." He spread them out. "The judges made criticisms, and we're supposed to work out the bugs. My problem is getting more closet space without raising costs, and that's rough. But who knows, maybe I'll work it out and cover myself with glory. In which case, old J. T. might let me use the vice-president's water cooler."

She looked up, and her eyes were dark blue and serious. "Don't laugh at yourself, Eddie," she said. "Be proud of what you do." She made it sound quite easy.

"Tell me about you," Eddie said, as they fixed dinner. "How long have you been writing songs?"

"Oh, forever—since I was six or seven. Father taught music in Winton. That's in Ohio, in case you haven't heard." She told him about her father, who'd been a composer, but not of popular songs—piano concertos, even a symphony. Nobody had ever played them, except once; once the high-school band had played a march he'd written.

She hadn't really *sold* a song yet, she confessed. She'd come to New York five weeks ago with three hundred dollars and a suitcase full of songs. They'd sounded wonderful in Winton, but Winton and the Ajax Music Corporation were two different things. And three hundred dollars wasn't so much, after she'd rented a piano and found an apartment.

Eddie knew. He'd been through this himself, and not so long ago.

After dinner Peggy played her songs. Eddie listened, and the longer he listened, the more he was sure: this was music. Time after time a fresh, clean melody poured out. Then, too soon, it slipped away. He understood why Ajax hadn't bought the songs. They were incomplete, unfinished. But even as they faded, their fresh promise lingered. They were *so* close. Each of them needed just a little touch, a little tinkering here, a little mending there. The zest and talent were already there. And that, Eddie knew, was the difference between him and Peggy. Hers was the rich gift of talent; all he'd ever had was a piano and a bench.

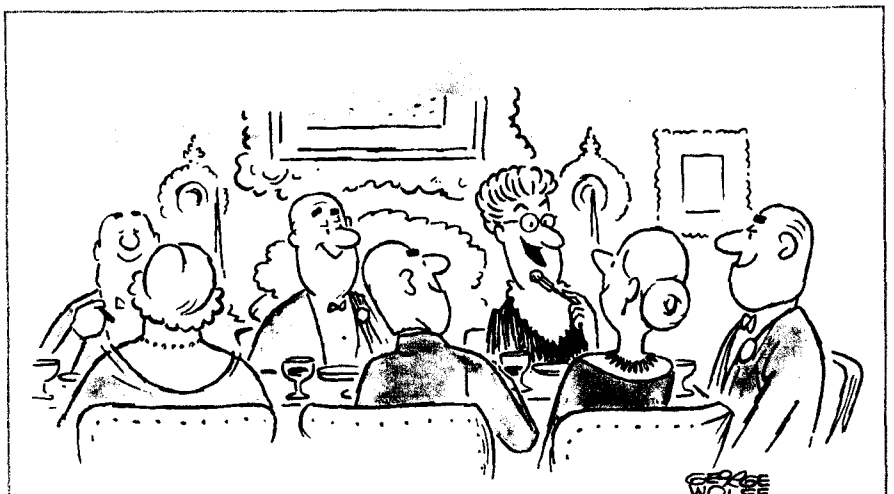
She played a tango, a poignant, lonely song. It was the best of all, but it, too, lost its way. He sat down be-

COLLIER'S

"Oh, thank you, Mr. Walker, I don't know what I would do without you"

LEO GAREL

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



"I *never* touch liquor in any form. So please *don't* tell me how you made this delicious hard sauce!"

COLLIER'S — GEORGE WOLFE

side her and played it over. He went back, hunting the place where it faltered, looking for a way to keep it from going flat. He began to feel a growing excitement. This is my speed, he was thinking. It's what I've been hunting.

They didn't talk. They sat side by side on the piano bench, weaving and reweaving the music, passing it back and forth. It was late. Peggy stopped and looked up at him, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining. "Don't say anything flippant. You're wonderful, Eddie," she said. "Put us together, and we could do lovely songs."

"Oh, yes," he said. He knew it secretly. She had what he needed: the gift of fresh inventiveness. He could do the mending and the plowing. He could see it: nights like tonight, years of them, stretching on like the road to paradise.

The lamplight made shadows in the hollows of her cheeks. It shone in the gold of her hair. Eddie loved her, not just a little, nor just for this brief time, but more than he could measure, more than time could tell. He kissed her. It was the kiss he'd been hunting, all those other times.

She turned away then. "Oh," she said softly. "No, Eddie."

"No?" he asked. "But I thought it was lovely."

She looked down at the piano keys, and after a moment she raised her head again. Then he knew, even before she spoke; and he felt the bottom dropping out of paradise.

"Don't tell me," he said. "I can tell; there's somebody ahead of me."

SO SHE told him about Fowler Brandon from Winton. He'd been the youngest instructor at Winton College when Peggy was a freshman. Fowler was handsome, and he was brilliant. He wasn't dull or fuzzy, the way lots of men were. He was here in New York now, working on his Ph. D. at Columbia. He'd been working on it over a year, and he still had a year to go, at least.

"That's why I've just got to sell songs and make money," Peggy said. "Fowler doesn't have an extra penny for anything. Everything's divided up, right down to the last dollar and minute. But we've waited so long, and another year seems like forever. Fowler thinks we shouldn't get married until we've got at least a thousand dollars ahead. He'd worry and wouldn't be able to concentrate on his thesis. We had a big argument, and finally he agreed. If I made a thousand dollars, then he—"

"He should hold out for two thousand—a valuable guy like that."

"Don't, Eddie," she said. "I know what you're thinking, but you're wrong. Fowler just believes in having things planned. But you'll like him. Really you will, Eddie."

"Possibly," he admitted. "I confess to a shadow of doubt at the moment, however."

"Eddie," she said, touching his cheek, "look: tonight was wonderful, wasn't it? Let's not spoil it."

"*Spoil* it!" Eddie repeated. "That wasn't my idea at all."

But it was no use. He knew it when he looked into her eyes. So he sighed and walked her up the stairs to her door and said good night.

IT WAS hard to sleep that night. He thought of Peggy: of the warmth of her lips and the blue of her eyes. Oh, yes, he'd help her fix the songs. Then maybe the royalties would roll in, and then there'd be a wedding. He groaned. Days like today shattered a man's faith in music.

The next morning was Sunday, and Eddie went to work on the plans for the cottage. Late in the afternoon Peggy knocked at the door. "Come to dinner," she said. "I'm blowing us to a meat loaf."

"I'd better work. The deadline on this contest is Tuesday morning, and I'm getting nowhere fast," he said glumly.

"You need to get away from it for a while. Anyway, you've got to eat. Please," she said, and then she smiled, and that did it. He said he'd be right up. He shaved and put on his new suit. When he opened Peggy's door, there sat Fowler. Eddie took one look, and his evening was wrecked.

He had hoped that Fowler might be mousy or balding—someone Peggy could change her mind about. But no, Fowler was lean and tall and trim. His features were decisive, his eyes alert, his jaw firm.

Before long he was telling Eddie about his thesis. The title was The Subconscious Will to Fail. "Many people strive, secretly, to fail, you know," he said.

Eddie hadn't known, but Fowler was prepared to tell him.

"When a man succeeds," he said, "great responsibilities and pressures fall on him. But failure avoids responsibilities. Failure is a clinging to childhood," said Fowler. "It's astonishing how people arrange methods and ways to fail. A salesman, for instance, has an appointment with his president, a crucial appointment that could lead to a big promotion. On his way, the salesman falls and breaks a leg. Is it an ac-

JUST ONE BRUSHING WITH

COLGATE Chlorophyll Toothpaste DESTROYS BAD BREATH

Originating in the Mouth

MORE EFFECTIVELY!

Clinical Tests Prove It Works More Thoroughly, for a Longer Time Than A Non-Chlorophyll Toothpaste!

In "Osmoscope" tests with actual cases, (men and women who had unpleasing breath), Colgate Chlorophyll* Toothpaste was proved to act *more thoroughly*, and give *longer-lasting* protection. Even at the end of four hours, it was proved to give *far greater reduction* of bad breath!

RIDS MOUTH OF DECAY BACTERIA!

Just one brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste cleans your mouth of a high percentage of bacteria. Remember: bacteria and acids are a chief cause of tooth decay. Every time you brush with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste you reduce these destructive acids!

COMMON GUM TROUBLE REDUCED TWICE AS FAST!

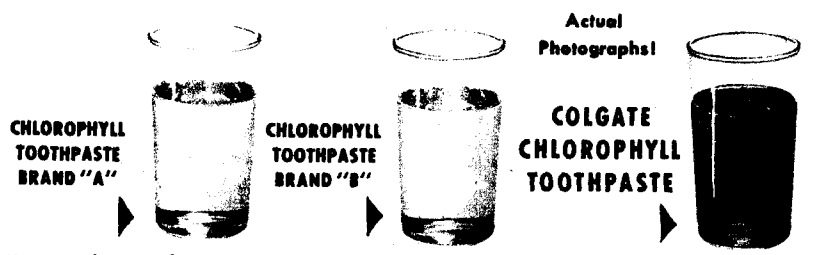
Clinical tests (now published in a dental journal!) with 589 children show that chlorophyll toothpaste can reduce gingivitis *twice as fast* as a white toothpaste! Even *severe* cases were quickly improved! Here is scientific proof that regular brushing with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste can help your children have a better chance for sound, healthy gums!

*Contains water-soluble chlorophyllins

YOU CAN PROVE IT YOURSELF!

No Other Toothpaste HAS MORE ACTIVE CHLOROPHYLL

And You Can Be Sure Colgate's Is in *Effective, Soluble* Form!



Here is the proof! When equal amounts of Brand "A", Brand "B" and Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste are mixed with water, the solution with Colgate turns a darker, richer green, thus proving it contains more soluble chlorophyll than either brand. And while the chlorophyll in other brands may settle to the bottom, you won't see this happen with Colgate Chlorophyll Toothpaste. The water remains a clear, dark green, even for days, showing that the chlorophyll is completely dissolved—ready to help you against bad breath and common gum disorders!

Make Sure You Get The Full Benefits of a Chlorophyll Toothpaste...with this New, Exclusive Colgate Formula!

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

cident? Not necessarily; quite possibly the salesman was afraid to tackle the bigger job. Subconsciously he yearned to escape from pressures. So he willed himself to fall, to miss the appointment and hence to fail. That sort of thing goes on all the time."

"Tell me," said Eddie. "You've mastered this will to fail?"

"A flippant question," Fowler said. "The subconscious is never mastered, as you put it. On the other hand, if one studies himself and . . ."

It was like that all evening. Fowler had a clear grasp of things. He saw through them to the core. This was no night for plunking the piano and puttering with songs. In fact, it came out that Fowler didn't greatly care for popular music. He appreciated Bach.

Peggy listened to every word he said. The apartment was brushed and dusted. This is the preview, thought Eddie. He could almost see her now, sitting in the corner of some faculty living room, night after night, listening while Fowler brushed the cobwebs out of the minds of lesser men. It was true; Eddie admitted it: Fowler was a bright and shiny thinking machine. He wouldn't chug along back roads. He would go far and arrive on time. But his road wasn't the road for Peggy. She'd trail along like a shadow: a lovely and proper shadow, but not alive and fresh and vivid and barefooted, and not with songs or laughter.

By nine o'clock Eddie had had it. He went home, made a pot of coffee and went to work on the plans. At three o'clock, dog-tired, he quit and looked at what he'd done. The closet problem was practically licked. He'd be able to finish tomorrow if he came straight home and went to work.

AT FIVE the next afternoon, he climbed the stairs and unlocked his door. Then he heard Peggy's door slam, and the sound of her footsteps as she rushed down the stairs.

She burst in. "Oh, Eddie!" she cried, "you'll never believe it! It's wonderful!" Her eyes shone, and she was barefooted again.

"What? What won't I believe?"

"I took the song down to Ajax—the one we were working on first. Mr. Schuster was busy. While I waited, I sat down and fooled around with that tango. Then—*then* all of a sudden somebody said, 'Hey, do that little business again.' It was Kenny King! Only Kenny King, the fanciest band leader in the world, practically," she said breathlessly.

"Yes? Then what? What then?"

"I told him it wasn't finished. He didn't care. So I played it. He loved it, Eddie! Finish it, and get it back fast, tonight, he said. If it comes out right, he said he'd give it a coast-to-coast send-off on his Saturday Serenade. He'll play it as the Hit of Tomorrow, he said. He'll throw out a turkey he'd scheduled and he'll play the tango. Aren't you listening, Eddie?—coast-to-coast: Isn't it wonderful?"

"Oh, yes."

Her rapture warmed him: coast-to-coast, Kenny King, a hit. All of it added up to a dream he'd often dreamed, of the pot of gold he'd hunted and never found. It was wonderful, yes—like a ticket to heaven—*for Fowler.*

"Hurry, Eddie, finish it for us," Peggy said. She hauled him toward the piano. "I've been beating myself over the head all day, but it needs you. Fix it for us, Eddie."

"Wait. Tonight I've got to—" he began, but Peggy interrupted:

"Tonight's the deadline, he said. Two o'clock this morning, when they finish playing at the Wildwood Room, he said. He wants to make the arrangements himself, and then there'd be rehearsals. Oh, hurry, Eddie," she said. "Remember? It goes like this . . ."

HE KNEW how it went. He stood there listening and thinking, thinking of the plans he had to finish tonight or not at all, and thinking of Fowler. He looked at Peggy, at the glow of her eyes and the radiance of her cheeks.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" she said.

"Nothing," he said. Nothing but everything. "Peggy . . ." Then he kissed her. "I love you," he said, "that's what's the matter."

"Oh," she said faintly.

He kissed her again. "Like that I love you," he said. "More than that."

"No, no, no, Eddie."

"Stop saying no. Look at us. Think of the songs we could do together. Think of the hundreds of things we could do. You and Fowler are a thousand miles apart."

"That's not true," she said quickly.

"He's just the guy you used to dream about in college—a freshman crush, that's all. You're not a freshman any more, and Fowler's not for you."

"Don't say that! He's not just a—freshman crush. You don't understand."

"Us, we're different," Eddie said, rushing on desperately. "Call it a corny old line, but we're made for each other. When you say something, I know what you mean. When you feel something, I feel it too, without needing words or pictures. Oh, don't you see, Peggy?"

"I see, but it's wrong," she said, pulling away from him. "We're too *much* alike, too Bohemian."

"Who said Bohemian? I wear clean shirts, get haircuts, save money."

"Unpredictable, then, erratic. We'd never know what tomorrow would be."

"Oh. But with Fowler you'd know, just like a calendar. But who wants to marry a calendar?"

"Don't say that! I know what I want, and it's not a—a troubadour's life. I've had it. I had it for years with Father. He'd turn away paying students and give lessons to somebody without a dime. Or he'd drop everything to write another concerto."

"Did that make him a bum? He sounds nice."

"I didn't say bum. He was wonderful, and I loved him; but it wasn't always fun to wear the same dresses forever and live on Depot Street and never know how the bills would be paid. Oh, I didn't hate it. I'm half Bohemian, and sometimes, when you're young, it's fun. But the fun doesn't last forever," she said. "I know how it would be with us. We'd write songs, and maybe we'd be lucky and life would be a party, but then the luck would run out, and there we'd be. I've got another corny old line, Eddie, and it goes like this: I want my love mixed with certainty and security. That's one of the reasons I love Fowler. He's like that."

"So is an insurance company, but did you ever kiss an insurance company?"

"Eddie, you're being rude and mean."

He blushed. "All right. I'm a rude, mean Bohemian, so why waste time with me?" he said. "Take your song problems to Fowler. Let him work out the kinks and pay for his own honeymoon. What am I—his fairy godmother or something?"

"Oh." Peggy's eyes widened in hurt surprise. "Oh," she said again. "It's a fair point, Eddie. I hadn't thought."

She walked out and shut the door. Eddie sighed and hated himself. He looked down at the plans on the drafting board. There it was: a neat little cottage. Not bad at all, better than many, in fact, but nothing to shake the world.

Eddie didn't underrate the plan; he respected it for what it was: the result of hard work and honest craftsmanship. He was proud of it. Peggy was wrong about the Bohemian part. He had found the work he wanted to do, and this was it. He wanted to write songs, yes, but only for fun, only with his left hand, at nights and on rainy Sundays—*and only with Peggy. That was the* way it was with songs, but he'd never be able to make her understand. There was probably a rule somewhere that said: once a song writer, always a tramp. Or something, anyway.

He heard Peggy's piano and went over to the window. He heard the tango lilting along, then it faltered. Peggy started over again, and then again. It was a lovely song. There—right in *there was the trouble.*

He hummed it, and he remembered the glow of her eyes. He remembered the days when he'd been writing songs: the hope and the disappointment and the longing. A chance like this with Kenny King came sometimes, but most often it didn't.

He looked at the plans on the drafting board again. The house was done, really. Tonight he would only be making minor changes. Whatever he'd started out to prove was proved already, in a way. He didn't really care what the judges said. But the song wasn't done.

He stood there, and now he remembered the soft warmth of her lips. Then he knew it didn't matter about Fowler or the money or the wedding. What mattered was Peggy and her song.

He opened the door and went up the stairs and knocked. When she opened the door, she looked as if she'd been crying. "I'm sorry," Eddie said. "Always on Mondays I say things I don't mean. So now let's fix the song."

"Eddie," she said. Then she smiled. "I'm sorry, too. On Mondays I say things, too."

They went to work. Peggy made coffee. They ate sandwiches at the piano. *Eddie thought of a little minor* theme and wove it into the tango. Peggy worked on it until it made a delicate echo to the main melody. It was after midnight when Peggy played the song a last time. "That's it, Eddie," she said swiftly. "We've got it. It's good."

It was better than good, and Eddie knew it. And a part of it was his; not merely the mending and fixing, but a part that was new and fresh was his, and he was proud of it.

"Let's take it to Kenny King," she suggested.

But Eddie said he was tired, and tomorrow was a long day. "You do it," he said.

They went down the stairs, and she paused at his door. "Eddie," she said, "thank you." She raised herself on tiptoe and kissed him lightly on the cheek. It was lovely, but it did his heart no good.

He closed the door and looked at the plans. There wasn't a prayer of finishing *them now. So he rolled them up* and stuck them on the closet shelf. Then he fed the cat and went to bed.

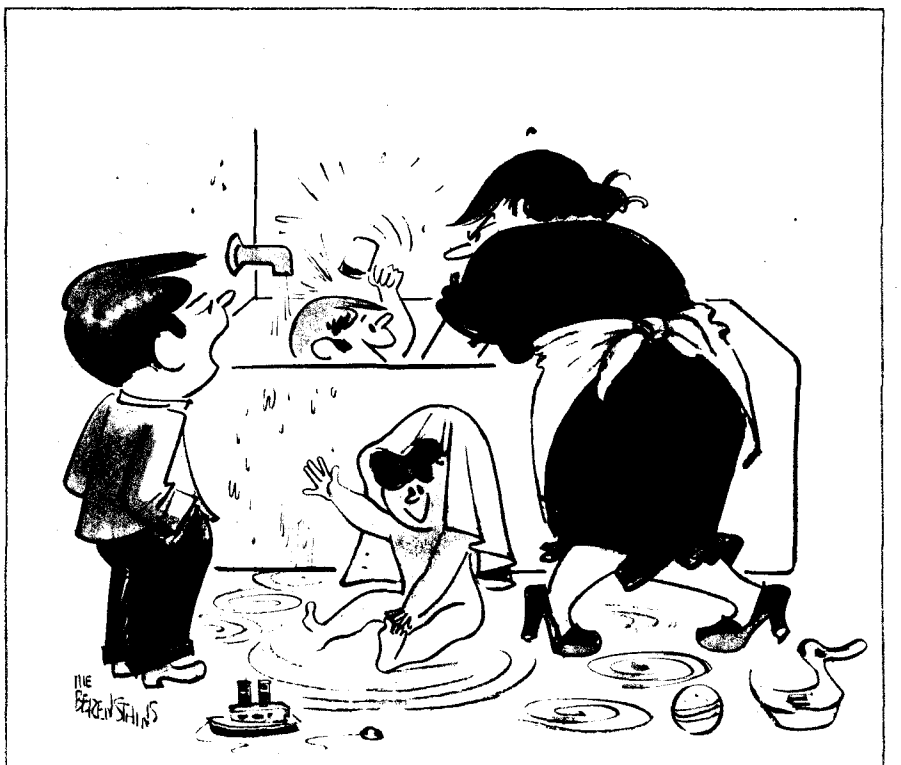
WHEN he came home the next afternoon, Peggy rushed downstairs. "He loved it! He's going to play it, Eddie," she said breathlessly. "Isn't it wonderful? And he invited us to the Wildwood Room for the broadcast."

"You and Fowler go," Eddie said. "I may be busy."

"But you've got to go," she said. "It—why, it's the most important thing in history, practically. You can't not go."

So finally Eddie said he'd go. But that's the last time, he told himself firmly. This had about as much future as *high-diving into a dry pool.*

On Saturday he and Peggy and Fowler took the subway up to the Wildwood Room. Peggy was gay and excited. Fowler was calm, but interested. Eddie was tired. The broadcast began at ten. Kenny played three current hits, *then an old number. Then, with a fan*fare, he announced the Hit of Tomorrow, Walking in the Rain.



COLLIER'S **"Dad's on the phone. After he asked to talk to you I heard him tell somebody, 'Don't be silly, she'll be delighted'"** STANLEY & JANICE BERENSTAIN

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The melody came, first from the strings, delicately, then a horn lifted it, and two pianos gave it body. Eddie felt a thrill in his throat. They had it made, and it was better than he'd dared to hope. He looked at Peggy. She was away off in the clouds, in a dream. So it was worth it, Eddie knew.

Then the broadcast ended. Peggy drew a deep breath and floated back to earth. "Wasn't it wonderful, Fowler?" she said. "Wasn't it lovely?"

"Delightful," he said. "Delightful."

ONLY the sordid details remained, thought Eddie: packing for the honeymoon; hiring an agent to stack the royalties. Indeed, indeed, some men led rich and wondrous lives. And some men didn't.

"I'll buy a drink," he said. He was tired and ready to go home. He called a waiter over. When the drinks came, Eddie picked up his glass. "To a big hit," he said, and he smiled a big smile. Everybody smiled.

Then Fowler looked sympathetic. "I noticed in the morning paper where they'd awarded the prize in the low-cost housing contest," he said. "Too bad you missed it, Eddie."

"What? Oh, well," Eddie said, "you can't win every time."

"Oh, Eddie, you lost?" Peggy said. "You didn't tell me."

"Nothing to tell."

"One thing I didn't understand," Fowler said. "The paper gave the names of the other finalists, but it didn't mention you anywhere. You *were* in the finals, didn't Peggy tell me?"

"Oh, sure, but—newspapers," Eddie said. "You know how it goes. Things get left out."

"I'd call them up and make a point of it," Fowler said firmly. "It's a little thing, but those things add up, professionally."

"Okay, so I should call them. Now let's quit kicking it around. It was only a contest, so why get steamed up?" he said impatiently.

"Eddie," Peggy said softly, "Eddie, look at me."

He looked, and he saw it in her eyes: she was adding it all together, like the smartest girl in school. And he saw that it hurt. "You told me," she said. "I remember now. The deadline was Tuesday, and you said you had to work, but instead you helped me with the song."

"I said quit kicking it around," Eddie said. He could have tied Fowler's neck into small tight knots that moment, joyously.

"You didn't finish the plans," Peggy said. "That was it, wasn't it, Eddie? You didn't, because you helped me instead."

"Look, maybe I didn't like the house any more," he said. "I wanted to play the piano that night. You know me—the Bohemian type."

"Oh, no," she whispered. "You shouldn't have."

Fowler's eyes had opened wide. "Fascinating," he said suddenly. His voice had a bright, surgical ring.

Eddie stiffened. "Fascinating?" he said. "Like what? Or why?"

"A perfect example of what I was explaining the other night," Fowler said, "the will to fail." He looked like a scientist with a new bug. This he loved. This was better than the song. This was the high point of Fowler's evening. "Your conduct was precisely what—"

"Fowler, don't," Peggy said. "Please, don't."

"Oh, it's all right," Eddie said ominously. "Go ahead, Fowler."

"You'd reached the finals of the contest. The pressure was great, and you dreaded losing. In your heart you were afraid you *would* lose. You secretly yearned to escape. So you seized the chance to run away—by helping Peggy with her song, instead of coping with your own problem."

"Just like that?" Eddie said. "I was scared, so I ran away." He took a deep breath. "I didn't have any better reasons? You're pretty sure?"

"Oh, you told yourself it was for other reasons. We always put a good face on our retreats," Fowler said fairly. "You probably convinced yourself that Peggy needed your help."

"Fowler, stop," Peggy said sharply. "You're being mean."

"Fowler's doing fine," Eddie said. "So the way you see it, Fowler, any good reasons I had were strictly phony. Right?"

"Phony isn't precisely the word I would use."

"But phony is what you mean, huh?" Eddie said. "Fowler, this time you're wrong. I wasn't scared and I wasn't running away. I did the song because then, *that night*, the song was more important to me than a five-room-and-patio cottage. We won't go into my reasons why. Just say that I had them."

"But they weren't sound reasons, don't you see?" Fowler said. "Your business is a serious affair. These songs of Peggy's shouldn't influence you. So, you see, your conduct was impractical."

"Impractical," said Eddie. "Now there is a word. It reminds me of a couple of other words, like erratic and unpredictable. I don't like them either." He leaned across the table. His voice was rich with rage. "I'll say my little piece, professor, and then I'll go. The world's full of people who do impractical things for good and human reasons. Maybe you call them mistakes, but the wheels wouldn't turn unless somebody did them. In fact, if you think about it a minute, love is impractical. Children are impractical. Music. Laughing is a waste of time. You can boil it down to nothing, Fowler, or you can just resign from the human race." He stopped. Fowler was looking at him calmly; taking all this down in mental shorthand, probably, to put in his thesis.

EDDIE looked at Peggy. She was sitting there, just sitting, her eyes wide and dark and dismayed. "Get your songs written fast," he said to her, "and do your laughing now. It's going to be a cold and practical winter where you're headed, my little one."

But his rage collapsed as her eyes met his, and he felt only tired and wasted. "I'm sorry," he said. He turned and walked out.

He went down into the subway and got on his train. The life of the party, he thought without pride, that was J. Edward McGuire. He got off the subway and paused for a time at Donovan's Bar, but it did no good. What Donovan sold and what Eddie needed were two vastly different matters tonight. He paid his bill and went home. He unlocked his door, and then he blinked. There she sat, in the big chair, with her shoes off and her feet tucked up.

"I came in the window," she said. "You know—like Barclay."

"Oh," he said blankly.

She smiled and stood up. "Fowler and I had a big discussion after you left," she explained. "Not a long one—just loud and big."

"Oh," he said. He seemed to be stuck on that word.

"Then he took the subway his way, and I took the subway mine."

"Oh," Eddie said. And then an idea struck him. "Just like that? You mean—"

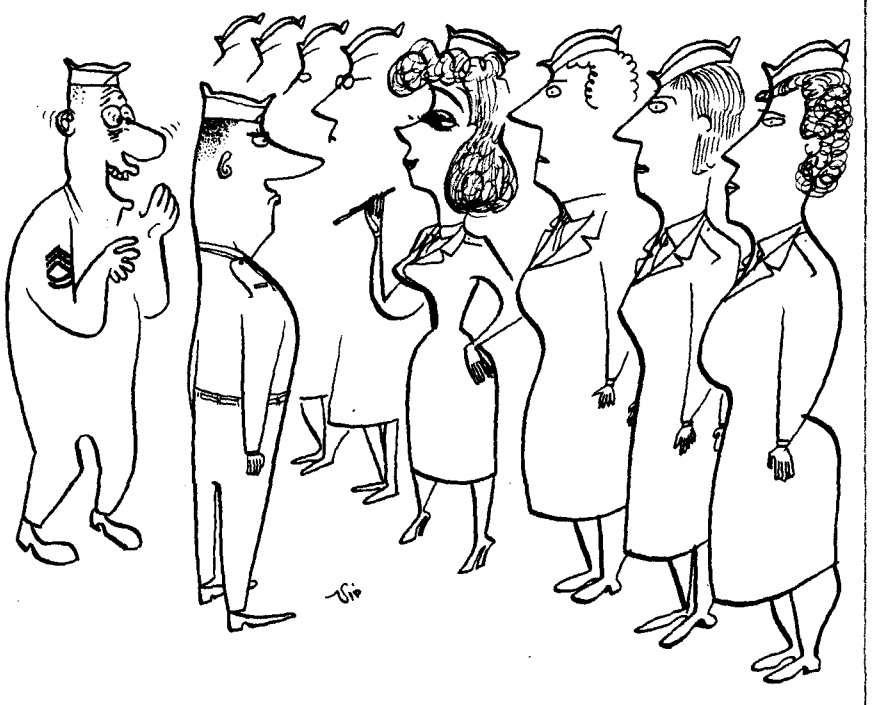
"*That's* what I mean! Oh, Eddie."

Then she was in his arms, holding him tight. He kissed her. "You were right. Awfully right, Eddie," she said breathlessly. "I saw it on his face tonight, and it was cold and— Kiss me again, quickly, Eddie."

He kissed her again. "But I'm Bohemian," he said.

"No, no. That was a long time ago. A girl can change her mind." ▲▲▲

VIP'S WAR



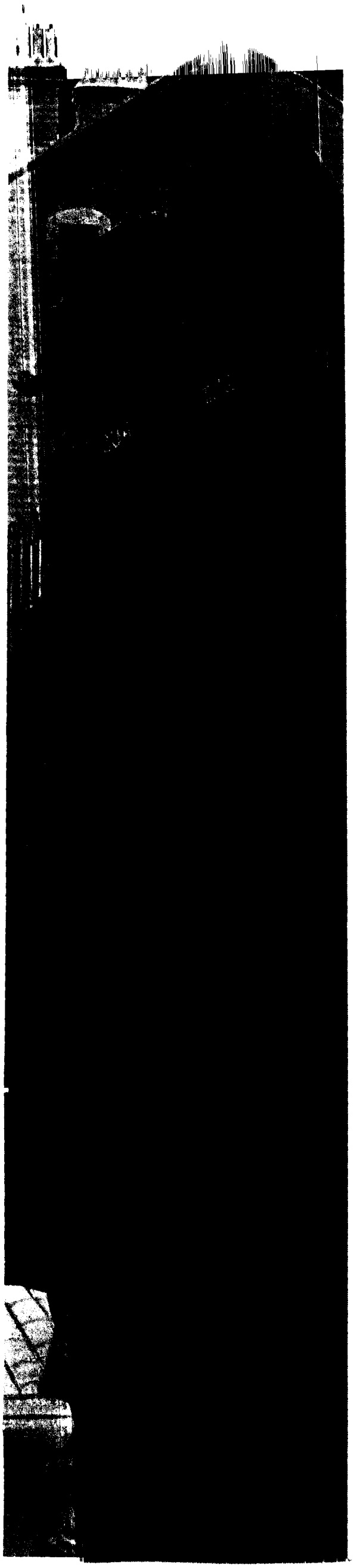
"Sir, let *me* have her. *I'll* make a soldier out of her"

COLLIER'S — VIRGIL PARTCH

Engagement rings
$50 to $5000
Wedding rings
$10 to $1000
Dearly Beloved
Cherished heirlooms of tomorrow, are these lovely Orange Blossom rings. Their beautiful styling and traditional fine quality are favored by those who know and want the best.
Write for illustrated "Orange Blossom Traditions" booklet.
Genuine
Orange Blossom
ENGAGEMENT & WEDDING RINGS
TRAUB MANUFACTURING CO.
1942 McGraw Ave., Detroit 8, Mich.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



The Adventure of THE HIGHGATE MIRACLE

By ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

and JOHN DICKSON CARR

Inspector Lestrade had the house surrounded. Even Holmes was on guard. And yet the diamond broker succeeded in escaping the net

THOUGH we were accustomed to receiving strange telegrams at our rooms in Baker Street, there was one which served to introduce an affair unique even in the annals of Mr. Sherlock Holmes.

I had met Holmes for a stroll in Regent's Park one dark, drizzling, but not-too-cold afternoon in December, during which we discussed certain personal affairs of mine with which I need not burden the reader. When we returned to the snug sitting room at four o'clock, Mrs. Hudson brought up a substantial tea tray and the telegram. It was addressed to Holmes and ran thus: CAN YOU IMAGINE MAN WORSHIPING UMBRELLA? HUSBANDS ARE IRRATIONAL. SUSPECT CHICANERY WITH DIAMONDS. WILL CALL UPON YOU TEATIME.

MRS. GLORIA CABPLEASURE

I rejoiced to see a gleam of interest in Sherlock Holmes's deep-set eyes, which for a time had seemed so lackluster. "What's this, what's this?" said he, as with unusual appetite he attacked the hot buttered scones and jam. "Highgate postmark —hardly a fashionable area—and dispatched at three seventeen. Study it, Watson!"

At this time—to be precise, it was late December of the year 1896—I was not living in Baker Street, but I had come for a few days to visit old haunts. My notebook records few cases for that year, and of these only one, the affair of Mrs. Ronder, the veiled lodger, have I seen fit so far to set down; and Mrs. Ronder's problem afforded little scope for my friend's great powers. Thus Holmes had endured a period of stagnation and desperation.

As I saw his gaunt countenance in the shaded light of the table lamp, I could not but rebuke myself. Of what moment were my trivial affairs against the thirst for abstruse problems raging in that extraordinary intellect?

"I've seen you before," said Lestrade. "Look sharp, now; I'm a police officer. Aren't you Hannibal Throgmorton alias Aylmer Valance?"

"It is possible," continued Holmes, snatching back the telegram, "that there may be in London two women with the singular and even striking name of Gloria Cabpleasure, but I doubt it."

"You are acquainted with the lady, then?"

"No, no, I have never even seen her. Still, I fancy she must be a certain beauty specialist who— In any event, what do you make of this?"

"Well, it does present that feature of the bizarre which is so dear to you: Can you imagine man worshiping umbrella? But it is a little difficult."

"True, Watson. A woman, however extravagant she may be in large matters, is usually economical in small, and Mrs. Cabpleasure has been so thrifty of her 'an's' and 'the's' that I am not at all sure of her meaning."

"Nor I."

"Does it mean that a certain man worships a certain umbrella? Or is it that man in the abstract, Englishman perhaps, is desired to bow down to the umbrella as his tribal deity and shield against the climate? At least, what can we deduce from it?"

"Deduce? From the telegram?"

"Of course."

I was glad to hear my friend taking an active interest in something once more; nevertheless, I said, "Holmes, we cannot possibly deduce. We can only guess."

"Tut, how often must I tell you that I never guess? It is a shocking habit, destructive of the logical faculty."

"And yet," said I, "were I to adopt your own somewhat didactic manner, I should say that nothing affords less opportunity to the reasoner than a telegram, because it is so brief and impersonal."

"Then I fear you would be wrong."

"Confound it, Holmes—"

"Consider. When a man writes me a letter of a

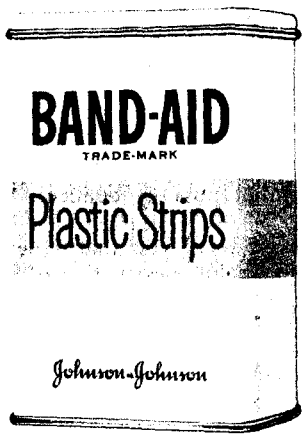
ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT FAWCETT

THIS STORY IS PRINTED BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE ESTATE OF THE LATE SIR ARTHUR CONAN DOYLE. COPYRIGHT 1933 BY ADRIAN CONAN DOYLE

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New plastic bandage won't loosen in water!

Flesh-colored... stays neat!



Johnson & Johnson

dozen pages, he may conceal his true nature in a cloud of words. When he is obliged to be terse, however, I know him at once. You may have remarked a similar thing in public speakers."

"But this is a woman."

"Yes, Watson, no doubt the fact makes a difference. But let me have your views. Come! Apply to a study of this telegram your own natural shrewdness."

Thus challenged, and flattering myself that in the past I had not been altogether unhelpful to him, I did as I was requested.

"Well," said I, "Mrs. Cabpleasure is surely very inconsiderate, since she makes an appointment without confirming it, and seems to think your time is her own."

"Capital, Watson. You improve with the years. What else?"

Inspiration rushed upon me. I said, "Holmes, the title 'Mrs.,' in so compressed a message, is totally unnecessary! I think I see it all!"

"Better still, my dear fellow," said Sherlock Holmes, throwing down his napkin and clasping his hands together without noise. "I shall be happy to hear your analysis."

"Mrs. Gloria Cabpleasure, Holmes, is a young bride. Being still in the first flush of pride in her new name, she insists upon it even in this message. What could be more natural? Especially when we think of a happy, perhaps beautiful young woman—"

"Yes, yes. But be good enough, Watson, to omit the descriptive passages and come to the point."

"By Jove, I am sure of it!" said I. "It supports my first modest deduction too. The poor girl is inconsiderate, let us say, merely because she is pampered by an affectionate young husband."

MY FRIEND shook his head. "I think not, Watson. If she were in the first strong pride of so-called wedded bliss, she would have signed herself Mrs. Henry Cabpleasure, or whatever the name of her husband chanced to be. But in one respect, at least, you are correct. There is something odd—even disturbing—about that title 'Mrs.' She insists upon it too much."

"My dear fellow!"

Abruptly Holmes rose to his feet and walked over to his armchair. But he did not sit down. Deep in concentration, his brows knitted, he slowly stretched out his hand toward the right side of the chimney piece. A genuine thrill of emotion shot through my being as he picked up his violin, the old and beloved Stradivarius which, because of his moodiness and black humor, he had told me he had not touched for weeks.

A reflection of the cheery gas fire ran along the satiny wood as he tucked the violin under his chin and whisked up the bow. My friend hesitated. Then he lowered both violin and bow thoughtfully. "No, I have not yet enough data," said he, "and it is a cardinal error to theorize without data."

"Then at least," said I, "it is a pleasure to think that I have deduced from the telegram as much as you have deduced yourself."

"The telegram?" said Holmes, as if he had never heard of it.

"Yes. Is there any point which I have overlooked?"

"Well, Watson, I fear you were wrong in almost every particular. The woman who dispatched that telegram has been married for some years and is no longer in her first youth. She is of either Scottish or American origin, well educated and well-to-do, but unhappily married and of a domineering disposition. On the other hand, it is probable that she is quite handsome. Though these are only trifling and obvious deductions, perhaps they may do."

A few moments before, I had hoped to see Sherlock Holmes in such a mood, vigorous and alert, with the old mocking light in his eyes. But now I smote the table a blow with my fist, and the bright-patterned china rattled upon the snowy napery. "Holmes, this time you have carried a jest too far!"

"My dear Watson, I do really beg your pardon. I had no idea you would take the matter so—"

"For shame! In making such satiric deductions as you have, you may be making sport of some wretched, ill-educated female who is on the point of starving!"

"Hardly, Watson. Though an ill-educated woman might attempt such words as 'irrational' and 'chicanery,' she would be unlikely to spell them correctly. Similarly, since Mrs. Cabpleasure tells us that she suspects false dealing in a matter of diamonds, we may assume she does not scavenge her bread from dustbins."

"She has been married for some years? And unhappily?"

"We live in an age of propriety, Watson, and I confess I prefer it so," my friend said.

"What on earth has that to do with the matter?"

"Only a woman who has been married for years, and hence past her first youth, will so candidly write in a telegram—under the eye of a post-office clerk—her belief that all husbands are irrational. Surely you must perceive some sign of unhappiness, together with a domineering nature. Secondary inference—since the charge of chicanery appears to relate to her husband, this marriage must be even more unhappy than most."

"But her origin?"

"Pray re-peruse the last sentence of the telegram. Only a Scot or an American says, 'Will call upon you,' when he, or in this case she, means the 'shall' of simple futurity, which would be used as a matter of course by any Englishwoman, educated or uneducated. Are you answered?"

"I—I— Stay a moment! You stated, not as fancy but as fact, that she must be handsome!"

"Ah, I can say only that it is probable. And the hypothesis comes not from the telegram."

"Then from where?"

"Come, did I not tell you I believed her to be a beauty specialist? Such ladies are seldom actually hideous-looking, else they are no strong advertisement for their own wares. But this, if I mistake not, is our client now."

WHILE he had been speaking, we heard a loud, decisive ring of the bell from below. There was some delay, during which the caller presumably expected our landlady to escort her formally to our sitting room. Sherlock Holmes, putting away the violin and its bow, waited expectantly until Mrs. Gloria Cabpleasure entered the room.

She was certainly handsome—tall, stately, of almost queenly bearing, though perhaps too haughty, with an abundance of rather brassy fair hair and cold blue eyes. Clad in sables over a costly gown of dark-blue velvet, she wore a beige hat ornamented with a large white bird.

She disdained my offer to help her remove her outer coat. Holmes performed introductions with easy courtesy, and Mrs. Cabpleasure cast round one glance which seemed to sum up unfavorably our humble room, with its worn bearskin hearthrug and acid-stained chemical table. However, she consented to be seated in my armchair, clasping her white-gloved hands in her lap.

"Mr. Holmes," said she, politely, but in a hard, brisk voice, "before I commit myself to anything, I must ask you to state the fee for your professional services."

There was a slight pause before my friend answered, "My fees never vary, save when I remit them altogether."

"Come, Mr. Holmes, I fear you think to take advantage of a poor weak woman! But in this case it will not do."

"Indeed, madam?"

"No, sir," Mrs. Cabpleasure said. "Before I employ—you will forgive me for what I term it—a professional spy, and risk being overcharged, I must again ask you to state your exact fee."

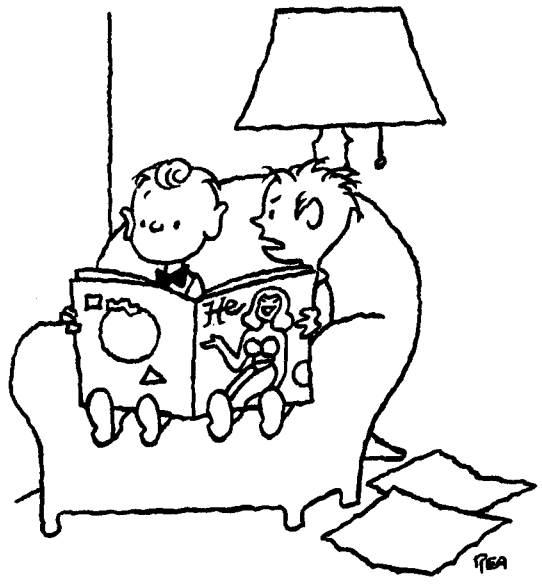
Sherlock Holmes rose from his chair. "I am afraid, Mrs. Cabpleasure," he replied, smiling, "that such small talents as I possess might be unavailing to assist you in your problem; and I regret exceedingly that you have been troubled by this call. Good day, madam. Watson, will you kindly escort our guest downstairs?"

"Stop!" cried Mrs. Cabpleasure, biting hard at her lip.

Holmes shrugged his shoulders and sank back again into the easy chair.

"You drive a hard bargain, Mr. Holmes. But it would be worth ten shillings, or even a guinea, to know why on earth my husband cherishes, worships, idolizes that pestilent, shabby umbrella and will never allow it away from his presence, even at night!"

Whatever Sherlock Holmes might have felt, it was lost in his sense of starvation for a fresh problem. "Ah! Then, madam, your husband wor-



"But if it's a *man's* magazine, why do they have so many dopey pictures of girls in it?"

COLLIER'S GARDNER REA

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

All except the BABY...

. . . in the Neill family give full credit to Collier's Encyclopedia for supplying the information they need, day in and day out!

• *We introduce Dr. and Mrs. Thomas P. Neill, their sons Dennis, 9, and James, 6 . . . their daughter Catherine, 8 . . . of St. Louis, Missouri. Not long ago Dr. Neill wrote us this unsolicited letter which tells you about Collier's Encyclopedia far better than we could.*

SAINT LOUIS UNIVERSITY
DEPARTMENT OF HISTORY — SAINT LOUIS 3, MISSOURI

P. F. Collier & Son
640 Fifth Avenue
New York 19, N. Y.

Gentlemen:

It is now almost a year since we received our Collier's Encyclopedia from you. I have waited this long to tell you about it so that my reaction would be seasoned by a year's experience instead of being the spontaneous result of its handsome appearance.

My wife and I are genuinely surprised at Collier's "spread"—for it has proved useful for everyone in the family except the baby under one. I remember one day when I wanted to get the life dates and a little biographical data on four German philosophers. I found all the information I wanted, but only after waiting for Denny to give up the three volumes he had spread out to solve some problem in Tyrolean geography. (He had maps of Switzerland, Italy, and Austria spread out simultaneously.) That same day the twins, who are three, looked through a volume each and read all the pictures—keeping quiet through a rainstorm. Tommie had also used the volume with the "UN" article for an essay he had to write.

We have found the set most useful day in and day out. It is accurate, attractive and readable—all necessary qualities if one is trying to develop reading habits in youngsters from the beginning. We find it gives them the information they need each time, but best of all it makes them want to find out more and keep on reading.

I want to thank you for having thought of us in connection with Collier's Encyclopedia. It has been a big help, and it would be a bargain at twice the price as a tool for helping raise the children properly.

Cordially yours,

Thomas P. Neill

Dr. Thomas P. Neill
Professor of History
St. Louis University

Collier's Encyclopedia

20 Volumes—All New—Indexed

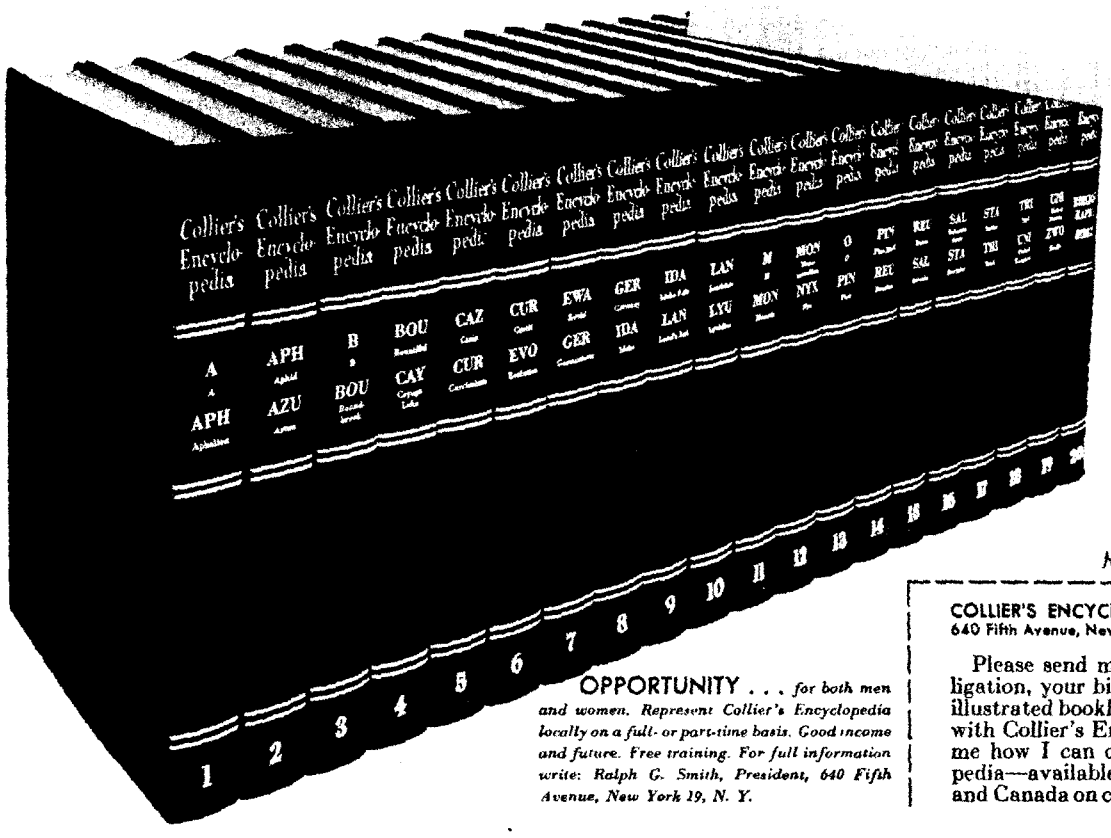
COVERS HUMAN KNOWLEDGE FROM A TO Z

"Accurate"
WRITTEN BY 2,000 AUTHORITIES

"Attractive"
OVER 10,000 ILLUSTRATIONS

"Readable"
READS LIKE A MAGAZINE

Recommended . . . *by scientists, religious, business, educational leaders and by the Subscription Books Committee of the American Library Association.*



"A BARGAIN AT TWICE THE PRICE as a tool for helping raise the children properly," says Dr. Neill

. . . AND IT'S AVAILABLE ON MONTHLY TERMS ANY FAMILY CAN AFFORD!

OPPORTUNITY . . . *for both men and women. Represent Collier's Encyclopedia locally on a full- or part-time basis. Good income and future. Free training. For full information write: Ralph G. Smith, President, 640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.*

MAIL COUPON FOR FULL INFORMATION AND FREE BOOKLET

COLLIER'S ENCYCLOPEDIA C-58
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.

Please send me, without cost or obligation, your big, 24-page, elaborately illustrated booklet, "Around the World with Collier's Encyclopedia." Also, tell me how I can own Collier's Encyclopedia—available in the United States and Canada on convenient budget terms.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ships the umbrella in a literal sense?" he asked.

"Did I not say so?"

"No doubt the umbrella has some great financial or sentimental value?"

"Stuff and nonsense! I was with him when he bought it two and a half years ago. He paid seven and sixpence for it at a shop in the Tottenham Court Road."

"Perhaps some idiosyncrasy—"

MRS. CABPLEASURE looked shrewdly calculating. "No, Mr. Holmes. My husband is selfish, inhuman and soulless. It is true, since my maternal great-grandfather was The McRea of McRea, in Aberdeenshire, I take good care to keep the man in his place. But Mr. Cabpleasure, aside from his vicious nature, has never done anything without very good reason."

Holmes looked grave. "Inhuman? Vicious nature? These are very serious terms. Does he use you cruelly, then?"

Our visitor raised her eyebrows even more haughtily. "No, but I have no doubt he would wish to do so. James is an abnormally strong brute, although he is only of middle height and has no more of what is called figure than a hop pole. Pah, the vanity of men! His features are quite nondescript, but he is inordinately proud of a very heavy, very glossy brown mustache, which curves round his mouth like a horseshoe. He has worn it for years, and, indeed, next to that umbrella—"

"Umbrellas!" muttered my friend. "Umbrellas! Forgive the interruption, madam, but I should desire more details of your husband's nature."

"It makes him look only like a police constable."

"I beg your pardon?"

"The mustache, I mean."

"But does your husband drink?" Holmes asked. "Interest himself in other women? Gamble? Keep you short of money? What, none of these vices?"

"I presume, sir," retorted Mrs. Cabpleasure loftily, "that you are desirous of hearing the relevant facts? Therefore, would it not demonstrate better breeding on your part were you to permit me to state the facts?"

Holmes's thin lips closed tightly. "Pray do so."

"My husband is the senior partner of the firm of Cabpleasure and Brown, the well-known diamond brokers of Hatton Garden. Throughout the fifteen years of our wedlock—ugh!—we have never been separated for more than a fortnight's time, save on the latest and most sinister occasion."

"The latest occasion?"

"Yes, sir. Only yesterday afternoon James returned home from a six-month business journey to Amsterdam and Paris, as idolatrous of that umbrella as ever. Throughout the full year during which he has worshiped it, never has he been more idolatrous."

Sherlock Holmes, who had been sitting with his fingertips pressed together and his long legs stretched out, gave a slight start. "The full year, madam?" demanded he. "Yet a moment ago you remarked that Mr. Cabpleasure had bought the umbrella two and a half years ago. Am I to understand that his—his worship of it dates from just a year ago?"

"You may certainly so understand it, yes, Mrs. Cabpleasure said.

"That is suggestive. That is most suggestive! But of what?" My friend looked thoughtful. "We—yes, yes, Watson? What is it? You appear to have become impatient."

Though it was not often that I ventured to vouchsafe my own suggestion before Holmes had asked for one, upon this occasion I could not forbear. "Holmes," cried I, "surely this problem is not too difficult? It is an umbrella; it has a curved handle, which is probably thick. In a hollow handle, or perhaps some other part of the umbrella, it would be easy to hide diamonds or other valuable objects."

Our guest did not even deign to look at me. "Do you imagine that I would have stooped to visit you, Mr. Holmes, if the answer were as simple as all that?"

"You are sure it is not the true explanation?" Holmes asked quickly.

"Quite sure. I am sharp, Mr. Holmes," said the lady, whose handsome profile did in truth appear to have a knife-edge, "I am very sharp. Let me illustrate. For years after my marriage I consented to preside over the Madame Gautier Salon de Beauté in Bond Street. Why do you think that a McRea of McRea would condescend to use such a cognomen as Cabpleasure, open as it is to comment from a primitive sense of humor?"

"Well, madam?"

"Clients or prospective clients might stare at such a name—but they would remember it."

"Yes, yes, I confess to having seen the name upon the window. But you spoke of the umbrella?"

"One night some eight months ago, while my husband lay in slumber, I went privily into his sleeping chamber from my own, removed the umbrella from beside his bed, and took it downstairs to an artisan."

"An artisan?"

"A rough person employed in the manufacture of umbrellas whom I had summoned to Happiness Villa, The Arbour, Highgate, for that purpose. This person took the umbrella to pieces and restored it so ingeniously that my husband was never aware it had been examined. Nothing was concealed inside; nothing could be concealed inside. It is a shabby umbrella, and no more."

"Nonetheless, madam, he may set great store by the umbrella only as some men cherish a good-luck charm."

"On the contrary, Mr. Holmes, he hates it. 'Mrs. Cabpleasure,' he has said to me on more than one occasion, 'that umbrella will be the death of me; yet I must not relinquish it!' "

"H'm! He made no further explanation?" Holmes asked.

"None. And even suppose he does keep the umbrella as a good-luck charm—which he does not!—when in a moment of abstraction he leaves it behind for only a few seconds, in house or office, why does he utter a cry of dread and hasten back for it? If you are not stupid, Mr. Holmes, you must have some notion. But I see the matter is beyond you."

Holmes was gray with anger and mortification. "It is a very pretty little problem," said he. "At the same time, I fail to see what action I can take. So far I have heard no facts to indicate that your husband is a criminal, or even in the least vicious."

"Then it was not a crime, I dare say, when yesterday he stole a large number of diamonds from a safe belonging jointly to himself and to his business partner, Mr. Mortimer Brown?"

Holmes raised his eyebrows. "H'm. This becomes more interesting."

"Oh, yes," said our fair visitor, coolly. "Yesterday, before returning home, my husband paid a visit to his office. Subsequently there arrived at our house a telegram sent to him by Mr. Mortimer Brown. It read as follows: 'Did you remove from our safe twenty-six diamonds belonging to the Cowles-Derningham lot?' "

"Hum! And your husband showed you the telegram?"

"No. I merely exercised a perfect right to open it."

"But you questioned him as to its contents?"

"Naturally not, since I preferred to bide my time. Late last night, though little he suspects I followed him, my husband crept downstairs in his nightg—crept downstairs and held a whispered conversation in the mist with some unseen person just outside a ground-floor window. I could overhear only two sentences. 'Be outside the gate before eight thirty on Thursday morning,' said my husband. 'Don't fail me!' "

"And what did you take to be the meaning of it?"

"Outside the gate of our house, of course! My husband always leaves for his office punctually at eight thirty. And Thursday, Mr. Holmes, is tomorrow! Whatever criminal scheme the wretch has prepared, it will reach fruition tomorrow. But you must be there to intervene."

HOLMES'S long thin fingers crept out toward the mantelpiece as though in search of a pipe, but he drew his hand back. "At eight thirty tomorrow morning, Mrs. Cabpleasure, there will be scarcely a gleam of daylight."

"Surely that is no concern of yours? You are paid to spy in all weathers. I must insist that you be there promptly and in a sober condition."

"Now by Heaven, madam—"

"And that, I fear, is all the time I can afford to spare you now. Should your fee be more than nominal or what I consider reasonable, it will not be paid. Good day, sir. *Good* day!"

The door closed behind her.

"Do you know, Watson," remarked Holmes, with a bitter flush in his thin cheeks, "that if I did not crave such a problem as this, actually crave it . . ."

Though he did not complete the sentence, I echoed the sentiments he must have felt. "Holmes, that lady is no true Scotswoman! What is more, though it grieves me to say so, I would wager a year's half pay she is no relation whatever to The McRea of McRea."

"You seem a little warm, Watson, upon the subject of your forebears' ancestral homeland. Still, I cannot blame you. Such airs as Mrs. Cabpleasure's become a trifle ridiculous when worn at secondhand. But how to fathom the secret of the umbrella?"

Going to the window, I was just in time to see the white bird on the hat of our late visitor disappearing inside a four-wheeler. A chocolate-colored omnibus of the Baker Street and Waterloo line rattled past through deepening dusk. The outside passengers of the omnibus, all twelve of them, had their umbrellas raised against a raw, cold fall of rain. I turned from the window. "Holmes, what will you do?"

"Well, the hour is a little late to pursue an obvious line of inquiry in Hatton Garden. Mr. James Cabpleasure, with his glossy mustache and his much-prized umbrella, must wait until tomorrow."

WITH no premonition of the thunderbolt in store, I accompanied my friend to Happiness Villa, The Arbour, Highgate, at twenty minutes past eight on the following morning.

It was pitch dark when we took breakfast by gaslight, but the rain had ceased and the sky cleared. By the time a hansom set us down before Mr. and Mrs. Cabpleasure's house, there was enough gray light so that we could see the outlines of our surroundings.

The house was a large one. Set back from the road, behind a waist-high stone wall topped by iron pickets, it was built of brick. Though the entry lay in darkness, two windows on the floor above glowed yellow.

Sherlock Holmes, in his Inverness cape and ear-flapped traveling cap, looked eagerly around him. There was a semicircular carriage drive entering the grounds through a gate in the wall near us. The drive passed the front door, with a branch to a tradesmen's entrance, and returned to the road through a second gate in the wall some distance ahead of us. "Hullo, look there!" Holmes cried.

"Is anything wrong?"

"Look ahead, Watson! There, by the far gate in the wall! That can't be Lestrade? By Jove, it *is* Lestrade!"

A wiry little bulldog of a man, in a hard hat and a plaid greatcoat, was already hurrying toward us along the pavement. Behind him I could see the helmets of at least two police constables, like twins with their blue bulk and heavy mustaches.

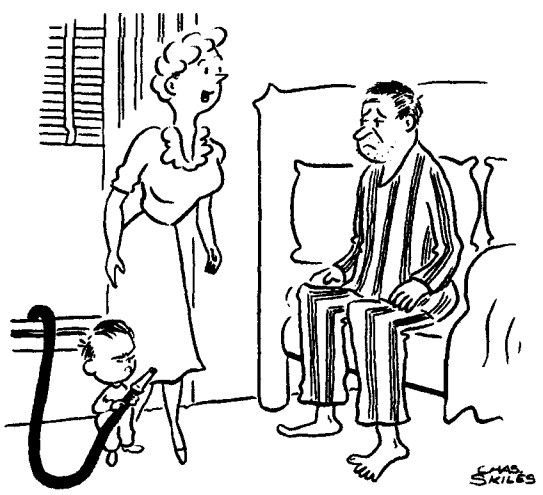
"Don't tell me, Lestrade," cried Holmes, "that Mrs. Cabpleasure also paid a visit to Scotland Yard?"

"She did, Mr. Holmes, and she came to the right shop," said Lestrade, with much complaisance. "Hallo, Dr. Watson! It must be fifteen years and a bit since I first met you, but Mr. Holmes here is still the theorist, and I'm still the practical man."

"Quick, Lestrade!" said Holmes. "The lady must have told you much the same story as she told us. When did she call upon you?"

"Yesterday morning. We're quick movers at Scotland Yard. We spent the rest of the day investigating this Mr. James Cabpleasure."

"Indeed? What did you discover?"



"He's disappointed. He was hoping you would be hard to wake up this morning"

COLLIER'S CHARLES SKILES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Lestrade gave us a suspicious wink and leer. "Well, everybody thinks highly of the gentleman and seems to like him. Outside office hours he is a hard reader, almost a bookworm, and his wife don't like that. But he's a great mimic, they say, and has got quite a sense of humor."

"Yes, I fancied he must have a sense of humor."

"You've met him, Mr. Holmes?"

"No, but I have met his wife."

"Anyway, I met him last night. Paid a visit to take his measure. Oh, only on a pretext! Nothing to put him on his guard, of course."

"No, of course not," said Holmes, with a groan. "Tell me, Lestrade, have you not discovered that this gentleman has a reputation for complete honesty?"

"Yes, that's what makes it so suspicious," said Lestrade, with a cunning look. Mr. Holmes, although I'm bound to admit I don't much like his lady, she's got a very clear head. By George! I'll clap the darbies on that gentleman before you can say Jack Robinson!"

"My dear Lestrade! You will clap the handcuffs on him for what offense?"

"Why, because—stop!" cried Lestrade. "Hallo! You, there! Stand right where you are!"

Holmes and I had advanced to meet Lestrade until we were all halfway between the two gates in the low boundary wall. Now Lestrade had dashed past us toward the gate near which we had been standing at the beginning. There, as though conjured from the raw morning murk, was a portly, florid-faced gentleman, rather nervous-looking, in a gray top hat and a handsome gray greatcoat.

"I must ask you, sir," cried Lestrade, with more dignity as he noted the newcomer's costly clothing, "to state your name and give some account of yourself."

THE portly newcomer, even more nervous, cleared his throat. "Certainly," said he. "My name is Harold Mortimer Brown, and I am Mr. Cabpleasure's partner in the firm of Cabpleasure and Brown. I dismissed my hansom a short way down the road. I —er—live in South London."

"You live in South London," said Lestrade, "yet you have come to the heights of North London? Why?"

"My dear Mr. Mortimer Brown," interposed Holmes, with a suavity which clearly brought relief to the florid-faced man, "you must forgive a certain impulsiveness on the part of my old friend Inspector Lestrade, who is from Scotland Yard. My name is Sherlock Holmes, and I shall be deeply indebted to you if you will be good enough to answer only one question. Did your partner really steal—"

"Stop!" Lestrade exclaimed again. This time he whipped around to look at the far gate. A milk wagon, its large cans of milk clanking in rhythm with the clop of the horse's hoofs, went jolting through that gate and up the curve of the graveled drive toward the house.

Lestrade quivered, like the little bulldog he was. "That milk wagon will bear watching," cried he. "Anyway, let's hope it won't obstruct our view of the front door."

Fortunately, it did not obstruct our view. The milkman, whistling merrily, jumped down from the wagon and went into the entry to fill the small milk jug. But no sooner had he disappeared in the shadows than all thought of the milk wagon was driven from my mind.

"Mr. Holmes!" whispered Lestrade in a tense voice. "There he is!"

Following the slam of the front door, there emerged into the drive a conspicuously mustached gentleman, distinguished-looking in glossy hat and heavy greatcoat. I deduced, correctly enough, that this was Mr. James Cabpleasure on the way to his office.

"Mr. Holmes!" whispered Lestrade. "He hasn't got his umbrella!"

It was as though Lestrade's words carried through the gray bleakness to Mr. Cabpleasure's ears. Abruptly the diamond broker halted in the drive. As though galvanized, he looked up at the sky. Uttering a cry which I confess struck a chill into my heart, he rushed back into the house.

AGAIN the front door slammed. A clearly astonished milkman, turning round to glance back, said something inaudible before he climbed to the seat of the wagon.

"I see it all," declared Lestrade, snapping his fingers. "They think they can deceive me, but they can't. Mr. Holmes, I must stop that milkman!"

"In Heaven's name, why should you stop the milkman?"

"He and Mr. Cabpleasure were close to each other in that entry. Mr. Cabpleasure could have passed the stolen diamonds to his confederate, the milkman."

"But, my dear Lestrade—"

The man from Scotland Yard would not listen. As the milk wagon rumbled out of the gate and into the road, he hurried forward and stood so that the driver, with a curse, was obliged to rein in even that slow-moving horse.

"I've seen you before," said Lestrade, in his bullying voice. "Look sharp, now; I'm a police officer. Is your name not Hannibal Throgmorton, alias Aylmer Valance?"

The milkman's long, clean-shaven face gaped in amazement. "Me name's Alf Peters," he returned warmly, "and here's me roundsman's card with me photograph on it and the blinking manager's signature to prove it's me! Who do you think I am—Cecil Rhodes?"

"You pull up your socks, my lad, or you'll find yourself in Queer Street. Get down from the wagon! Yes, that's it, get down!" Here Lestrade turned to the two police constables who accompanied him. "Burton! Murdock! Search that milkman!"

Alf Peters' howl of protest was strangled as the constables seized him. Though lanky and only of middle height, Peters put up such a sporting fight that it was minutes before the constables could complete their search. They found nothing.

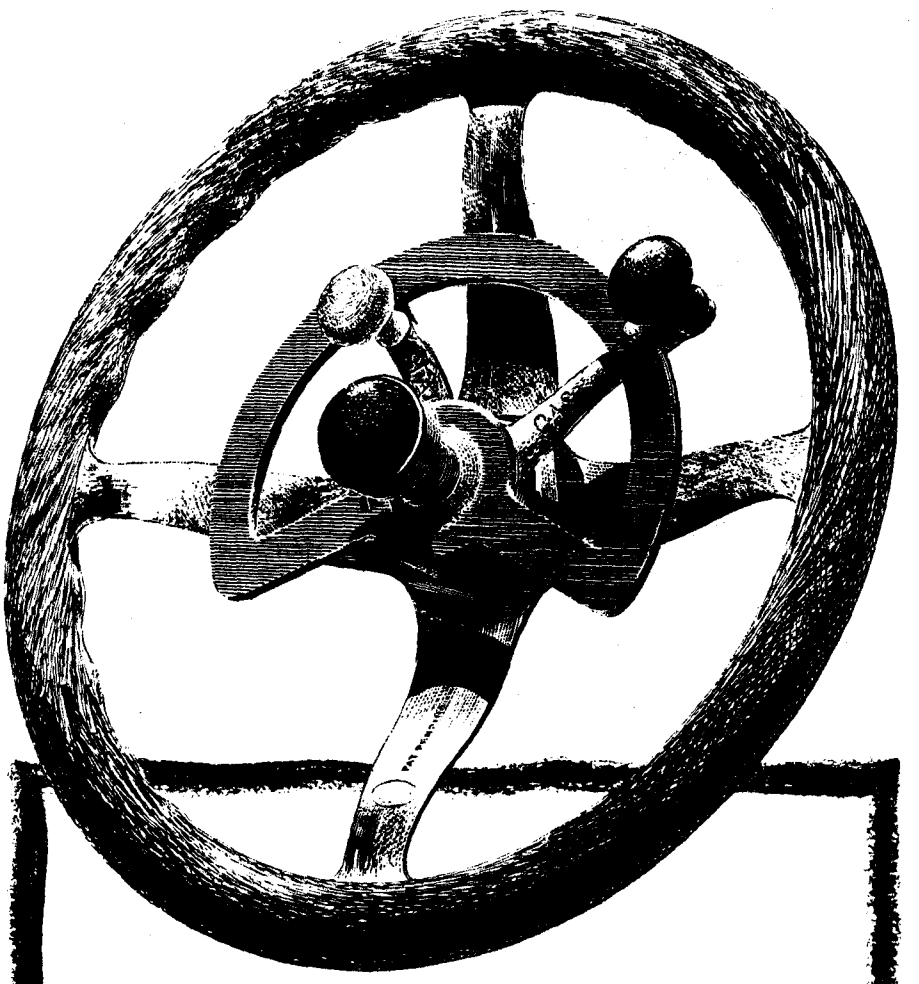
"Then the diamonds must be in one of those five-gallon milk cans! We've no time for kid-glove methods. Pour out the milk on the ground!"

The language of the infuriated milkman, as this was done, cannot be called anything save improper.

"What, nothing there either?" demanded Lestrade. "Well, he may have swallowed the diamonds. Shall we take him to the nearest police station?"

"Oh, crikey," screamed Alf Peters, "he ain't fit to be loose. He's off his blooming chump! Why don't he take a blooming ax and smash the blooming wagon?"

It was Holmes's strident, authoritative voice which restored order. "Lestrade! Have the kindness to let Peters go. In the first place, he is unlikely to have swallowed twenty-six diamonds. In the second place, if Mr. Cabpleasure wished to give the diamonds to a fellow conspirator, why did he not do so late on Tuesday night, when he held a secret



When horsepower was hand-fed

Most of us don't even know the spark control used to be set by hand. Today, automatic spark control is just one of many conveniences . . . conveniences that include more than *thirty* ways to use up electricity. That's why you need a powerful battery—a *modern* battery designed to stand up to today's electrical loads . . . a DELCO! Just look at the record—more motorists on the road today depend on DELCO batteries than any other make!

ALWAYS REPLACE WITH A DELCO
THE NATION'S NO. 1 BATTERY

A GENERAL MOTORS PRODUCT GM GENERAL MOTORS UNITED SERVICE MOTORS A UNITED MOTORS LINE

DELCO BATTERIES

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Here's the
fastest way
to the
brightest shine

lanolize your shoes with
ESQUIRE
BOOT POLISH

in 9 colors · LANOLIZE with ESQUIRE · Available in Canada

The Shoe Polish That CONTAINS LANOLIN

Take the Guesswork
Out of Golf . . .

with the sensational new

"Yardage Meter"

exclusive on the Master Deluxe Bag Boy

. . . know your distances
. . . improve your game

The latest advancement in golfing enjoyment. Bag Boy's sensational new "*Yardage Meter*" has two helpful indicators. One shows how far you naturally hit with each club; the other shows distance remaining to the pin. Works automatically and accurately whether you push or pull your Bag Boy.

World's Favorite — 200,000 in use

Other exclusive Bag Boy features such as springy knee-action, 6-second folding, large ball-bearing wheels help you get more fun out of golf. For outstanding style and performance get the one and only, the *genuine Bag Boy* from your pro golfer, or department and sporting goods stores, or write **Bag Boy** 601 N.E. 28th Ave., Portland, Oregon or 431 West Pershing Rd., Chicago, Illinois, for dealer nearest you.

Bag Boy® 39.50 Master Deluxe
OTHER MODELS
FOLDING GOLF CART 29.50 • 34.50

conversation with someone at a ground-floor window? His whole behavior, as described by his wife, becomes as irrational as his conduct with the umbrella. Unless—"

Sherlock Holmes had been standing in moody doubt, his head bowed and his arms folded inside his cape. Now, glancing first toward the tradesmen's entrance and then toward the front of the house, he raised his head. Even *his* cold, emotionless nature could not repress the exclamation which rose to his lips. For a moment he remained motionless, his tall lean figure outlined against a lightening sky. "By Jove, Lestrade!" said he. "Mr. James Cabpleasure is rather a long time in returning with his umbrella."

"What's that, Mr. Holmes?"

"I might venture to utter a trifling prophecy. I might venture to say Mr. Cabpleasure has gone, that he has already vanished from the house."

"But he can't possibly have vanished from the house!" cried Lestrade.

"May I ask why not?"

"Because I stationed police constables all around the house, in case he tried to give us the slip. Every door and window is watched! Not so much as a rat could have got out of that house without being seen, and can't get out now."

"Nevertheless, Lestrade, I must repeat my little prophecy. If you search the house, I think you will find that Mr. Cabpleasure has disappeared like a soap bubble."

Pausing only to put a police whistle to his lips, Lestrade plunged toward the house. Alf Peters, the milkman, took this opportunity to whip up his horse and clatter frantically away as though from the presence of a dangerous lunatic. Even Mr. Mortimer Brown, despite his venerable portliness and florid face, ran down the road with his hat clutched to his head, and without having answered whatever query my friend had wished to ask him.

"Watson," said Holmes, in his imperious fashion. "You must believe that I am not joking in what I am about to say, but you will find the matter extremely simple when you perceive the significance of one point."

"And what point is that?"

"The true reason why Mr. Cabpleasure cherishes his umbrella," said Sherlock Holmes.

THE sky had slowly lightened to such wintry brightness that the windows, which I have mentioned as glowing from an upper floor, were paled by the sun. Ceaselessly the search went on, with far more police constables than seemed necessary.

At the end of a full hour, during which Holmes had not moved, Lestrade rushed out of the house. His face wore a look of horror which I know was reflected in my own. "It's true! His hat, his greatcoat, and his umbrella are lying just inside the front door. But—"

"Yes?"

"I'll take my oath that the villain's not hidden in the house, and yet all my men swear he never left it either!"

"Who is in the house now?"

"Only his wife. Last night, after I spoke with him, it seems he gave the servants a night off. Almost drove them out of the house, his wife says. They didn't much like it, some of them wondering where they should go, but they had no choice."

Holmes whistled. "The wife!" said he. "By the way, how is it that through all this tumult we have neither seen nor heard Mrs. Gloria Cabpleasure? Is it possible that she was drugged last night? That she found herself growing irresistibly drowsy, and has only recently awakened?"

Lestrade fell back a step, as though from the eye of a sorcerer. "Mr. Holmes, why do you think that?"

"Because her absence could be explained in no other way."

"Well, it's gospel truth. The lady is accustomed to drink a cup of hot meat juice an hour before going to bed. That meat juice last night was so doused with powdered opium that there are still traces in the cup." Lestrade's face darkened. "The less I see of that lady, by George, the better I shall like it."

"At least she has made a good recovery, for I see her now at the window."

"Never mind her," said Lestrade. "Just tell me how that thieving diamond broker vanished slap under our eyes!"

"Holmes," said I, "surely there is only one explanation. Mr. Cabpleasure departed by some secret passage."

"There's no such thing," shouted Lestrade.

"I quite agree," said Holmes. "That is a modern house, Watson, or at least

MISS NAMED

Why is a dame
With bright red mop,
As you have often seen,
Given the name
Of carrottop,
When carrot tops are green?

—DON STONE

one built within the last twenty-odd years. Present-day builders, unlike their ancestors, seldom include a secret passage. But I cannot see, Lestrade, that there is any more I can do here."

"You can't leave now!"

"Not leave?"

"No! You may be a theorist and not practical, but I can't deny you've given me a bit of help once or twice in the past. If you can guess how a man vanished by a miracle, it's your duty as a citizen to tell me."

Holmes hesitated. "Very well," said he, "though there are reasons why I should prefer to be silent for the time being. But perhaps I may give you a hint. Had you thought of disguise?"

For a time Lestrade gripped his hat with both hands. Abruptly he turned round and looked up at the window where Mrs. Cabpleasure contemplated the cold morning with a haughty superiority which it seemed nothing could shake.

"By George," whispered Lestrade. "When I was here last night, I never saw Mr. and Mrs. Cabpleasure together. . . . That may account for the false mustache I found hidden in the hall. Only one person was in that house this morning, and one person is still there. That means—"

Now it was Holmes's turn to be taken aback. "Lestrade, what has got into your head at this late date?"

"They can't deceive me. If Mr. Cabpleasure is the same person as Mrs. Cabpleasure, if he—or she—simply walked out of the house in man's clothes and then walked back in again—I see it all now!"

"Lestrade! Stop! Wait!"

"We have female searchers nowadays," said Lestrade, dashing toward the house. "They'll soon prove whether it's a lady or a gentleman."

"Holmes," cried I, "can this monstrous theory possibly be true?"

"Nonsense, Watson."

"Then you must restrain Lestrade. My dear fellow," I said, as Mrs. Cabpleasure disappeared from the window and a piercing female shriek indicated that Lestrade had imparted the intelligence of what he proposed to do, "this is unworthy of you. Whatever we may think of the lady's manners, especially in commanding you to be here in a sober condition, you must spare her the indignity of an enforced visit to the police station!"

"Yet I am not at all sure," said he, thoughtfully, "that the lady would be greatly harmed by such an enforced visit. Indeed, it may serve to teach her a salutary lesson. Don't argue, Watson! I have an errand for you."

"But—"

"I must pursue certain lines of inquiry which may take all day. Meanwhile, since my address is readily accessible to anyone, I feel sure that the conscientious Mr. Mortimer Brown will send me a certain telegram. Therefore I would be grateful, Watson, if you would wait at our rooms and open it, should it arrive before my return."

Lestrade's mood must have been contagious. Otherwise I know not why I should have rushed back in such a hurry to Baker Street, shouting to the cabdriver that I would give him a guinea if he took me there in an hour.

THE anticipated telegram from Mr. Mortimer Brown found me discussing midday dinner, and added a fresh shock. It read: REGRET MY TOO-EXPEDITIOUS DEPARTURE THIS MORNING. MUST STATE OPENLY I AM, AND HAVE ALWAYS BEEN, ONLY A NOMINAL PARTNER OF CABPLEASURE AND BROWN, WHOSE ASSETS BELONG ENTIRELY TO MR. JAMES P. CABPLEASURE. MY TELEGRAPHED INQUIRY AS TO THE TWENTY-SIX DIAMONDS IN THE COWLES-DERNINGHAM PURCHASE WAS CAUSED BY CAUTION IN MAKING CERTAIN HE HAD BROUGHT THESE DIAMONDS SAFELY HOME. IF HE TOOK THE DIAMONDS, HE HAD A PERFECT RIGHT TO TAKE THEM.
HAROLD MORTIMER BROWN

Then James Cabpleasure was not a thief! But, if he had not meant to fly the law, I was at a loss to account for his behavior. . . .

It was seven o'clock that night before I heard Holmes's familiar tread on the stairs, and it was at that same instant that inspiration came to me. "Pray enter," cried I, as the knob turned, "for I have found the only possible explanation at last!"

Flinging open the door, Holmes glanced quickly round, and his face fell. "What, is there no visitor? Yet, perhaps I am premature; yes, premature. My dear Watson, I apologize. What were you saying?"

"If Mr. Cabpleasure had in fact vanished," said I, as he scanned the telegram, "it would have been the miracle Lestrade called it. But miracles do not happen in the nineteenth century. Holmes, our diamond broker only seemed to vanish. He was there all the time, but we did not observe him."

"How so?"

"Because he had disguised himself as a police constable."

Holmes, who was in the act of hanging up his cape and cloth cap on the hook behind the door, turned round with his dark brows drawn together. "Continue!" said he.

"In this very room, Holmes, Mrs. Cabpleasure said that her husband's mustache made him resemble a constable. We know him to be a fine mimic, with a reprehensible sense of humor. To procure a fancy-dress policeman's uniform would have been

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

easy. After confusing us by walking from the house and walking back in again, he then put on the uniform. In the half-light, with so many constables about, he went unobserved until he could escape."

"Excellent, Watson! It is only when I have been with Lestrade that I learn to value you. Very good indeed."

"I have found the solution?"

"It is not, I fear, quite good enough. Mrs. Cabpleasure also said, if you recall, that her husband was of medium height and had no more figure than a hop pole, by which she meant he was thin or lanky. That this was a fact I proved today by examining many photographs of him in the drawing room at Happiness Villa. He could not have simulated the height or the beef of a metropolitan policeman."

"But mine is the last possible explanation!"

"I think not. There is only one person who meets our requirements of height and figure, and that person—"

There was a loud clamor and jangle of the bell from below. "Hark!" said Holmes. "It is the visitor, the step upon the stair, the touch of drama which I cannot resist! Who will open that door, Watson? Who will open the door?"

The door opened. Clad in evening clothes, with cape and collapsible hat, our visitor stood upon the threshold. I found myself looking incredulously at a long, clean-shaven, familiar face.

"Good evening, Mr. Alf Peters," said Holmes. "Or should I say—Mr. James Cabpleasure?"

Realization smote me like a blow, and I all but staggered.

"I must congratulate you," continued Holmes, with sternness. "Your impersonation of the persecuted milkman was admirably done. I recall a similar case at Riga in eighteen seventy-six, and it is faintly reminiscent of an impersonation by a Mr. James Windibank in eighty-eight; but certain features here are unique. The subject of removing a heavy mustache for changing a man's appearance, especially in making him look younger, is one to which I may devote a monograph. Instead of assuming a mustache for disguise, you took yours off."

WHEN he was dressed in evening clothes, our visitor's face showed itself mobile and highly intellectual, with dancing brown eyes which made him look as though he might smile. But now he was far from smiling, for he was desperately worried. "Thank you," said he, in a pleasant and well-modulated voice. "You gave me a very bad moment, Mr. Holmes, when I sat on that milk wagon outside my own house, and I observed that suddenly you saw through my whole plan. Why did you refrain from unmasking me then?"

"I wished first to hear what you had to say for yourself, unembarrassed by the presence of Lestrade."

James Cabpleasure bit his lip.

"Afterward," said Holmes, "it was not difficult to trace you through the Purity Milk Company, or to send you the judiciously worded telegram which has brought you here. A photograph of James Cabpleasure with mustache eliminated, shown to your employer, disclosed the fact that he was the same man as one Alfred Peters, who six months ago applied for a post with the milk company and obtained a leave of absence for Tuesday and Wednesday.

"Yesterday, in this room, your wife informed us that on Tuesday you 'returned' from an unheard-of six-month absence in Amsterdam and Paris. That was suggestive. Taken together with your curious conduct as regards the umbrella—which you did not prize when you purchased it, but only when you had decided on your plan—and your incredible statement that the umbrella would be the death of you, it already suggested a hoax or imposture designed to deceive your wife."

"Sir, let me tell you—"

"One moment. You shaved off your mustache for the six months that you drove that milk round; and I have no doubt you enjoyed that diversion. Then on Tuesday you 'returned' as James Cabpleasure. I find that Messrs. Clarkfather, the wigmakers, supplied you with a real-hair duplicate of your lost mustache. In dark winter weather, or by gaslight, it would deceive your wife, since the lady takes small interest in you, and we know you occupy separate rooms. Quite deliberately you acted in a violently suspicious manner. On Tuesday night you staged that sinister scene with a nonexistent conspirator outside a window, hoping to drive your wife into vigorous measures which you believed she was certain to take.

"On Wednesday night the visit of Inspector Lestrade, who is perhaps not the most subtle of men, made it clear that you would have witnesses for your projected disappearance and that it was safe to go ahead. Dismissing the servants and drugging your wife, you were prepared to carry out your plan.

"This morning you had the effrontery—don't smile, sir!—to drive the milk wagon straight up to your house, where in that pitch-dark entry you played the part of two men.

"Descending from the wagon, you disappeared into the entry as the milkman. Just inside the door lay Mr. Cabpleasure's greatcoat, hat and mustache. It required only eight seconds to put on hat and coat and hastily affix a mustache, which on that occasion need be seen only briefly, from a distance, and in half-light.

"Then out you walked as the elegant diamond broker, remembered your missing umbrella, and rushed back in again. It took but a moment to throw the trappings of Mr. Cabpleasure inside the front door, beside an umbrella already placed there, and slam the door from the outside. Again you appeared as the milkman, completing the illusion that two men had passed each other.

"Though Inspector Lestrade honestly believes he saw two men, the entry was far too dark for this observation to have been possible. But we must not too much blame Lestrade.

"When he stopped the milk wagon and swore he had seen you before, it was no mere bullying. He really had seen you once before, but could not remember where.

"I have said you had no fellow conspirator; strictly speaking, this is true. Yet surely you must have shared the secret with your nominal partner, Mr. Mortimer Brown, who appeared this morning for the purpose of drawing away attention and preventing close scrutiny of the milkman. Unfortunately, his caution and apprehension rendered him useless. You made a bad mistake when you hid that false mustache in the hall. Still, had you carried it away with you, the police might have found it when they searched you. This so-called miracle was possible because you very deliberately had accustomed your wife and her acquaintances to your worship of that umbrella. In reality, you cherished the umbrella because your plans could not have succeeded without it."

Sherlock Holmes, though he had been speaking curtly and without heat, seemed to rise up like a lean avenger. "Now, Mr. James Cabpleasure!" said he. "I can perhaps understand why you were unhappy with your wife and wished to leave her. But why could you not leave her openly, with a legal separation, and not this mummery of a disappearance into nowhere?"

Our guest's fair-complexioned face went red. "So I should have," he burst out, "if Mrs. Cabpleasure had not been already married when she married me."

"I beg your pardon?" Holmes said.

MR. CABPLEASURE made a grimace which showed to what heights he might have risen as a comic actor. "Oh, it can be proved easily enough! But to go on, Mrs. Cabpleasure longs to go back to her first husband—never mind who he is, it's an august person—and she wants to be rid of me, preferably by seeing me in jail, so that she can take the money earned by Cabpleasure and Brown with her. I have earned money, whereas the august personage is too lazy to try."

"By Jove, Watson!" said Sherlock Holmes. "This is not too surprising. It supplies the last link. Did I not say the lady insisted too much on her married name of Cabpleasure?"

"I am tired of her chilliness; I am tired of her superiority; and now, at forty-odd, I wish only to sit in peace and read. However, sir, let me acknowledge that it was a cad's trick if you insist."

"Come!" said Holmes. "I am not the official police, Mr. Cabpleasure—"

"My name is not even Cabpleasure. That was forced upon me by my uncle, who founded the business. My real name is Phillimore, James Phillimore. At any rate, I have put all my possessions into Mrs. Cabpleasure's name, except twenty-six costly and negotiable diamonds. I had hoped to found a new life as James Phillimore. But I have been defeated by a master strategist, so do what you like."

"No, no," said Holmes blandly. "Already you have made one bad blunder, though I was deplorably late in seeing it. When a milk wagon is driven to the front door instead of to the tradesmen's entrance, the foundations of our social world are rocked. If I am to help you in forming this new life—"

"If you are to help me?" cried our visitor.

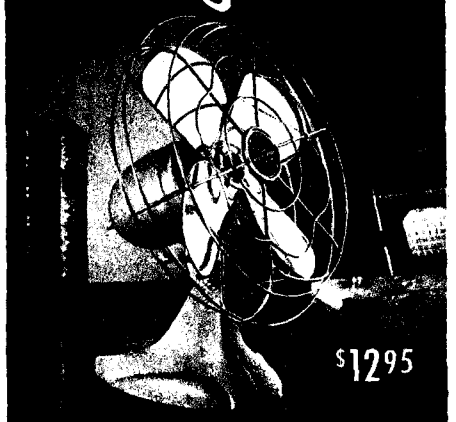
"—then you must not be betrayed by a real name of which someone is sure to be aware. In the interests of security, the problem of your disappearance will remain officially unsolved. Assume what other name you choose. Mr. James Phillimore must never more be seen in this world!" ▲▲▲

In Collier's — Next Week

SHERLOCK HOLMES
in
The Adventure of
The Sealed Room

A man and his wife had been shot. All entrances to the room were locked from the inside. And no one had committed suicide

Cool Comfort at its Budget Best!



Here's your smart buy in summer comfort. Just look at these quality features. This fan is an oscillator—with grease-packed gears for years of service. Beautiful beige hammerloid finish on motor housing. Base is beige crackled enamel. Polished 10" blades. Extra-heavy, bright welded guard. A quality fan right down to its mar-proof rubber feet. And the price? A low, low $12.95.

MANNING-BOWMAN
10" Oscillating Fan

MANNING BOWMAN DIVISION
McGraw Electric Co.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS ©1953

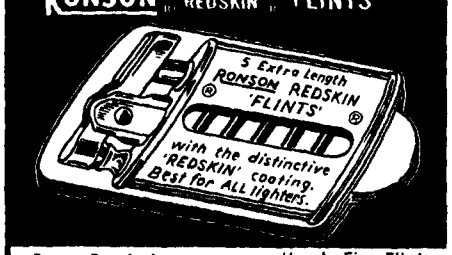
Best for every lighter!

RONSONOL LIGHTER FUEL

For fluid fuel lighters

Lasts Longer!
Lights Instantly!
Burns Cleaner!
Pleasant Scent!
Big 4 oz. can 25¢

RONSON REDSKIN 'FLINTS'



Super Sparks!
Instant Lights!
Last longer because they are longer!
Handy Five-Flinter 15¢

THIS SURE FIRE TEAM MADE BY RONSON
MAKERS OF THE WORLD'S GREATEST LIGHTER

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

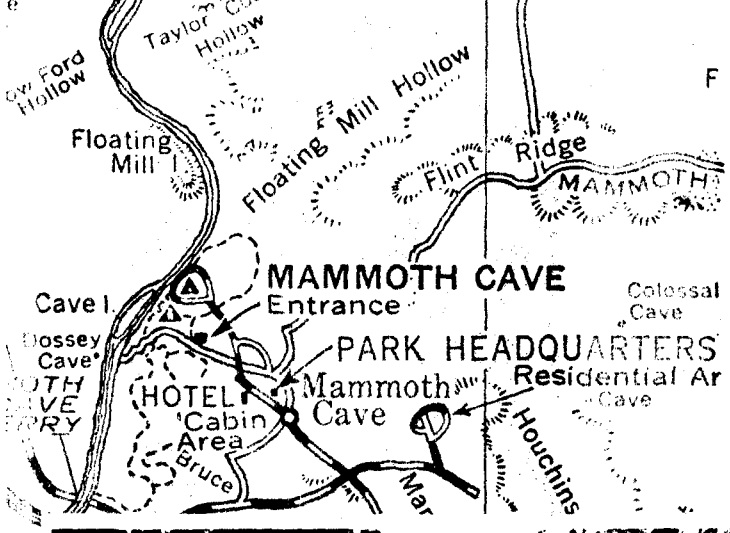
KENTUCKY'S CRAZY

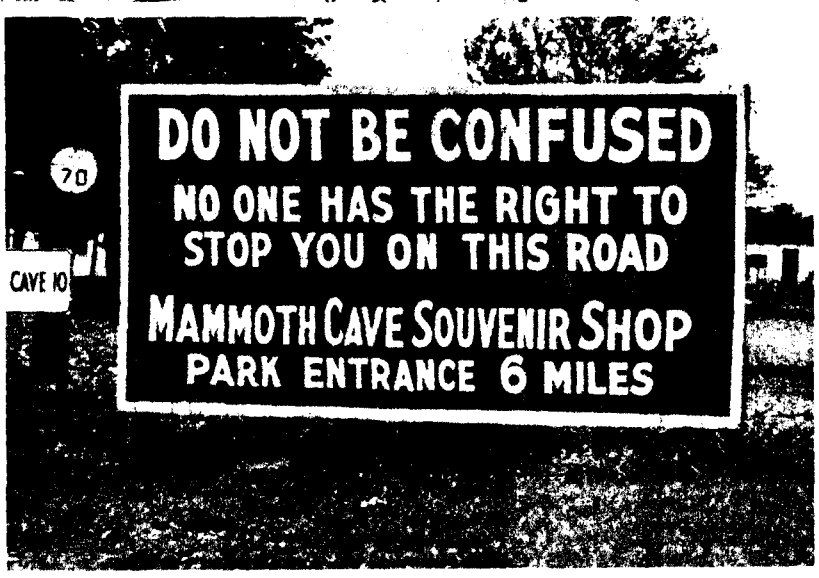
By BEN LUCIEN BURMAN

It's a hilarious struggle by rival caves to sna

Veteran salesman Terry Jewell tells woman tourist why she should visit his cave instead of competing ones

Tourists often mistake man in uniform along Route 70 for a federal ranger, but he's just another solicitor trying to entice customers away from competing caves





This sign was erected after uniformed solicitors began to stop tourists bound for government-owned Mammoth Cave and direct them to privately owned rival caverns in the region

IT'S a war, brother," said the old cave solicitor. "Only difference between it and a regular war is that they ain't killing nobody. That is, they ain't lately. You keep your eyes open and you'll see something around here you never seen in your life."

Uncle Clint, as I shall call the white-haired ex-solicitor, was talking about the bitter Thirty Years' War in central Kentucky—the Great War of the Caves. Even as he sat reminiscing in the lobby of the pleasant hotel at Mammoth Cave National Park, tourists outside were climbing into buses for a trip to the innocent cause of it all: Mammoth Cave itself, comprising the longest series of underground passages known to man.

The United States has seen civil war and world wars, whisky wars and tobacco wars, wars of sheepmen and cattlemen. But never has there been a stranger war than the Great War of the Caves—or one marked by so much high comedy. It is a struggle for customers that has been waged by as many as 15 different caves, with no ruses barred. The combatants are glorified pitchmen—locally called cave solicitors—and we, the public, are their targets.

In the twenties and thirties, Uncle Clint recalled, the war grew so intense that rival solicitors battled in the streets with fists and stones and pistols. Two men are reported to have been killed in the bitter feuds, and Floyd Collins died in a cave tragedy that attracted world attention.

"God gave Texas oil and He gave Kentucky the Mammoth Cave," Uncle Clint said, shifting his small body in the chair and biting a chunk from a plug of tobacco. "Ain't been nothing like Mammoth Cave before or since. But He should have stopped when He finished and not made all these others.

"Ain't a man with ten feet of property that's not hoping for the day when he finds a cave like Mammoth underneath. Sometimes his dog falls down a sinkhole and he goes out hunting the hound and finds a pretty good cave. He borrows some money from the bank and strings some electric lights and puts up a gift shop. Then he hires a few smart country boys to be his solicitors and sits up all night figuring out how to get the tourists away from Mammoth Cave and the other caves next door. Like I said, brother, just keep your eyes open. You'll sure get a surprise."

I kept my eyes—and ears—open. I drove about the towns of Park City, Horse Cave and Cave City, the cheerful little capital of the cave region. I wandered over the green-forested countryside. And I learned some fascinating facts about the Great War of the Caves.

Folders Run to Superlatives

There are four large important privately owned caves on the firing line today, and all have troops of solicitors in strategic areas. Each cave is different, but you'd never guess it from the striking unanimity of their claims in publicity folders. Mammoth Onyx Cave is billed as "Kentucky's Most Beautiful Cave." So are the Diamond Caverns. Floyd Collins' Crystal Cave is called "The Grandest Cave of All." And the Great Onyx Cave is ballyhooed as "It's Better than the Best."

The war waged by the owners of the caves is just as bitter today as ever, but the tactics have become more subtle with the passage of years. The emphasis today is on shrewdness and high stratagem.

As I drove along the highway toward Mammoth Cave National Park, I came across a little hut flying a trim American flag. A military figure in khaki uniform and wearing a badge was standing before the doorway. As my car approached, the man sternly waved me to a stop. I knew that government rangers were stationed around Mammoth Cave, so I applied the brakes and swung onto the shoulder of the road.

The man began to talk with swift authority. "There's two famous caves here," he said. "There's the old Mammoth Cave, that's the historical cave. It's all smoked up, with kerosene torches. It's a dirty cave, like a big-city subway. You can see how dirty it is by the pictures in this book. The other cave you can see is the beautiful cave. There's five hundred steps in the old historical cave. It's terrible for old people and children. Plenty of times they have to carry 'em out on stretchers. Plenty of people get sick, too, from the smell of the kerosene torches.

"This other cave is a level cave, all lighted up with electricity. It's covered over with jewels, like rainbows. If

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

CAVE WAR

vary tourists. No ruses are barred

you want a beautiful cave, it's sure the cave to see."

I might have been bewildered by the speech had I not known that both the apparent ranger and his flag-flying station were as counterfeit as stage money. The monologist was a private cave solicitor; his badge was no more official than the ones you can obtain by sending off two box tops from a breakfast cereal.

Some solicitors are so bold that when tourists fail to stop, the pseudo officers blow police whistles or pretend to write the license numbers of the cars in their books. Terrified motorists back up in a hurry.

The solicitors' stratagems are so effective that at times 10 to 30 per cent of the visitors bound for Mammoth Cave never get there. Yet the cave men rarely make a provable misstatement; they make their points by implication.

"You don't have to lie to 'em, brother," asserted Uncle Clint with a twinkle in his eye when I rejoined him in a little café not far from Mammoth Cave National Park. "You don't have to lie to nobody. You just get 'em to thinking right. If it's morning when they come along, you kind of get 'em to feeling tired about taking a long trip at the big cave while you got a fine short trip in about five minutes; if it's afternoon, you tell 'em the all-day trip at the big cave, where you see the most, started six hours ago. If it's raining you get 'em to thinking about floods. Maybe Echo River in Mammoth Cave will be up and then it's kind of natural that maybe the cave might be closed. You don't exactly say it is closed."

He chewed his tobacco a moment in reflection. "I'll admit to twisting God's law a little, brother. But I never sure enough broke it."

Signs Warn Unwary Tourists

As I continued my exploring, I found more and more evidence of the war. A huge sign along the road to Mammoth Cave pointedly warned all who passed: DO NOT BE CONFUSED. NO ONE HAS THE RIGHT TO STOP YOU ON THIS ROAD. And on the road to Mammoth Onyx Cave, I saw the blunt announcement: THIS IS *NOT* THE ROAD TO GREAT ONYX CAVE. Direction signs often catch fire, I was told, and even while I was visiting the area, a cabin housing solicitors for one of the caves burned to the ground. The cabin fire was attributed officially to an overheated flue, but there were whispers that the cause lay elsewhere.

The geography of the cave region and the nature of the inhabitants are favorable to combat. The land is rugged and remote; many of the natives differ from their Bluegrass neighbors, noted for gentle and leisurely ways. Perhaps because of the unproductive soil, they more resemble the proverbial, horse-trading Yankee, known for his shrewdness and his dry, cynical humor. The Edmonson County native enjoys his cave tricks and battles to the hilt.

His stratagems are countless, his audaciousness is unlimited. Posing as a tourist at the Mammoth Cave Hotel, he will tell fascinated guests about the wonderful cave he has just visited—a cave, he says, that makes Mammoth Cave a pygmy in comparison. The cave, of course, is the one which pays him 25 per cent on all tickets he sells.

Half-Truths Salve Conscience

Then, on the highway, he will tell a tourist who is inquiring the route to Mammoth Cave, "The first entrance is just a mile up the road, friend." The entrance, naturally, is the one to his own cave, but he may salve his conscience with the thought that some geologists believe all caves in the area are connected. He may look like a country bumpkin, but he is persuasive enough to sell an all-day walk through a cave to a man without legs.

"You got to study to be a good solicitor, brother," remarked the philosophic Uncle Clint when we met in the little café again. "Same as when you're a doctor or a preacher. You find after a while that there's a lot of ways to get on the good side of a tourist. One good way is to get hold of one of them hotel guidebooks, or maybe buy a lot of newspapers from other places, Pittsburgh and New Orleans and Chicago and San Francisco. You read 'em careful and learn the names of some of the big people.

"Pretty soon a fancy car comes along with Pennsylvania license plates and maybe the plate frame says Pittsburgh. When you got the driver stopped, you say right away, 'I see you're from Pittsburgh, friend. Do you happen to know my friend Ed Beasley that's vice-president of the Sixteenth National Bank?' Beasley's a name you saw in the paper just the day before. Even if the driver don't know the fellow, it makes him feel good to talk about somebody from home. And in about a minute you're good friends and you've sold him tickets for everybody in the car."

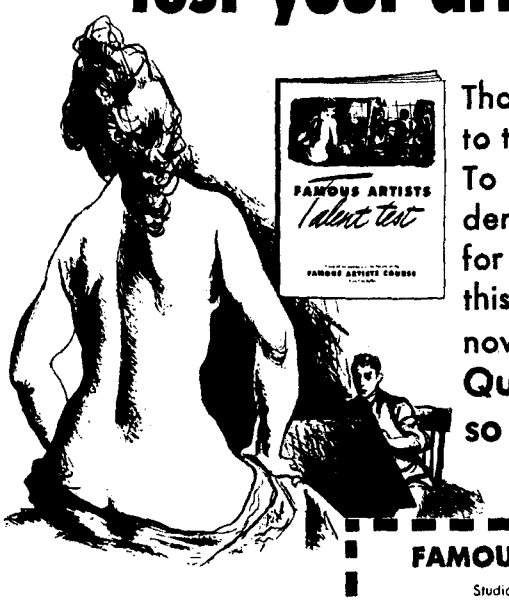
Uncle Clint stirred his coffee and chuckled. "I've played some mighty good tricks in my time. Once I drove up the road leading to a rival cave and pulled my car off into a mudhole till it was up to the hubcaps. Then I muddied my clothes and stood there looking like the end of the world. Every auto that passed would stop and ask what was the matter. I'd say I started out to see this other cave and the road was so terrible this was what happened to me. Course they all turned around in a hurry. The other cave didn't get a single tourist for two days.

"Another time when a road gang was fixing the highway I took a pick and shovel and stayed maybe a hundred feet off and pretended to be digging hard,

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR COLLIER'S BY ALLAN GOULD

If you can draw your future is secure

NOW America's 12 Most Famous Artists test your art talent!



Thousands paid $1.00 to take this amazing test. To meet the ever-increasing demand for artists needed for higher-paying jobs, this talent test is now offered FREE. Quantity limited, so write today!

FACULTY

Norman Rockwell — Al Parker
Jon Whitcomb — Ben Stahl
Stevan Dohanos — Robert Fawcett
Harold Von Schmidt — Austin Briggs
Peter Helck — John Atherton
Fred Ludekens — Albert Dorne

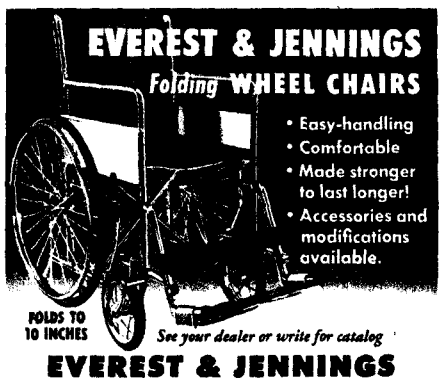
FAMOUS ARTISTS COURSE
Studio 45-F3, Westport, Connecticut
Send me with no obligation the Famous Artists Talent Test
Mr.
Mrs. Age
Miss (please print)
Address
City Zone State

Personal
To Women With Nagging Backache

Nagging backache, loss of pep and energy, headaches and dizziness may be due to slowdown of kidney function. Doctors say good kidney function is very important to good health. When some everyday condition, such as stress and strain, causes this important function to slow down, many folks suffer nagging backache—feel miserable.

Don't neglect your kidneys if these conditions bother you. Try Doan's Pills—a mild diuretic. Used successfully by millions for over 50 years. It's amazing how many times Doan's give happy relief from these discomforts—help the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters flush out waste. Get Doan's Pills today!

EVEREST & JENNINGS
Folding WHEEL CHAIRS
• Easy-handling
• Comfortable
• Made stronger to last longer!
• Accessories and modifications available.



FOLDS TO 10 INCHES
See your dealer or write for catalog
EVEREST & JENNINGS
761 No. Highland Ave., Los Angeles 38, Calif.

Keep tools sharp with a CRYSTOLON® Sharpener

It's a snap to renew blunted edges on hoes, spades, sickles and other tools with a coarse grit CRYSTOLON JT-8 Home and Garden Sharpener. Flat side sharpens straight edges; round side for curved edges. Complete with easy-grip handle, only $1.00 at your hardware store or direct.

Send 10c for "How to Sharpen" — 32-page illustrated booklet. Address Behr-Manning Corp., Troy, N. Y., Dept. C-6.

HOW TO SHARPEN

BEHR-MANNING
COATED ABRASIVES • SHARPENING STONES • PRESSURE SENSITIVE TAPES

RELIEVES PAIN OF HEADACHE NEURALGIA NEURITIS FAST

The way thousands of physicians and dentists recommend

Here's Why . . .
Anacin® is like a doctor's prescription. That is, Anacin contains not one but a combination of medically proved active ingredients. Anacin is specially compounded to give FAST, LONG LASTING relief. Don't wait. Buy Anacin today.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

and whenever a tourist car showed up, I told 'em the road was blocked and sent 'em back the way they came."

Another retired solicitor chanced along, a stout man, white-haired as Uncle Clint. He hailed my companion and sat down to join us. They talked gaily of their past exploits.

Solicitor Made Like a Farmer

The newcomer, named Gabe, began to eat a piece of pie à la mode. "Hard to figure out your best trick when you done so many," he declared. "Guess the smartest I worked maybe was when fifteen caves were fighting and there were so many solicitors the tourists were pretty near dizzy not knowing what to do or which way to go. I dressed up like a farmer in overalls and stayed along the road pretending to be fixing a fence. The tourists were sure tickled when they saw me. They knew they'd get things right from just a poor old farmer. My cave did a mighty good business for a while."

Uncle Clint's eyes twinkled again. "How about that time I fixed myself up like a fancy tourist with some mustaches I bought in Cave City and stood on the road to your cave and told everybody it was closed and the only place showing was my cave down the road a piece? I was there pretty near all day before you found out."

The stout one smiled wryly as he looked up from the pie. "You licked me that time all right. But I got even with you when I told the big prize fighter that didn't like your cave all he had to do was to ask for his money back. Everybody knew the people that owned your cave were the worst tightwads in Edmonson County and would give up money just about as easy as a Scotch horse with his hoof over a nickel. People could hear the fight when he got there clear across the line in Tennessee."

Uncle Clint looked crestfallen for a moment, but recovered quickly. "Guess the funniest solicitor in the business was the one used to dress up his three children in rags and put 'em along the highway near his house. Then when he came along with some rich tourist he was taking to a cave, he'd say, 'Look at them poor children. Ain't it terrible? Let's you and me throw 'em some money.' He got enough that way to put them children through college."

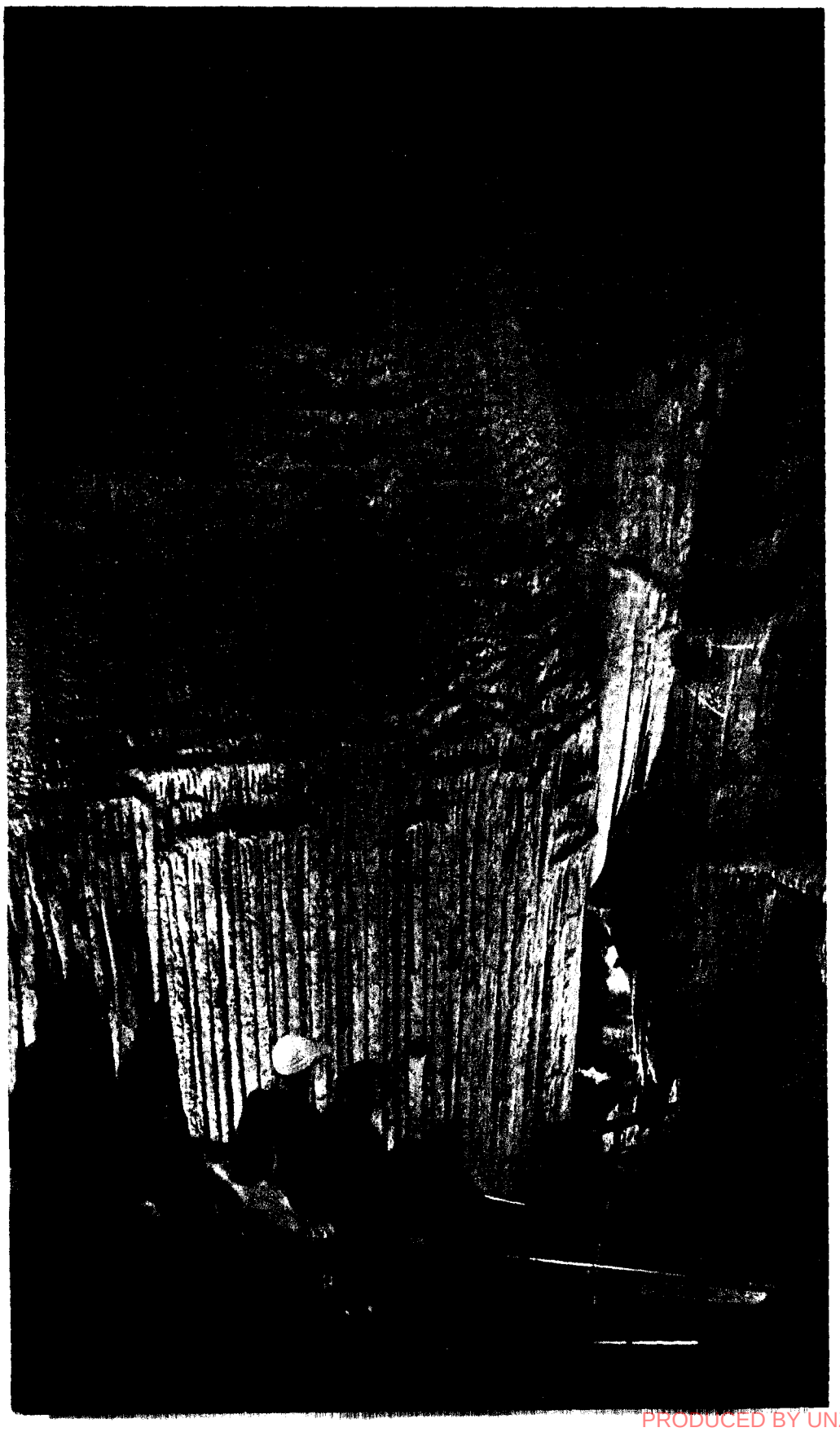
There is little left to chance in the Cave War. Campaigns are planned as carefully as a general staff prepares for an invasion. Intelligence and spy systems keep the owners informed of enemy maneuvers. Agents in disguise go on the road in cars with out-of-state license plates to learn the speeches of their rivals. During periods of great cave activity in the past, the conflict has ranged as far as 50 miles from Mammoth Cave, with solicitors lurking at every traffic light.

Even Mammoth Cave itself, before the state of Kentucky bought it and donated it to the federal government, figured in the fierce hostilities.

The product of geologic action and erosion that began when a shallow sea covered the area millions of years ago, Mammoth Cave was discovered by white men about 1800 and was opened to the public for the first time soon after the War of 1812.

Tourists in Mammoth Cave view awe-inspiring Frozen Niagara, a deposit of onyx 75 feet high. Nearly a half million visited the cave in 1952

RALPH ROYLE



Famous Voices Echoed There

Through the years many celebrities have mingled with the millions of tourists walking through some of its 150 miles of explored passages. Jenny Lind, the Swedish Nightingale, sang arias under the arches in Gothic Avenue. Opera singer Madame Ernestine Schumann-Heink made the roof of Reverberation Hall quiver, and actor Edwin Booth set the walls to ringing with Hamlet's Soliloquy. Scientists found the first Blindfish in its underground waters and used its chambers to study sound waves and man's reaction to darkness.

Nearly everyone in the cave country once dreamed of finding a new entrance to Mammoth Cave and tapping the wealth being amassed by the heirs of Dr. John Croghan, a Louisville physician who had purchased the original entrance and lands in 1839. And in the 1920s, George Morrison, who had been prospecting for oil in the area, was successful. He had bought options on large tracts of land adjoining the Croghan property, and, according to legend, sent men through the passages of Mammoth Cave to listen for the pounding of his drill overhead. When one of his scouts reported hearing a rumble, Morrison began digging at the spot and opened what he called the New Entrance to Mammoth Cave.

The Croghan heirs protested to the courts, and the bitter fight dragged on until the state of Kentucky bought the old entrance in 1930 and the new one in 1931. It was made a national park in 1941. Set in 50,696 acres of woodland, Mammoth Cave drew almost half a million visitors last year alone. They gazed with awe at its Frozen Niagara, a 75-foot-high deposit of onyx which strikingly resembles a waterfall, and its templelike Bridal Altar, formed by four pairs of stalactites and stalagmites; they floated in boats on the murmuring rivers that wind through its ghostly valleys.

The Legend of Floyd Collins

But even Mammoth Cave's role in the Cave War is dwarfed by the events that surrounded the tragic death of Floyd Collins in 1925. There are few Americans who have not heard of the cave explorer who died while hundreds toiled to save him. The nation, through its newspapers and radio stations, stood vigil beside him. But few realized that his death was a direct result of the War of the Caves. The echoes of the tragedy still reverberate along Green River and in the haunts where old cave men gather; its physical evidences are still visible in the form of a metal casket that lies in the Floyd Collins Crystal Cave.

"It ought never to have happened, mister," said a lanky farmer in the filling station at Cave City. "Floyd Collins was a caving fool. Not even a varmint would have gone down that hole. But Floyd just wasn't scared of nothing."

Collins came from a poor farming family and, like many of his companions of the county, spent much of his time exploring the local caverns. Tracing a lost trap one day on his father's property, he found it had been dragged into a hole. He eagerly wriggled down the hole—and discovered Crystal Cave. His family enlarged the entrance and opened it to tourists.

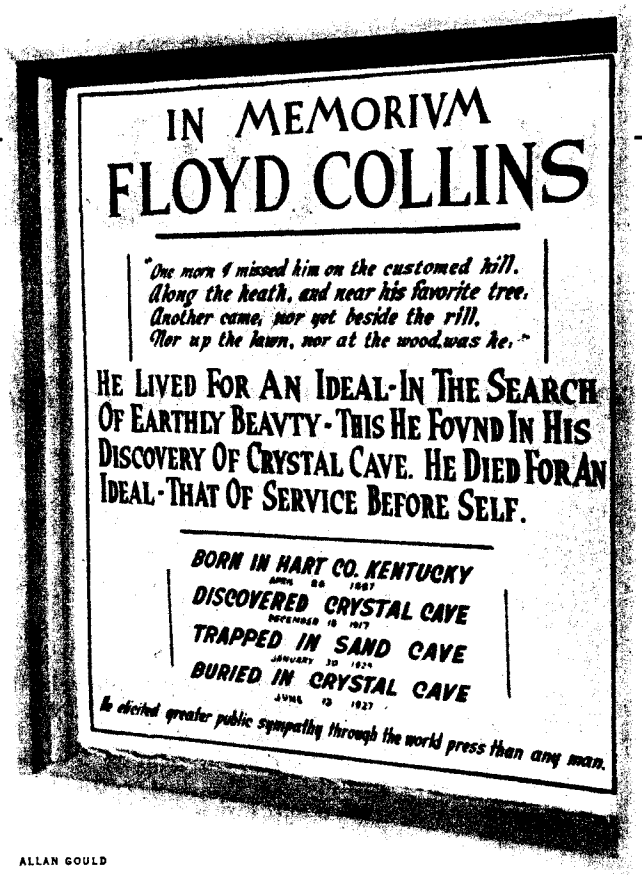
But Collins still was not satisfied. He wanted to find another entrace to Mammoth Cave. A hole known as Sand Cave struck him as a likely prospect, although some local experts insisted it was not a cave at all, only a sinkhole much too dangerous to enter. But he was not to be dissuaded, and he set out one January morning to investigate.

He entered the five-foot-wide hole, lowered himself 80 feet to a sort of shelf, and squirmed another 100 feet along a narrow, dripping tunnel. Then, as he started through a crevice, a sudden cave-in trapped him. A six-ton rock pinned one foot in the crevice, and rocks, gravel and mud buried him to the waist. Searchers found him there next morning, but few felt alarmed. Floyd had been trapped before and always had escaped unhurt.

But after the first attempts to release him failed, neighbors began to worry. Only a few rescue workers could enter the tunnel at a time and they soon became chilled and exhausted. Moreover, they were unable to get past Collins to claw at the mud, gravel and rock imprisoning him; his body blocked the tunnel. Finally rescuers formed a human chain. The man closest to Collins chipped away at the rock walls with a small hammer, trying to enlarge the tomb. As each piece of rock dropped, it was handed back along the chain to the surface; there was no room in the cave to pile the chips.

Local excitement increased. Newspapermen came from nearby cities and soon were arriving in droves. Almost

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED


IN MEMORIVM
FLOYD COLLINS
"One morn I missed him on the customed hill.
Along the heath, and near his favorite tree.
Another came, nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he."
HE LIVED FOR AN IDEAL-IN THE SEARCH OF EARTHLY BEAVTY-THIS HE FOVND IN HIS DISCOVERY OF CRYSTAL CAVE. HE DIED FOR AN IDEAL-THAT OF SERVICE BEFORE SELF.
BORN IN HART CO. KENTUCKY
DISCOVERED CRYSTAL CAVE
TRAPPED IN SAND CAVE
BURIED IN CRYSTAL CAVE
He elicited greater public sympathy through the world press than any man.

ALLAN GOULD

This memorial tablet was erected in tribute to Floyd Collins, who was killed in famous 1925 cave tragedy

overnight, Edmonson County became the most famous spot in America. Motorists traveled hundreds of miles to cluster around the entrance to Sand Cave. Ten thousand visitors arrived in a single day and National Guardsmen with fixed bayonets were called to hold back hysterical spectators. A wealthy woman sent a surgeon to amputate the trapped man's leg. From all over the world came messages of sympathy, donations of money and offers of help and prayers.

"People are sure funny," said the lanky farmer in the filling station. "Fellows that wouldn't have lent Floyd fifty cents pretty near killed themselves going down that hole to pull him out. Half a dozen times."

Each day a few more chunks of rock were brought to the surface. At one point, a harness was rigged and placed around Floyd's shoulders. The human chain tugged on the rope, Floyd squirmed—but he could be moved only five inches.

Then, on the seventh day of his ordeal, a second cave-in closed the passage above Collins just after two friends had emerged from the tunnel. Floyd Collins was not seen alive again.

Last Scene of the Drama

On February 16, 1925—18 days after Floyd had entered Sand Cave—a lone miner dug through and found his body. Funeral services were held near the mouth of the pit, the hole was filled in, and the crowds scattered to their distant homes. The tragic episode seemed ended.

But while in life Floyd Collins had been of little importance, in death he became an international hero whose name was even chanted in a popular song. And to bolster the declining receipts for Crystal Cave, the Collins family finally hired a miner to bring up Floyd's body. It was placed in an imposing casket and carried to the corridors of Crystal Cave, where ironically in death he became his cave's best solicitor. Hundreds flocked to see the casket.

Then one night in 1929 Collins' body vanished. From this point on, the story varies sharply, changing with the loyalties of the narrator. According to the partisans of Floyd Collins Cave, rival cave owners stole the body and threw it from a cliff overlooking Green River. The Collins' partisans say the plot failed when the body caught on a branch and was quickly found by a party of county men who had been searching the hills with bloodhounds and rifles. According to this version, the body was carried back to the cave and returned to its metal sepulcher.

But solicitors for rival caves tell a far different story. They swear with vehemence that Floyd Collins' body was never stolen. The whole incident was a trick, they say, conceived by the owners of Floyd's cave to get more publicity. Some even claim that the body was never in the coffin, but still lies buried in the sludge of Sand Cave with one leg under the fallen boulder. The battle rages bitterly, with the casket, sealed now, still holding a place of honor in Floyd Collins Crystal Cave.

The guide will tell you with assurance, "Bet you a thousand dollars it's Floyd Collins inside." And then he adds with pride, "He's wore out three coffins."

The legends grow and grow. "Don't you pay no attention to any of 'em, mister," said a grizzled native, drinking orange pop in the filling station. "Floyd Collins ain't dead at all. They done it to get these here caves in the newspapers. It was just a dummy they took out that sinkhole. Floyd's living on a ranch out in Arizona."

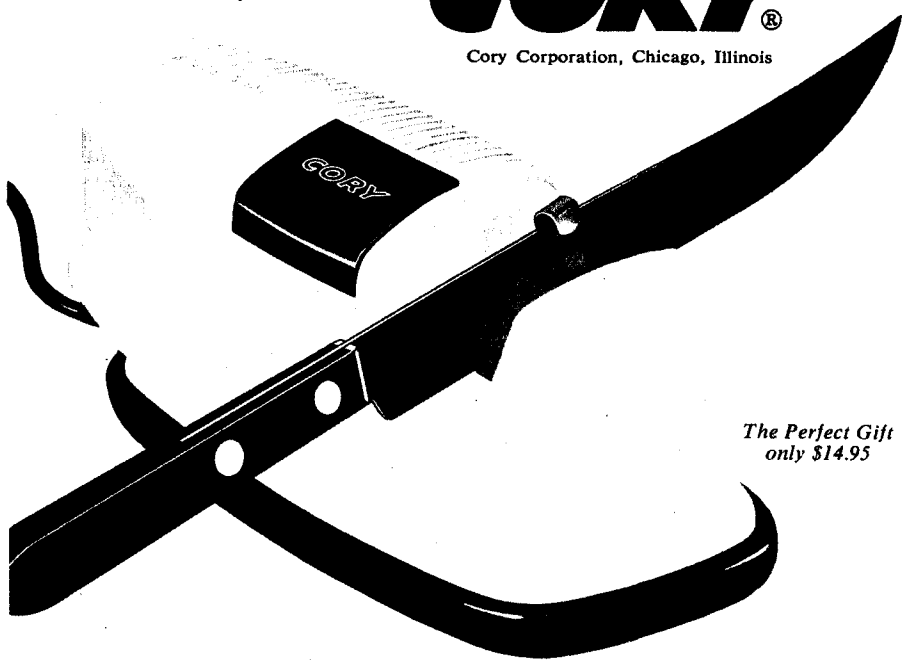
So the Great War of the Caves continues, with each year bringing some new developments. Even as I write, there is a report that a new cave has been found only a few miles from the entrance to Mammoth Cave National Park. According to rumors, its beauty surpasses that of all its warring neighbors. No one expects or would settle for less in the Cave War.

But through it all, Mammoth Cave, the cause of the war, remains serene in its woodland retreat, like a queen surrounded by courtiers quarreling for her favors. ▲▲▲

STEWART SW WARNER
More Fun Wherever You Go
STEWART-WARNER
Capri
PORTABLE RADIO

Far-away vacation spots or right at home . . . more fun wherever you go with new STEWART-WARNER "Capri." Plays for months on a single battery-pack or plugs into AC or DC. Oversize speaker and extra-sensitive chassis for long-distance reception. Available in Forest Green, Cocoa Brown or Ebony.
STEWART-WARNER radios as low as $19.95
STEWART-WARNER ELECTRIC
Division of Stewart-Warner Corp., Chicago • In Canada, Belleville, Ont.
©1953

Father's Pride
sharpens knives professionally right at home!

The Cory Electric Knife Sharpener is the gift that's unusual but useful. Just plug it in . . . draw the knife quickly through and zzzzzst . . . your blade is sharpened perfectly!
Sharpens every knife . . . can't hurt any knife.
CORY®
Cory Corporation, Chicago, Illinois


The Perfect Gift only $14.95

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PRETTY DOCTOR IN

A lone, dark-eyed French girl defies death regularly to treat the wounded in Indochin

Capt. Valérie André, parachutist, daredevil pilot, and a doctor in France's Indochina war, lands her helicopter at the Gialam Air Base, Hanoi. At the last count, Mlle. André had flown out 160 wounded men in the course of 120 missions

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A COPTER

By PETER KALISCHER

re is the story of Valérie André, "Miss Electric Fan," pilot of her own ambulance in war

Hanoi, French Indochina

"HOW do we feel toward her?" asked the French air force mechanic, echoing my question. "You mean how do we feel about a woman pilot in a war?"

We were discussing only one of the talents which make Captain Valérie André the most remarkable woman in anybody's army since Joan of Arc (a whopping claim the captain will writhe at), and either the bravest pretty woman or the prettiest brave one I ever met. She is certainly the most decorated—a Chevalier of the Legion of Honor and holder of the Croix de Guerre with three palms.

"Some of us have worked with her so long it's routine," the mechanic continued. "She's a captain, but—well, not a captain, you understand. We address her as *mon capitaine,* but we refer to her among ourselves as Mademoiselle. The sex business, honestly, no one thinks about it. On the base she wears coveralls and a slouch hat, she flies her missions like the men, she gives orders and we take them.

"But every so often it hits you. For example, when we hear her voice on the radio net calling for fighter-plane support. She's trying to land at a besieged outpost to pick up wounded, you understand, and the Viets are shooting at her helicopter. Then it comes over you: *nom de Dieu,* it's a woman doing this. Or when one meets her off duty, all *chic* in a dress and high-heeled shoes. A most peculiar sensation."

This peculiar sensation is nothing compared to the one experienced three years ago by a French sergeant at the isolated outpost of Muong Nghat, in upper Laos, the wildest of the three associated states of French Indochina. The post, separated from Hanoi by 150 miles of mountains, jungle, primitive tribes and bands of Communist Viet Minhs, had radioed that three men were sick with typhus. Help came from a transport plane that spilled out two parachutes over the post and then headed back.

When the sergeant got to the parachutes he found a young woman, five feet three inches tall, slim as a fencing foil, shaking her brown curls free from her jump cap. "Where—where's the doctor?" the sergeant managed to ask.

"I'm the doctor," said Captain André. "The medical supplies are with the second parachute."

Mademoiselle stayed 15 days at the post, saved the three stricken French noncoms, and inoculated the rest of the garrison and as many natives as her supply of antityphus shots allowed.

News that a doctor had dropped from the sky spread throughout the district. Hundreds of Laotians, ailing with everything from yaws to toothache, came for treatment. Before her last aspirin tablet was doled out, Mademoiselle was pulling teeth. Then she boarded a horse, and with a 24-man escort (only two of them French), rode and walked five days through the jungle to the nearest light-aircraft strip, and was flown back to Hanoi.

Rescues on Many Isolated "Fronts"

This episode is the high point—so far—in the career of Captain Valérie André, parachutist. (Her other 21 jumps were mostly practice.) As Captain André, neurosurgeon, she performed more than 200 operations at the military Hospital Coste in Saigon. In the last 26 months of her four-year, double tour of duty in Indochina, Captain André, helicopter pilot, has flown 120 missions and evacuated 160 wounded from a score of isolated "fronts."

No man has equaled this record and probably no one will. The peculiar nature of the Indochina war made it possible. It was already almost three years old, and a more unpopular effort than it is today, when Valérie joined the French Army Medical Corps in 1949. Although holding a major front against world Communism (the Chinese Reds openly supply the Viet Minhs), the French are haunted by nearly 100 years of colonialism and the suspicion that if and when they win they will be asked to leave anyway by the loyal natives (Viet-Namese) now on their side.

This point of view has not inspired the average Frenchman with a passion to fight in Indochina, and his government may not draft him to go there; it can only send volunteers, the regular army or professional units like the Foreign Legion.

Valérie volunteered for Indochina, arrived in Saigon in early 1949, and has been volunteering ever since. The daughter of a Strasbourg school teacher, she had graduated the year before from the Faculté de Médecine in Paris, the foremost medical school in France. Devout, dedicated and shy, but with a will of iron, she soon decided that wielding a scalpel at the military base hospital was not enough. She joined the Surgeon Parachutist Wing of the French Army Medical Corps.

"Why?" I asked her.

"Many wounded died before a doctor could reach them," she said. "At these isolated posts the only way to get in was by parachute. We didn't have helicopters then."

When I made the obvious suggestion that this kind of job was not usually considered woman's work, something deep in Mademoiselle's brown eyes began to glow. It almost transfigured her. I had seen that look once before in the eyes of an Army chaplain in Korea who, to encourage green medics, had brought back three wounded men trapped beyond our lines in a mortar barrage.

"I'm a doctor," she said without emotion, "and that is where my job took me."

When the Korean war sold the French on the advantages of helicopter evacuations, Valérie re-

Back with wounded she evacuated from front, Mlle. André helps medics transferring men to the Hanoi military hospital. She often gives plasma, dresses wounds under fire, then flies men out

Mlle. André in jump harness. Before copters were available she parachuted to aid troops

COLOR PHOTOGRAPH BY THE AUTHOR

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Stops Foot Itch

Kills ATHLETE'S FOOT Fungi

If your feet itch . . . if the skin between your toes is red, raw, cracked or peeling—lose no time. Get Dr. Scholl's SOLVEX at once. This famous formula is a *specific* for Athlete's Foot. Quickly relieves intense itching; kills fungi of the infection on contact; promotes rapid healing. Liquid, Ointment or Powder. At Drug, Shoe and Department Stores.

Dr Scholl's SOLVEX

SUFFERERS FROM **PSORIASIS** (SCALY SKIN TROUBLE)

MAKE THE ONE **SPOT TEST** with **DERMOIL**

Prove it yourself no matter how long you have suffered or what you have tried. Beautiful book on psoriasis and Dermoil with amazing, true photographic proof of results sent FREE. Write for it.

Don't mistake eczema for the stubborn, ugly embarrassing scaly skin disease Psoriasis. Apply non-staining Dermoil. Thousands do for scaly spots on body or scalp. Grateful users, often after years of suffering, report the scales have gone, the red patches gradually disappeared and they enjoyed the thrill of a clear skin again. Dermoil is used by many doctors and is backed by a positive agreement to give definite benefit in 2 weeks or money is refunded without question. Send 10c (stamps or coin) for generous trial bottle to make our famous "One Spot Test". Test it yourself. Results may surprise you. Write today for your test bottle. Caution: Use only as directed. Print name plainly. Don't delay. Sold by Liggett and Walgreen Drug Stores and other leading Druggists. LAKE LABORATORIES, Box 3925 Strathmoor Station, Dept. 3123, Detroit 27, Mich.

SEND FOR GENEROUS TRIAL SIZE

©1953 LAKE LAB.

A BUSINESS OF YOUR OWN
with a Money Back Guarantee

$712 investment gives you your own independent business operating a route of new money-making 5c dispensers handling new fast-moving confections in drug stores, cafes, clubs, bus depots, etc. Route set up for you by our experts. You must have car, references and $712 which is protected by an iron-clad 100% Money-Back Guarantee. Devoting a few of your spare hours each week you should earn up to $80.00 weekly spare time, full time more. Liberal financing assistance to aid expansion. For personal interview write giving phone number and address to

SUPERIOR DISTRIBUTING CO.
Suite 506-L, 1030 15th St., Denver 2, Colo.
References: Dun & Bradstreet

AMAZING PAZO ACTS TO
RELIEVE PAIN OF SIMPLE PILES INSTANTLY

Speed amazing relief from miseries of simple piles, with soothing Pazo*! Acts to relieve pain and itching *instantly*—soothes inflamed tissues—helps prevent soreness—reduce swelling. You get real comforting help. So don't suffer one moment of needless torture from simple piles. Get Pazo for fast, wonderful relief. Ask your doctor about it. Suppository form—also tubes with perforated pile pipe for easy, thorough application.
**Pazo Ointment and Suppositories ®*

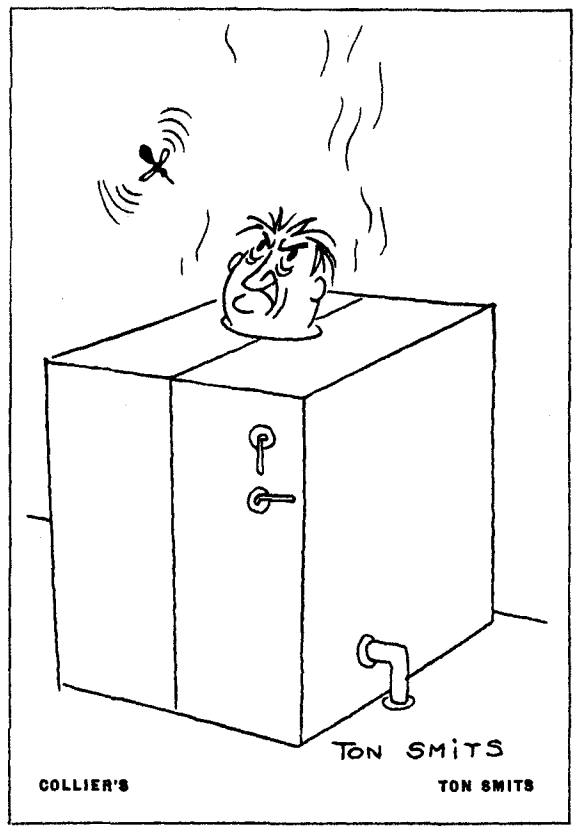
WANTED: 100 MEN—100 WOMEN!

Use some of your leisure time to make extra income by taking care of subscriptions for this magazine and all popular publications. For money-making supplies, *write to:*

Independent Agency Division, Desk C-84
THE CROWELL-COLLIER PUBLISHING CO.
640 Fifth Avenue, New York 19, N. Y.
Without cost or obligation, please send me your EXTRA INCOME PLAN.

NAME.....
ADDRESS.....
CITY.....Zone No.....
STATE.....

Landing to pick up wounded, she cried: "Where is everybody



turned to Paris for her first leave in 16 months—to learn how to fly one. In 90 days she was a pilot and back in Saigon. She didn't get a mission for nearly a year. Then she heard that one of three helicopter pilots at the Gialam Air Base at Hanoi was injured in a jeep accident. She volunteered to replace him.

The helicopters were American Hillers, capable of carrying two wounded in stretcher pods, with sled-runner-type landing gear and a top speed of about 75 miles an hour. There were just two of them in north Viet-Nam because, as one French general put it, "This is a budget war."

On one of her first missions, Valérie and the senior pilot, Captain Alexis Santini, flew to a hard-hit post on the Black River in the same helicopter—the other one was under repair.

There were fifteen seriously wounded legionnaires to be evacuated. The plan was for Valérie to administer to them while Santini shuttled two at a time back to Hanoi. There was time for only one evacuation before nightfall, however, and Valérie remained overnight at the post. Next morning a breakdown grounded Captain Santini's helicopter just before take-off—no one knew for how long.

This news was radioed to Valérie, who asked for medical supplies and got them by parachute. While the mechanics at Gialam sweated to get one helicopter functioning, she performed three emergency operations.

When No Copter Was Available

When it became evident that no copter would fly that day, she trucked 13 wounded to a nearby plateau area and evacuated them and herself by a light plane dispatched from the base.

The incident transformed Mademoiselle, in the eyes of her air force colleagues, from something of a freak into the beginning of a legend. The legend gained with her every mission. All over embattled Tonkin, from the flooded delta paddies to the jungle-covered Thai uplands, Frenchmen, Moroccans, legionnaires and Viet-Namese swapped stories about the woman doctor who flew her own ambulance. Not all the witnesses lived to tell the stories.

"I was circling a post in the delta, coming down to pick up wounded," Mademoiselle recalled, "and I saw nothing—no marked area for me to land on, no sign of life. I landed outside the stockade, got out and shouted, 'Allo, in there. Where is everybody?'

"Just then the barricade opened and ten men rushed out carrying two wounded on stretchers. I started to give them a piece of my mind when I found out why they behaved that way. The Viets were just one hundred yards on the other side of a small stream and they began firing. The men dropped the stretchers and raced back to the fort. The two wounded—I don't know how one did it, he had a broken leg—leaped into the machine and up we went, nobody strapped in, their feet dangling over the side. They were the lucky ones—the post fell that night."

Like many officers and French WACs, Mademoiselle is billeted in Hanoi at the Hotel Splendide (a hotel that is anything but) and drives out to the airfield at dawn each day and back at night. Pedicab drivers and shoeshine boys in Hanoi, recognizing her and her copter, call her Mademoiselle Qhue-quat (Viet-Namese for electric fan).

She leads a life of such unromantic rectitude that it started rumors of a previous unhappy love affair. To the question (after all, Mademoiselle, it must be asked) of whether she contemplated marriage, she replied blandly, "I am unmarriageable. My husband and I could never be together. My work would not give us the time."

But she has found time after duty hours for the normal get-togethers, at which her amazing capacity to drink beer gained her the social respect of her peers.

When the helicopter section expanded to four machines, a brace of new pilots and 10 mechanics, Captain Valérie André became deputy commander.

Patients Well Served

With the exception of the mission with Santini, she has practiced no surgery for a year now, but she never flies without her medical kit, and often dresses wounds and gives blood plasma before evacuating her wounded. And she drops written directions on what preparations to make for her patients before landing at the Hanoi hospital.

She even opened a personal first-aid station in the helicopter hangar to treat cuts, bruises and hang-overs among the maintenance personnel.

These extracurricular activities, which would send an American Air Force commander into shock, are regarded by Captain André's superiors as a harmless outlet for some extra talent. To them she is a crack pilot who has twice brought her craft back with five bullet holes in it, and once, flying dangerously low, landed without mishap with a dead stick—the trickiest helicopter maneuver in the book. If she feels like playing doctor or wearing a wine-red parachutist's beret instead of an air force cap, and adorns the flight commander's office and the briefing room with fresh flowers every day—well, what is the harm in it?

Once she got a delinquency report

Next Week

WILLIAM LEAVY

Nassau County, New York, police seize illicit alcohol

BIG-TIME BOOTLEGGING IS BACK

So are speak-easies, police pay-offs and all the other evils of prohibition. More than 100,000 stills are flooding the nation with illicit liquor—and inundating our enforcement agencies. How did it happen? Can we defeat gangdom's latest challenge?

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

... enemy opened fire 100 yards away

rom an MP for driving in Hanoi with-ut proper papers. The report found its vay to Lieutenant Colonel Paul Davy, he base commander, to note what ac-ion he would take. Davy airily wrote 'To be shot at dawn" on the margin nd sent it back to the MPs.

Mademoiselle got into more serious rouble the day she flew an evacuation nission to a post in the Hai-Duong re-gion in the Red River Delta. Coming n, she noticed that only the tiniest space ad been cleared for her landing out-ide the stockade walls. The space was narked off with fabric air panels. As he landed, one of them flapped up in he wash from the rotor and caught in he rear stabilizing rotor.

The post commander apologized be-ause the panels could not properly be prop on two hours before nightfall. Mademoiselle bundled her wounded aboard and the two craft took off. Back at Gialam, Mademoiselle was glum.

"There's some trouble developing with the rotor now," she told LeGoff accusingly. "I may not be able to fly this *zinc* tomorrow." (*Zinc* is French slang for any aircraft.)

"That woman," LeGoff said, "never smiles unless the copters are flying."

A week later LeGoff rescued her again. This time the cooling system of her copter went haywire, and Mademoiselle made a forced landing on a deserted stretch of road in hostile territory between the two posts of Nam-Dinh and Phuly. LeGoff flew to Phuly in a light plane, got a truck and some troops in a small convoy and drove out to staked out. Mademoiselle tried to repair the prop herself, gave it up and radioed to Hanoi for help. The Viet Minhs apparently overheard the message and launched an attack to capture or completely wreck the stranded chopper. (The average time between landing and take-off is 10 minutes.) From all around the perimeter they peppered away while the garrison fired back. A detail set about clearing a new space for the rescue helicopter and started to lay down more air panels. "Not again," said Mademoiselle furiously. "Don't you have any flour?"

"Flour!" bawled the post commander, and the space was bordered with flour. An hour and a half later Captain Santini's helicopter arrived bearing an extra prop and master mechanic Georges LeGoff, who has extricated Mademoiselle four times from emergency breakdowns. Flying in they had spotted a large body of Viet infantry less than two miles away moving toward the post.

Working against time and sporadic but inaccurate fire, LeGoff got the new where she was sitting forlornly by the roadside. It was the closest anybody ever came to seeing her cry. The helicopter was hitched to the rear of the truck and towed back to Phuly where LeGoff had repair facilities.

Very soon, now that her current tour of duty is ending, Captain (Doctor) Valérie André will have to decide what her work really is—flying or medicine. It is doubtful her next assignment will permit her to do both. A new pilot once made the mistake of telling her—in a teasing way—that she ought to stick to doctoring, that flying was too rugged for her frail constitution.

Valérie balled up a fist and shook her slim arm under his nose. "I'm a man. I've got muscles," she said.

Perhaps she has, but they are only skin deep. When I asked her age, she wanted to know if that was really vital information. "I'll tell you, but I'd rather you didn't print it," she said.

Under these conditions I can only say that Mademoiselle André is not yet thirty-one. ▲▲▲

BUTCH

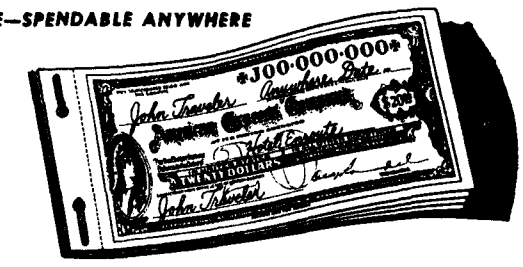
"It's only three A.M., mister. My partner just had to see how a clock radio works"

COLLIER'S — LARRY REYNOLDS

"Nothing doing, Mister . . .
I want an American Express Travelers Cheque."

It's good business to protect your cash with American Express Travelers Cheques—instantly accepted *everywhere*, quick refund if lost or stolen! Buy them at any BANK, at Western Union, Railway Express offices. Only 75¢ per $100.

100% SAFE—SPENDABLE ANYWHERE

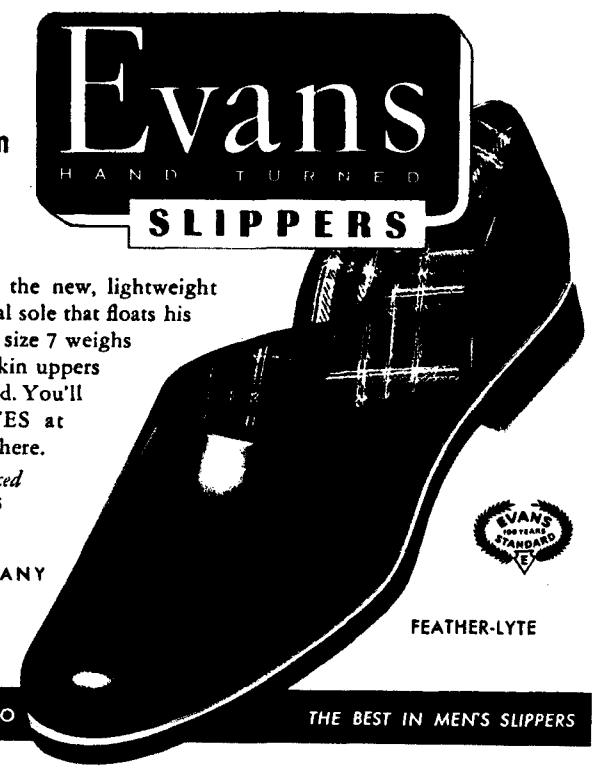


THE BEST-KNOWN CHEQUES IN THE WORLD!

AMERICAN EXPRESS TRAVELERS CHEQUES

how to please a MAN

give him Evans HAND TURNED SLIPPERS



He'll like FEATHER-LYTE, the new, lightweight Evans Slipper with the special sole that floats his foot on a cushion of air. A size 7 weighs only 10 ounces. Rich coltskin uppers are lined in colorful plaid. You'll find FEATHER-LYTES at Evans dealers, everywhere.

Evans Slippers are priced from $4.95 to $9.95

© L. B. EVANS' SON COMPANY
Wakefield, Massachusetts

FEATHER-LYTE

FOR 112 YEARS YOUR GUIDE TO THE BEST IN MEN'S SLIPPERS

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

JOHN FISCHETTI

Give Us the Go-Ahead

CONGRESS HAS FINALLY STARTED to do something about settling the question of whether the federal government should continue to monopolize the development and use of atomic energy. We at Collier's have a particular interest in this action, because it was this magazine which three years ago printed the first informed and detailed article setting forth the reasons why this monopoly should be ended (Free the Atom, by David E. Lilienthal, June 17, 1950).

In that article Mr. Lilienthal said: "No Soviet industrial monopoly is more completely owned by the state than is the industrial atom in free-enterprise America. The government has today an ironclad, airtight and all-embracing legalized monopoly of this vast enterprise, and of the new industrial era the development of the atom could bring to this country . . .

"The crowning irony of all this remains to be stated. As to the new era of the atom, we have not only turned our back on the essentials of the industrial system that has given us our military security, we have done it in the *name* of military security! . . .

"We ought to start at once to get the industrial atom back on the American track. A great deal is at stake. It will take a lot of doing. I am convinced that it can be done. We should lose no time getting going. . . . The time for the first industrial application of atomic knowledge is overdue. . . . Let's end government monopoly; give American competitive industry a chance."

Mr. Lilienthal, of course, was the first chairman of the civilian Atomic Energy Commission. And he wrote as the man who was responsible for administering the postwar atomic project for three years. During that time he became convinced that the government alone was doing a job far less efficiently than it could be done by government and private industry working together. Since then many other Americans have come to share his opinion—among them the members of the present Atomic Energy Commission, who recommended that Congress legislate to end the monopoly, and the President and the National Security Council, who approved the recommendation.

Then, too, there is the recently organized Atomic Industrial Forum, made up of concerns and individuals who have worked for the government in the field of nuclear fission. The forum's aims are to encourage atomic research and development and use of atomic energy by private industry, and to receive and disseminate information, to the public as well as to industry, within the bounds of national security.

The matter of security is of great importance, but that does not mean that it can't be approached calmly and realistically. Much has happened to affect that approach since the Atomic Energy Act was passed in 1946. The Soviet's possession of atomic weapons alone puts the whole picture in a different light.

One director of the Atomic Industrial Forum believes that the best security today lies in keeping ahead of your "competition," in the industrial atomic field as in any other, and in coming up with new developments, improvements and products.

It is a generally unknown or overlooked fact that the original conception of using atomic energy was as a source of power, not of explosives. Research was well under way before the second World War. In 1939, some 140 papers on the subject appeared in scientific and technical journals throughout the world. Then the big shooting started and the lid was necessarily clamped down on all atomic research. We join with those who believe that the lid should now be lifted.

A number of positive, fruitful, helpful uses for atomic energy have already been discovered as by-products within the framework of a government-controlled, tight-security, monopolized project. But anyone who knows anything about the background of scientific and industrial progress in this country also knows that progress cannot be fully achieved under such restrictions.

The very fact that no one can yet imagine the ultimate usefulness of atomic energy convinces us further that some of the government wraps, at least, should be removed by Congress. No one could imagine the full potentialities of power generated by steam, electricity or petroleum when those forces were first put to use. Atomic energy, so far, is the greatest force that man has ever harnessed. But is it exaggeration to surmise that atomic energy today may be where the internal combustion engine was 50 years ago, or the science of electronics was 30 years ago? We do not think so.

There remains one other fundamental question: Have the rulers of the Soviet Union enough humanity and common sense to abandon their dream of world conquest, and thus avoid a war which, in this Atomic Age, could at best bring them only a charred, lifeless and worthless prize? We cannot assume that they have. But we can hope and trust and pray that America's earnest efforts toward lasting peace will succeed. And in the meantime, we can, without weakening our defenses, set to work to exploit fully the new miracle which well may bring undreamed-of efficiency, leisure, power, comfort, health and happiness to the human race. So let us put to work the individual imagination, initiative and effort which have made America great, and which have let the whole world profit from the greatness.

The goal is years and generations away. But that is no reason to delay the beginning. It is time now for the next forward step. The United States Congress should make it possible for the great creative scientific minds of this country to concentrate their unfettered abilities upon the work ahead.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Up through the years,
Our skillful care
Achieved this rare bouquet;

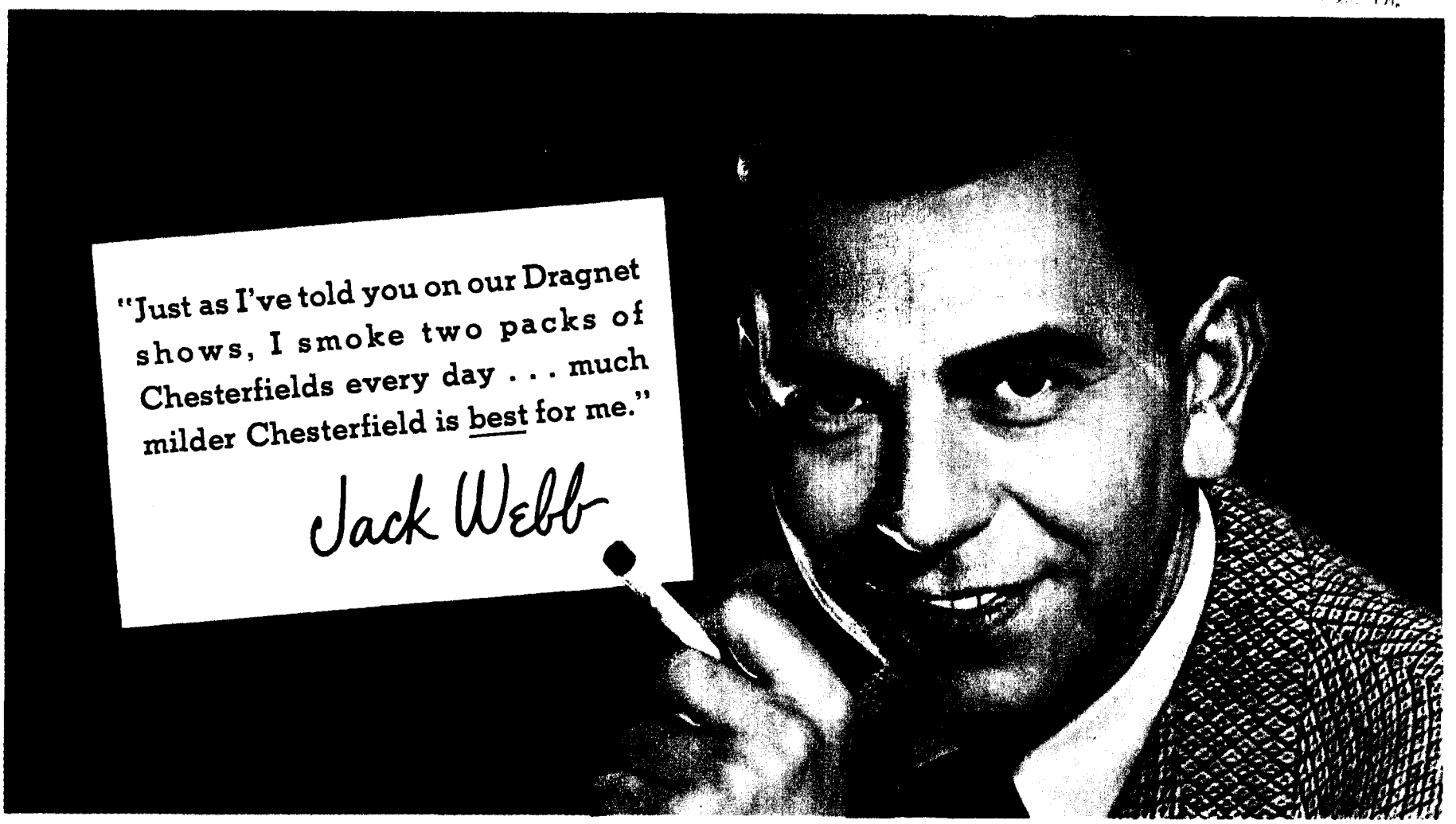
Its taste endears
It everywhere . . .
(So does the price you pay!)

SINCE 1865...
Now 5 generations finer

FRANKFORT DISTILLERS CORP., N. Y. C., BLENDED WHISKEY. 86 PROOF. 72½% GRAIN NEUTRAL SPIRITS

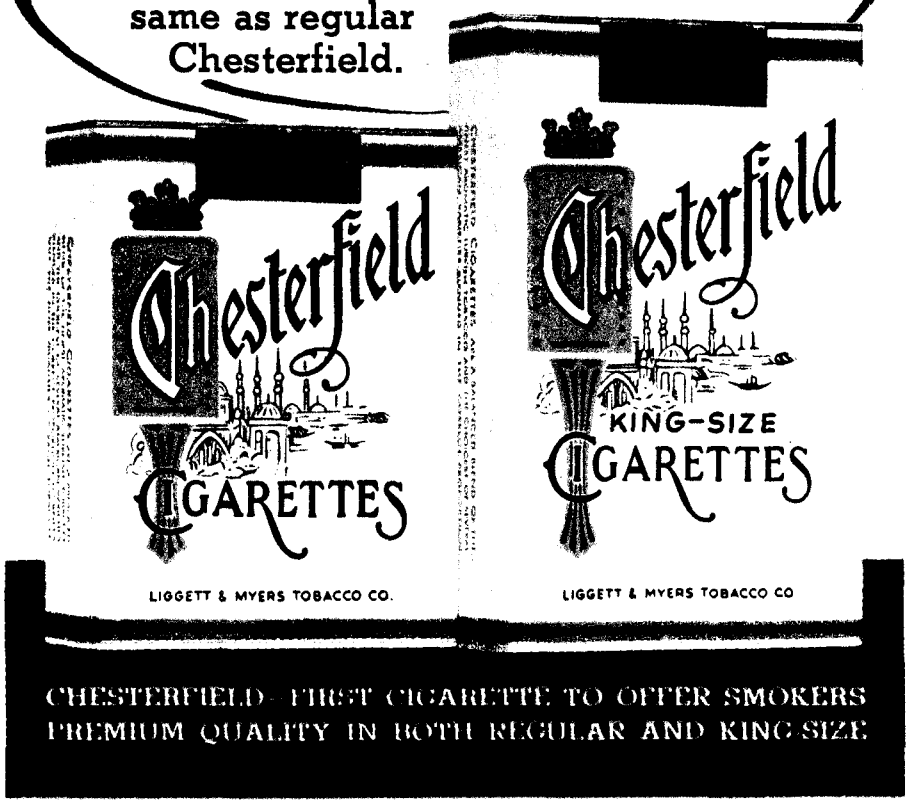
PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
PA.


"Just as I've told you on our Dragnet shows, I smoke two packs of Chesterfields every day . . . much milder Chesterfield is best for me."
Jack Webb

Chesterfield is Best for YOU!

CHESTERFIELD contains tobaccos of better quality and higher price than any other king-size cigarette . . . the same as regular Chesterfield.



WHEN you are asked to try a cigarette you want to know, and you *ought* to know, what that cigarette has meant to people who smoke it all the time.

For a full year now, a medical specialist has given a group of Chesterfield smokers thorough examinations every two months. He reports:

no adverse effects to their nose, throat or sinuses from smoking Chesterfields.

More and more men and women all over the country are finding out every day that Chesterfield is best for them.

Enjoy your Smoking!

Try *Much Milder* Chesterfield with its *extraordinarily* good taste.

PRODUCED BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED